THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

DECEMBER, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Carrying Postcard

ONE of the leading New York publishing houses has recently been mailing large quantities of circulars proclaiming the merits of a newly issued volume of fiction, and accompanied, presumably for the convenience of would-be purchasers, by the following addressed postal card:

.....1915.

DEAR SIRS:

Enclosed please find ....., for which please send me ..... copies of

....

By

....

$1.35 net

Name .....

Address .....

All of which strikes us as a unique and simple method of remittance, if only the publishers had not forgotten to enclose a magic wand with which to insert the cheque or money order within the elusive postal card.

• • •

Roger Boutet de Monvel

Roger Boutet de Monvel, a son of Boutet de Monvel, the French painter, and himself the author of *Beau Brummel and His Times,* and *The English in Paris,* which, translated into English, were very generously received both in England and in this country, is at present visiting the United States. On the afternoon of Saturday, November sixth, he witnessed, in the company of American friends, the football game between the elevens of Harvard and Princeton Universities at Princeton, his first experience of a spectacle of that kind. At a certain point over his face there came a flush and puzzled expression. "Why," he asked the man sitting next

ROGER BOUTET DE MONVEL, INVALIDED AFTER HIS WOUND RECEIVED IN THE TRENCHES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNA STRUNSKY WALLING (MRS. WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING), AUTHOR OF "VIOLETTA OF PÈRE LACHAISE." PORTRAIT BY CHARLES FIGARO, VELASQUEZ STUDIO, NEW YORK

to him, who happened to be Mr. Owen Johnson, "are they singing the Marseillaise?" Mr. Johnson explained that the song had no international significance, but that the Harvard undergraduates had adapted the tune to words of their own. "Does any college," M. de Monvel innocently asked, "make use of 'The Watch on the Rhine' in the same way?" Mr. Johnson, who is ardently Yale and passionately pro-Ally, was forced reluctantly to confess that it was his own Alma Mater that sang the words of "Bright College Years" to music which the uninitiated listener could take only as an expression of glorification of the German cause. Perhaps it would be better if Harvard and Yale, who possess many inspiring songs, dropped both the "Marseillaise" and "The Watch on the Rhine" from their repertories until happier days. Last spring the dual track meet between Princeton and Yale took place less than seventy-two hours after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. A hired band, secured by the Yale undergraduates for the occasion, was on the Princeton University field. Just before the first event was run off the band struck up what, as no words were sung, was nothing more nor less than "The Watch on the Rhine." It was in intent innocent enough, but to many present, with hearts hot and sad at the thought of our American dead, the notes came like blows in the face.

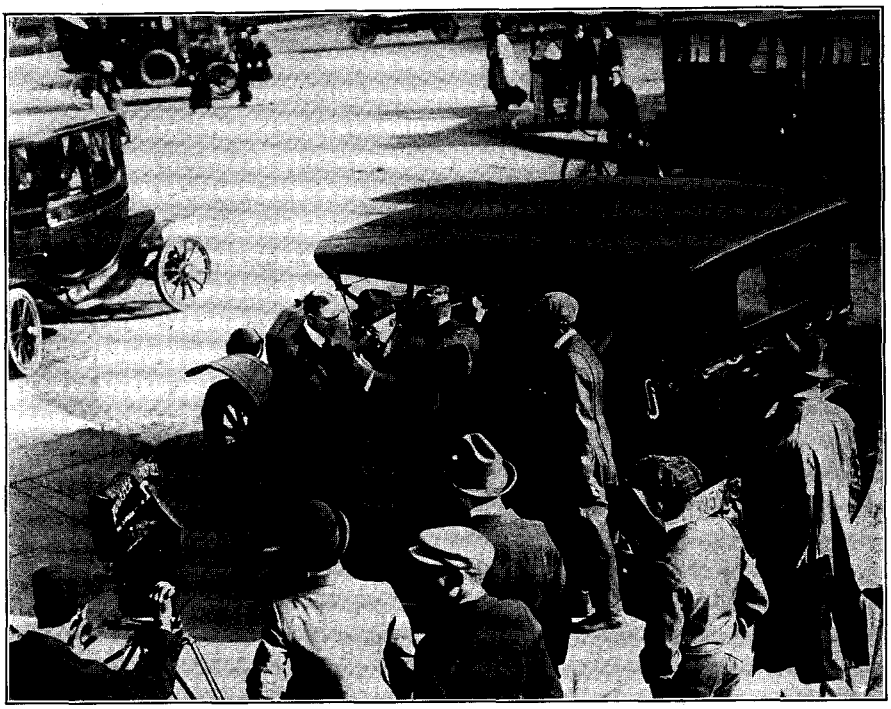
• • •

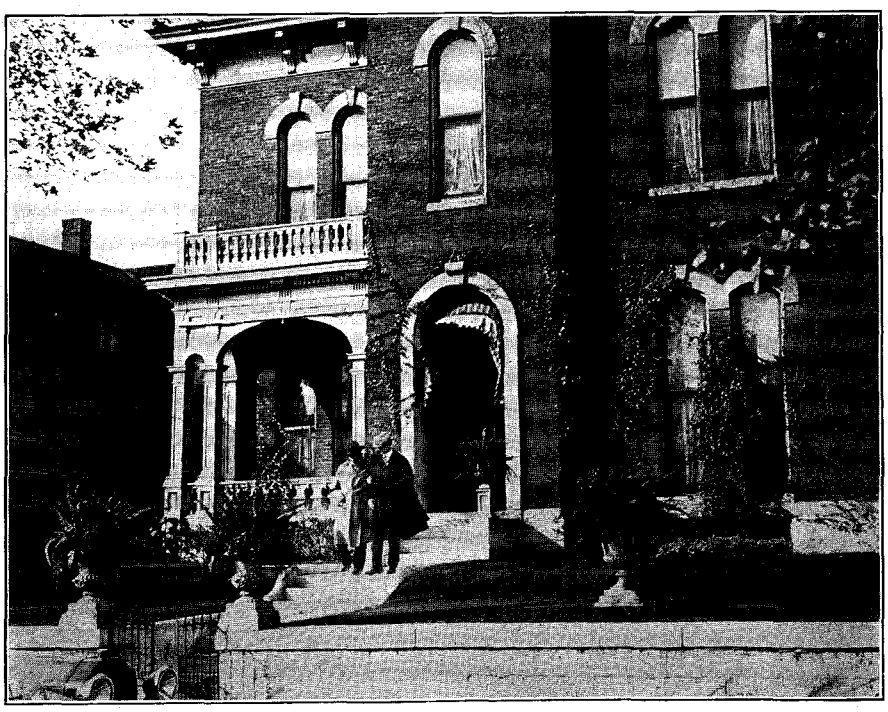
Boys' Books Again

To Mr. Owen Johnson, by the way, we also wrote to ask for an expression of opinion as to the books which are most likely to influence early youth and those books in particular which had made the greatest impression on his own young life. We felt that a good many readers would be

JEAN WEBSTER, AUTHOR OF "DEAR ENEMY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



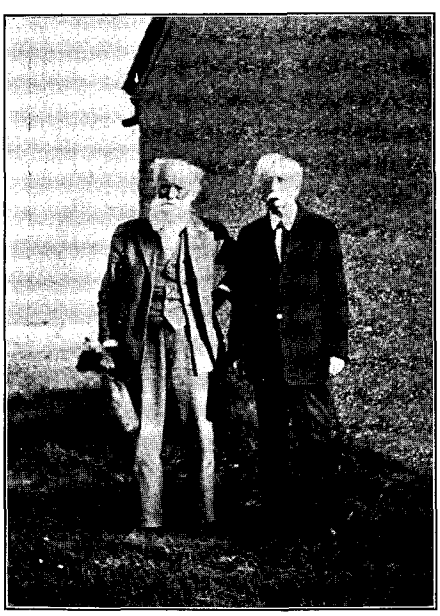


SCENES IN INDIANAPOLIS DURING THE RECENT JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY FESTIVITIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE BENT TWIG," AND HER FAMILY

as much interested in what the creator of "Dink" Stover, Hickey, and "the Tennessee Shad" had liked as they were in the likings of the creators of Rebecca and of Penrod Schofield. We fear that Mr. Johnson's confession will be frowned upon in austere places. The list is so perfectly candid. He has put down not what a boy should like best, but what one particular boy did like best. First of all he has placed Dumas's *The Three Musketeers*. We have been familiar with that book for a great many years and have reread it many times. It impressed us merely as a glorious narrative. But recently we have been informed not only that it was a glorification of bloodthirsty savagery, but that it was a work of immoral tendencies as well.



JOHN BURROUGHS AND WILLIAM WINTER ON THE SHORE OF EASTERN LONG ISLAND

BUCK PARVIN, THE COWPUNCHER HERO OF "BUCK PARVIN OF THE MOVIES," AND CHARLES E. VAN LOAN, THE AUTHOR OF THE TALE

• • •

"When I placed *The Three Musketeers* first," says Mr. Johnson, "I meant not only that book by itself, but also its sequels *Twenty Years After* and *Vicomte de Bragellone*. For they are all one. Perhaps from modern standards the lives of Dumas's four heroes were not all that they should have been. But for the healthy growing boy they are a

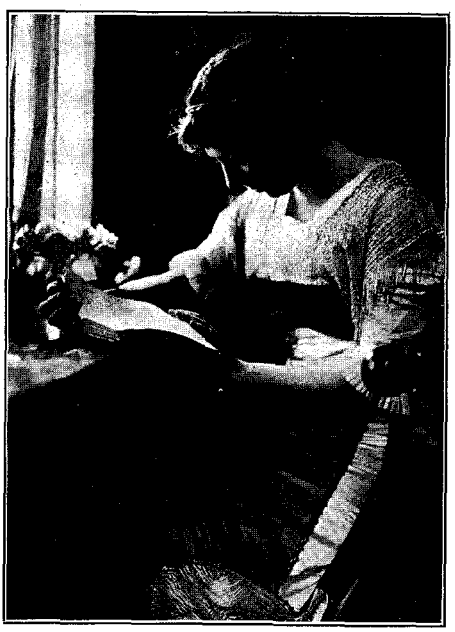
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

splendid example of courage and above all loyalty. Is there anything more inspiring in all fiction than their cry of 'One for all, and all for one'? And is not the death of Porthos on the Bréton Coast in verity the death of a Titan? And after *The Three Musketeers* I am not through with old Alexandre. For second on my list I place *The Count of Monte Cristo,* and recall the delirious

DANA BURNET, AUTHOR OF "POEMS," REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BY MR. JOYCE KILMER

joy of a lazy, idle boy as he read of the escape of Dantes from the Château D'If and of the rain of blood at the inn of Caderousse on the Corniche Road. Third place in my young affections was held by Stevenson's *Treasure Island,* and certainly no one who has once met Long John Silver can ever forget him. Fourth is Marryat's *Midshipman Easy.* But when I say *Midshipman Easy* I mean any one of half a dozen books. It might be *Snarleyow,* or *Japhet in Search of a Father* or *Peter Simple.* The

DON MARQUIS, OF THE "SUN DIAL," AUTHOR OF "DREAMS AND DUST," REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BY MR. JOYCE KILMER



SARA TEASDALE, AUTHOR OF "RIVERS TO THE SEA," REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BY MR. JOYCE KILMER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLA SIBERT CATHER, AUTHOR OF "THE SONG OF THE LARK," IN THE MESA VERDE WILDS

thought of any one of them brings back with a thrill the memory of rollicking adventure, and the salt brine of the sea.

• • •

"Fifth comes the first book of American authorship. That is Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn.* But again it might have been *Tom Sawyer,* for one cannot recall one book without thinking of the other. In sixth place Jules Verne is represented by *The Mysterious Island.* What a debt of gratitude the boys of all countries owe to that remarkable story teller! *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, A Trip to the Moon, Five Weeks in a Balloon,* and *Robur the Conqueror* are all good; but *The Mysterious Island,* I think, is a little bit the best of them all. It is the most dramatic, and the pirates are fine. Seventh in order I have placed Thomas Hughes's *Tom Brown at Rugby.* I never could get the swing of *Tom Brown at Oxford,* but the earlier book has always seemed to me to be one of the great classics of boyhood. When I place the *Pilgrim's Progress* eighth I am not thinking of the allegory which John Bunyan intended the book to be. When I read it first it was to me a narrative of romantic adventure, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death a place of very material terrors, and Great Heart in every sense a first class fighting man. Ninth comes Cooper's *The Spy.* For some reason I always liked that infinitely better than I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMILY VIELÉ STROTHER, AUTHOR OF "EVE DORRE." INCIDENTALLY, MRS. STROTHER IS A SISTER OF THE LATE HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ, THE AUTHOR OF "THE INN OF THE SILVER MOON," "MYRA OF THE PINES," AND "THE LAST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS"

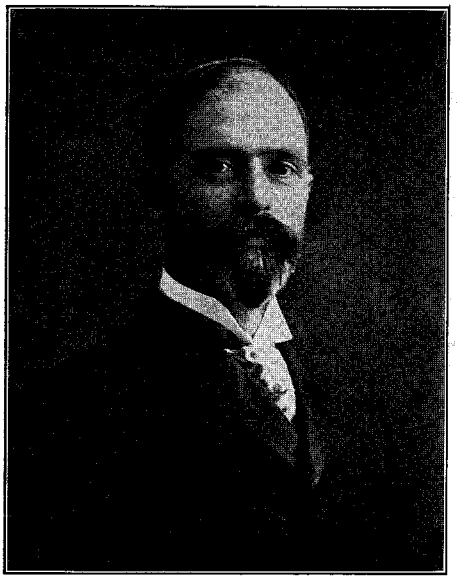
did any of the 'Leatherstocking Tales.' As there is room for only one more title in the list I put down *Ivanhoe*. Of all Scott's work that seems so much the best that there is no second. That is of course speaking from the boy's point of view. If I were asked to name the six greatest moments of fiction one would be where the disinherited Knight, riding into the lists of Ashby-de-a-Zouche, strikes the Templar's shield with the sharp end of his lance. Of course if I were thirteen years of age to-day this list would probably be considerably revised. For example, I know how much I enjoy Booth Tarkington's 'Penrod' stories now. Ah, to have made their acquaintance for the first time at twelve or thirteen!"

• • •

Sound Living

A sign of the times is the flood of books on healthful living and personal hygiene. Never before have doctors so freely taken their public into their confidence, never before have there been so many specialists occupied in the effort to educate the people toward a sane, healthful living. The latest volume published on this subject is *How to Live: Rules for Healthful Living Based on Modern Science,* by Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute. The book is a good resumé of the last word of science on the various phases of healthful living and serves to give an excellent bird's eye view of the entire subject, but it does not give any demonstration or proofs of the points involved and so is not adapted for the beginner in the study of the healthful life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER

Surely the widespread demand and large sale for such books must be taken in conjunction with our "humanitarianism and social sentimentality" in any estimate of our democracy. For if, as Disraeli has said, "Public health is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of a country," this increasing effort and study on the part of the people is an encouraging sign toward a stable foundation of society, whatever may be the superficial upheavals.

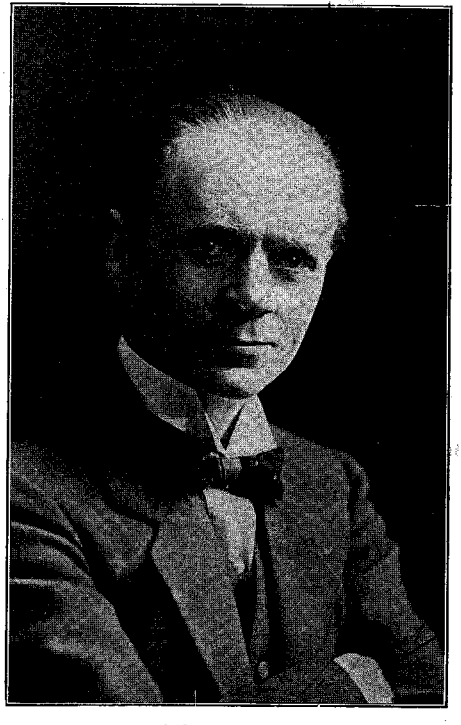
• • •

Norman Angell

Norman Angell, the author of *The Great Illusion* and *The World's Highway,* is only forty-one years of age. Into this brief life, however, has been crammed enough "eventfulness" and "variousness" to account for even the most unusual results. He was born on December 26, 1874, in Holbeach, England. His education he received in the Lycée de St. Omer in France, and in the University of Geneva, Switzerland. Then came some years spent in the United States, first ranching and prospecting, and then at newspaper work. In 1898 he returned to Europe as correspondent for a group of American newspapers. From 1899 to 1903 he was the editor of the Paris *Daily Messenger;* 1903-05 on the staff of the *Eclair;* and from 1905 on, the general manager of Lord Northcliffe's Paris *Daily Mail.* The last was a very responsible position and brilliantly filled. Lord Northcliffe's ambition was to bring out the same newspaper, the same in news and editorial matter, simultaneously in Manchester, London, Paris, and Nice. The most extraordinary thing about this project is that he accomplished it. Norman Angell managed the Paris *Daily Mail* with marked success.

• • •

Meantime Mr. Angell had been slowly and steadily thinking his way through the problems of international polity, problems created by the jealousy of large commercial nations and the



NORMAN ANGELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helplessness (militarily speaking) of small nations. He began to write, and soon—a matter of three or four years—a journal was founded bearing his name, clubs to discuss and disseminate his ideas sprang up all over England, and journalists, politicians, diplomats, and crowned heads bore witness to the force of his teaching. In brief, what he pointed out was that the whole theory of the commercial basis of war was wrong. He succeeded in demonstrating that no modern war could make a profit for the victors, and that—most astonishing thing of all—a successful war might leave the conquerors worse off than they were before. "Mr. Angell's way is to face the facts of contemporary opinion, to discover the misapprehensions cherished by the common mind, and to dispel these misapprehensions by clear statement and logical argument. Underlying the struggles and jealousies of the diplomats he finds widely prevalent errors and loosenesses of mind that must be corrected. . . . The Average Man's moral condition is quite good enough already; what wants doctoring is his intellectual condition. Only thus," *The New Statesman* concludes, "can any stable international polity be made possible."

• • •

In August, 1914, Europe burst into flames. Since then one after another of Mr. Angell's prophecies have been fulfilled. For he foresaw the war, and the manner of it, and the horror of it. Above the din he raised his voice in protest against the effect which war was having on England, against the Prussianising of England. But in the heat of passions inflamed by war he was accused of pro-German sympathies,—an accusation as ridiculous and groundless as could be imagined. His offence consisted in the fact that he could see the folly of war whether waged by Germany or by England. He pointed out that Prussian Militarism is not geographical nor racial. If England conquers in this war it will be only by becoming a more efficiently militaristic Prussia than Prussia is. And more generally speaking,—whatever country conquers, will be the future seat and centre of Prussian Militarism. Which is a highly unpleasant truth. Considering that England went into the war with the avowed purpose of wiping Prussian Militarism off the face of the earth, it was a rather tactless truth to whisper in the ear of John Bull. The result is that the only man who is hated by England more cordially than Norman Angell, is that same Bernard Shaw who spake the truth as he saw it in *Commonsense About the War*. Shaw is so superbly hated that his name is never mentioned; his existence is ignored. Norman Angell is still the subject of conversation, angry conversation. The great tragedy of it all is that if the ideas which have come to be known as "Angellism" had had a decade longer to ripen and bear fruit—the present Great War might have been averted.

• • •

Olive Schreiner

As something of a reminder of the sportsmanlike manner in which the women of the East have accepted defeat at the polls and have started to rebuild their propagandist structure, comes a new edition of Olive Schreiner's little classic *Dreams* from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. An introduction by Miss Amy Wellington says of the author:

> The personality and life-work of Olive Schreiner seem to sum up an entire epoch in the social growth of woman. She was born in the heat of South Africa, the daughter of a German missionary and an English mother of Puritan ancestry, and her childhood was spent on a mission station. Her early spiritual autobiography is contained in *The Story of an African Farm*, begun while she was still a child (a wonder-child!) and finished before she was twenty. . . . About the age of twenty, in 1882, Olive Schreiner left the sandy plains and hillocks of South Africa and went to England, carrying with her the manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Olive Schreiner's social consciousness was painfully quickened by the complex and pathological life of big cities. She lived alone in the East End of London, making her own observations and forming her own conclusions. Her great allegory, *The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed,* with its tremendous sweep of the historical imagination and its modern socialist vision of Hell and Heaven, was written partly in a London attic. . . . In 1894, Olive Schreiner married a well-known South African politician, Mr. S. C. Cronwright, and thenceforth she made her home on an African farm. One of her brothers, the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, was Prime Minister of Cape Colony during the difficult years which preceded the Boer War, and Olive Schreiner used all her powerful influence, literary and political, to avert the slaughter and arouse both Englishmen and Boers to a saving realisation of human brotherhood.

• • •

During the Boer War Olive Schreiner lost the manuscript of her greatest work, upon which she had spent years of her thought and labour.

When, months later, she was held a prisoner of war, in a little house on the outskirts of an African village, guarded by armed natives, her home looted and all her papers destroyed, Olive Schreiner began resolutely in the semi-darkness of her shuttered room to reconstruct from memory one chapter of the lost volume. . . . *Woman and Labour,* the book which resulted from this imprisonment, has one advantage, perhaps, over the original volume. The manuscript in ashes was written for the student and the thinker. This brief remembrance is an emotional appeal to the whole reading world of men and women.

• • •

Gridiron Nights

In the course of its series of papers on "Literary Club Land," published nine or ten years ago, THE BOOKMAN finally found its way to the Gridiron Club, of Washington, District of Columbia, and a paper on that interesting organisation was published in the issue of the magazine for April, 1896.

GRIDIRON NIGHTS

The paper was written by Richard V. Oulahan, who has been a member of the club since October, 1905, and who served as its president for the year 1911. Now the whole story of the Gridiron is told in a volume written by Arthur Wallace Dunn, and published by the Frederic A. Stokes Company, of New York. Instituted thirty years ago, the Gridiron has become the most famous dining club in the world. Every President of the United States has been a guest at its dinners since the club was organised, with the exception of President Cleveland, who declined all invitations on pleas of public business. Long before they were thought of as presidential possibilities Theodore Roosevelt and

GRIDIRON NIGHTS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRIDIRON NIGHTS

William H. Taft were guests, the former making his first appearance at a Gridiron dinner in January, 1890, when he was Civil Service Commissioner, and the latter in February, 1891, when he was Solicitor General in the Department of Justice.

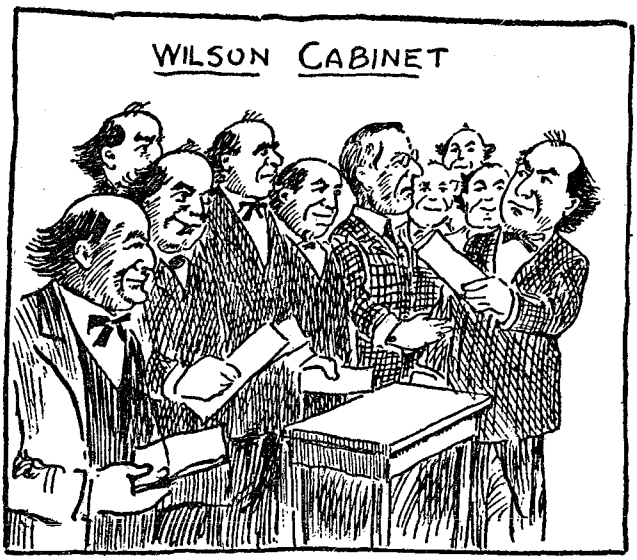
• • •

Ian Hay

The identity of Ian Hay, author of *Scally, A Knight on Wheels,* and *A Safety Match,* is announced by his American publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company, to be Captain Ian Hay Beith, of the Tenth Battalion of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. From Headquarters, 27th Infantry Brigade, British Expeditionary Force, France, Captain Beith writes:

Well, we have been busy with the Boche during the last three weeks. Our division led the way to action on September 25th, and was in it for three days and nights, after which they took us out for a rest and sent another division in. You can imagine we were pretty well reduced in numbers by the time we came out, but the men behaved splendidly, and were thanked by their corps commander for what they had done. I succeeded in coming through without a scratch, and have written a full account of the proceedings for *Blackwood's.* I was lucky enough to get a week's leave just before the fight, so you can imagine my wife and I had a great time in London. I heard from her last night. She had just seen Zeppelins, and was pleasurably excited along with the rest of London.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GRIDIRON NIGHTS

Everything is going well here, which accounts for the enemy's desperate attempt to create a diversion in the Balkans. For some mysterious reason, I have been recommended for the Military Cross. This is not the same thing as getting it, but time and the *Gazette* will show.

• • •

Posthumous Honours

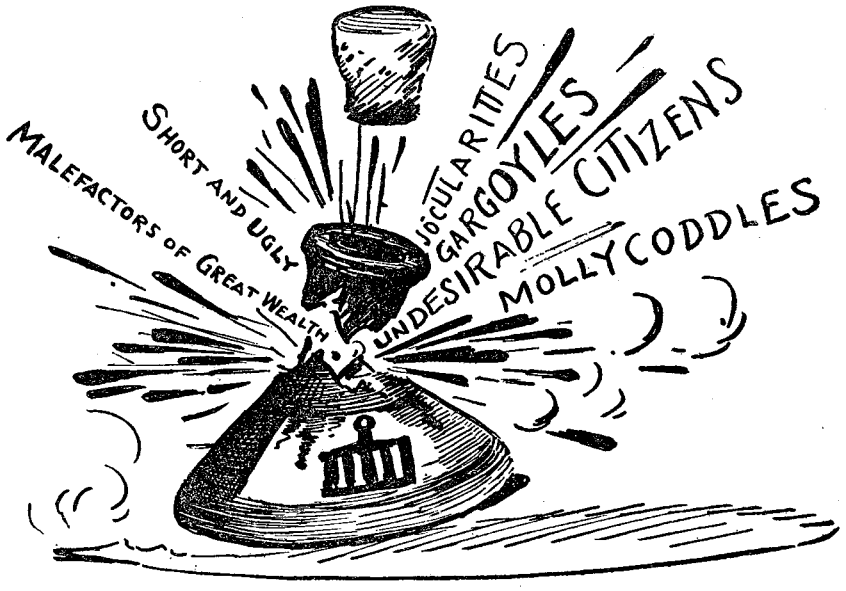
A curious incident of interest to the literary world occurred at the consecration of the Emperor of Japan this November. With an elaborate and impressive ceremony Yoshihito announced to the spirits of his imperial ancestors that he has formally succeeded to the Emperorship and that he has actually ascended the "Takamikura" or imperial throne. Then many coronation honours were awarded and among them was a posthumous one to Lafcadio Hearn, designating him a fourth-class junior in Court rank. This honour is almost coincident with the publication of a work of Hearn's that has had an incalculable influence on Japan—*Interpretations of Literature,* which, in two volumes, is a collection of the lectures delivered by Hearn to his Japanese pupils on the classics of English literature and the personality of their authors. It is well known that Lafcadio Hearn became, as far as is possible for an Occidental, a Japanese in his later life. This work is for that reason of curious interest as presenting an Oriental estimate, from a strictly Oriental point of view, of the flower of our literary life. In a measure at least it gives us the opportunity to see ourselves as one considerable portion of the human family would see us.

• • •

"T. and B." at Yale

"T. and B." stands, in the academic minds of many Yale graduates, for "Tennyson and Browning," which in turn is the name of a course in literature for seniors at Yale given by Professor William Lyon Phelps. And there are very few Yale men who succeed in getting through college without the year of "T. and B," so popular has the course become. Indeed, Professor Phelps has come to be recognised as the Browning authority in this country. He has been not only a deep student of Browning's work, but has personally travelled over the Browning "trail," visiting all the places associated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GRIDIRON NIGHTS

with Browning's life, and himself taking many photographs of scenes and places familiar to the Browning student. His contribution on Browning, therefore, to the Bobbs-Merrill series of monographs on great authors is a distinct and valuable literary work and is of the highest interest to Browning lovers. *Browning: How to Know Him* is the title of Professor Phelps's book. The effort of the work is, in addition to a brief "life," to arouse an appreciation of Browning poetry in the reader, and to this end Professor Phelps has quoted at considerable length, giving something over fifty poems in complete form, each preceded by his interpretation of its meaning and significance. Browning's theory of poetry, a discussion of his different types of writing, an estimate of his character and especially of his optimism, complete a rounded presentation of the Browning idea that in our estimation is both the most practical and valuable as well as interesting and readable that has as yet appeared.

• • •

The Battle of Dorking

In his *Memories of a Publisher,* George Haven Putnam recalls a book which, published many years ago, has taken on a new interest in the last fifteen months. That is Sir George Chesney's *The Battle of Dorking,* which, written in 1869, was intended to be a sermon rather than a romance. The story was first published anonymously in *Blackwood's,* but its authorship was later acknowledged by Chesney, who was at the time chief of staff in the British Army. *The Battle of Dorking* was the precursor of a long series of monographs no one of which came anywhere near to Chesney's sketch in literary power or in military importance. The narrative was told in the first person, and its purpose was to alarm the people of England to what Chesney believed to be the practically defenseless condition of the kingdom. It was Chesney's belief that a single German army corps once brought safely across the North Sea, would have little difficulty in making its way through the country and in taking possession of London. What the author wanted particularly to emphasise was not naval preparation, which was, he assumed, in good hands, but the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessity of some better organisation of the home territorial forces. The institution of the system of volunteers was undoubtedly chiefly due to the awakening of public opinion brought about by Chesney's sketch.

• • •

The Kipling Book

The first book from Rudyard Kipling in three years comes in the form of a little volume bearing the title *France at War*. It is made up of Kipling's contributions to the London *Daily Telegraph* from the western front. To be candid it is a little bit disappointing. It reminds us more of the Kipling of "They" and "Mrs. Bathurst" than of the Kipling of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." As a matter of fact most of what the English novelists of exalted position have written about the war has been disappointing. Arnold Bennett's articles were at best dreary reading. Perhaps it is because the Englishmen are cramped by their country's participation in the great struggle. In all events the American correspondents have far surpassed their English brothers in the vividness and the colour of their descriptions. An interesting feature of the Kipling book is the insertion of the poem "France" which is here first published for general distribution. It was written two years ago on the occasion of the visit of President Poincaré to England, but was considered so fitting to the present volume that Mr. Kipling's permission was secured to republish it in its original form.

• • •

Mr. Kipling, by the way, may not in his war correspondence be writing up to the ideas of his most ardent admirers, but he is certainly one of those in England who foresaw the present conflict and England's participation in it. In his *History of England,* written more than four years ago, he was cordially enthusiastic over the French alliance, he deplored Britain's lack of martial preparation, and he pointed a suspicious finger directly at the German Kaiser. In describing the Saxon Englishman, he told that this person was not quarrelsome by nature, and indeed, when he had once settled down in Britain, he was much too apt to neglect soldiering altogether. He forgot his noble trade of sailor so completely that within two centuries his coasts were at the mercy of every seathief in Europe; and down the northeast wind the sea thieves were always coming. *"England should always beware of a northeast wind. It blows her no good."*

• • •

Kipling's India

Very few of the illustrated books of the season present a more attractive appearance than Dr. Arley Munson's *Kipling's India,* which, in serial form, ran in THE BOOKMAN in the spring of 1914. The world has changed amazingly since the days when Rudyard Kipling, an obscure youth in his early twenties, endeavouring to sell such gorgeous tales as "The Man Who Would Be King," and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," to American newspapers and magazines, was rebuffed with the comment that nobody knew anything about India or cared anything about it. No matter how limited the average American may be in his knowledge of the political, social, geographical, and historical aspects of the Indian Empire, there are many tens of thousands of readers who recall that Simla was associated with Mrs. Hauksbee and the Gadsbys, that it was at Quetta that Jack Barrett was buried, and that temple bells tinkled in Mandalay. As we have recorded before in these pages, Dr. Munson was for years an American woman physician in India in the very heart of the Kipling country. Before turning her attention to the articles which make up this book she had written *Jungle Days,* a book which described very graphically her experiences in the east.

• • •

There is a brief glimpse of "R. L. S." in his Samoan environment in A. Safroni-Middleton's *Sailor and Beachcomber.* The Islanders had some great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

festive ball and Mr. Safroni-Middleton and a man named Hornecastle, who seems to have been a disreputable character, went inland and had a fine spree. Hornecastle got fearfully drunk, and Safroni-Middleton played the violin as the Samoan men, boys, and girls went through their ancient dances, in the shade of the banyans and mangroves. It was a great meeting; the old fighting chiefs were all there, dethroned kings and discarded queens, claimants to fallen dynasties of the Island around them. Robert Louis Stevenson was there. "Hornecastle," writes Mr. Safroni-Middleton, "smacked him on the back to let me see that he was in with the best society. Stevenson took it all in good part and laughed heartily as the women danced while Hornecastle kept shouting 'Hencore! Hencore!' He was a low old scoundrel, but I couldn't help liking him; he was most sincere in all his likes and dislikes and never put on any side. Stevenson liked him, too. The presence of Stevenson made me feel a bit uncomfortable in my association with Hornecastle, especially as the old reprobate would appeal to me at every instant, as though he thought I was as bad as himself."

With Stevenson in Samoa

• • •

An observant friend, who happens also to be a professional reader on the staff of a popular magazine, commented recently in the course of a discussion, on the inability of the average writer of fiction to have his characters produce a telegram that would bear even a remote similitude to the real article. Always, he insisted, they are hopelessly wordy, and often they seem to strive to attain a literary style, the last thing on earth of which a genuine telegram should be guilty, since the conventions of the business world have already endowed it with a style of its own. Furthermore, he claimed that the telegram in fiction often served as a test of an author's ability to interpret life and admitted that in cases of doubt he had sometimes rejected short stories in accordance with this test and that he had never afterwards regretted his decision. Incidentally, he added that such telegraphic absurdities were not confined to rejected manuscripts, but that an abundance of them could be found in the pages of popular novelists.

The Telegram in Fiction

• • •

Now, of course such a statement could easily be established or refuted by a little patient delving; but that would have required time. So as a sort of snap-shot answer it seemed worth while to take down from the shelves two or three of the current novels quite at random, and see what results sheer luck would produce. Here is the result:

I. In *The Stirrup Cup,* by Sidney McCall, page 266, we have one author's idea of the ultimate possible compression,

> And then Nemesis came. In her lean, trembling hand was a telegram:
>
> "Sick of this hole girls want to come home start to-morrow, arriving Thursday one P.M. Jim."

• • •

II. In *Secret History,* by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, page 150, we have a still more reckless case of verbal prodigality, especially as the message is sent, presumably by cable, from the United States to Mexico,

> The next morning a telegram was brought to the door. It was from Di, and said:
>
> "Am engaged to Major Vandyke. He will probably call and tell you the news himself, but I thought I should like you to know first from me. Please be nice to him for my sake. I am very happy. What a hero he is! Write me all about what happened."
>
> This was a long and expensive message to lavish on me; but Diana's days of economy were over.

• • •

III. But the choicest specimen of all to prove the point raised by our critical friend is the following, taken from *The Bachelors,* by William Dana Orcutt,—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a monumental piece of extravagance, since it is supposed to have been sent by wireless,

> Opening the yellow envelope, he read the following message, sent by wireless from the *Arcadia:*
>
> "That Cosden person has slipped it over on me this time, but I depend on you to watch out for my interests with Merry. She is the one best deck. Don't let that antique vintage of 1875 annoy her with his attentions. I know I can trust you. Please cable money to me in New York, care of Hotel Biltmore, to pay for this message and other expenses to Cambridge.
>
> "Billy."

• • •

And the substance of any one of these could have so easily been compressed within the limits of a ten-word blank, as follows:

> I. "Homesick, so are girls, expect us Thursday one P.M."
>
> II. "Engaged Major Vandyke. He will call. Be conciliatory. Happy. Answer."
>
> III. "Cosden scored. Protect Merry from him. Cable expense money, Biltmore, Manhattan."

• • •

David Grayson

In certain paragraphs in the October BOOKMAN about a man who pretended that he was the author of the stories signed O. Henry there was an allusion to the fact that recently many persons, in various parts of the country, have claimed to be David Grayson. We have since received a number of letters, some suggesting the identity of David Grayson, and others asking if we know who the author writing under that pseudonym really is. All we are able to reply at present is that we have known David Grayson personally for a number of years, but that we are not at liberty to make this knowledge public. There is no doubt that the interest in the author of *Adventures in Contentment* is very widespread indeed. David Grayson's publishers are constantly receiving letters similar to those to which we have referred. As, in a note which they sent out for general distribution, they have referred to themselves as "his publishers," there is no reason for making any mystery as to whether the author is a man or a woman. In this way we can dispose of the theory, which has been frequently advanced, that David Grayson is a pseudonym of Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

• • •

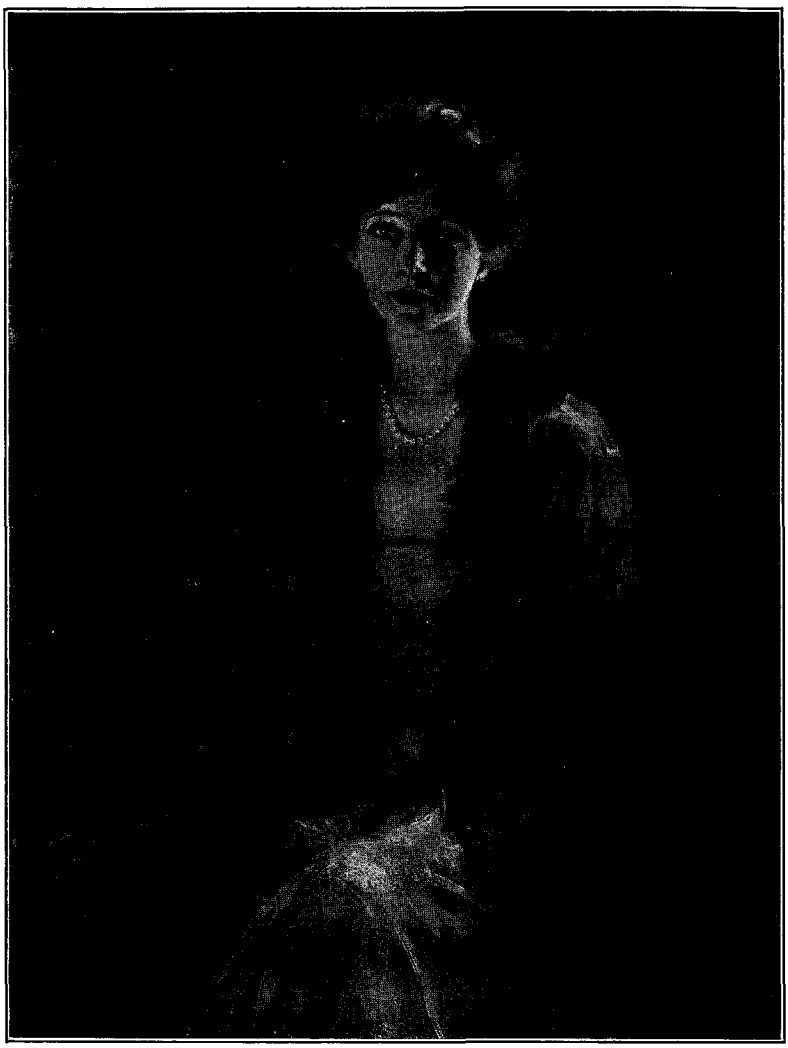
An interesting development in the increasing David Grayson following is the organisation of a Graysonian Club in a little town in Florida. So popular has the idea become that plans are now on foot for the organisation of chapters in a number of different States. The first club, which was founded by Mrs. Neal Wyatt Chapline in Sarasota, Florida, met with such success that Mrs. Chapline has received letters from people in seven States asking her advice as to how to go about organising a Graysonian Club. David Grayson himself has received many letters inviting him to attend the organisation of these institutions which are designed to spread broadcast the Graysonian ideals.

• • •

Amélie Rives

To Amélie Rives, who for many years has been the Princess Troubetzkoy, success and celebrity came literally over night. She was a young girl, hardly out of her teens, when she showed the manuscript of her first story to one of her relatives, a professor in the University of Virginia, who strongly advised her not to publish it. Another relative, her cousin, Thomas Nelson Page, to whom she showed another story, was far more sympathetic. "Why, this is genius," he said, and his opinion was later confirmed when she submitted *A Brother of the Dragoons* to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* who accepted it with the remark: "The man who wrote this will never do anything stronger." But it was not *A Brother to the Dragoons* that won her fame. In 1888 *The Quick or the Dead*—incidentally the tale upon which the professor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AMÉLIE RIVES, THE PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY

frowned—was published in the pages of *Lippincott's Magazine*. At once a new note was recognised. The tale was talked of from one end of the country to the other. Every third reader roundly abused it, and countless writers turned to the task of parodying it. But the stir it caused has not been equalled by the stir caused by half a dozen novels in the last twenty-seven years.

• • •

The Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy is the granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, Congressman and Senator of Virginia, and, before the outbreak of the Civil War, Minister Plenipotentiary to France. Her father was Colonel Alfred Landon Rives, and her mother Sarah MacMurdo, a noted Southern beauty, and a granddaughter of Bishop Richard Chandler Moore of Virginia. Amélie was born in Richmond, but her childhood was spent chiefly with her statesman grandfather at his estate, Castle Hill, in Albemarle County, Virginia. Incidentally Castle Hill is still her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home, and to her the most beloved spot in the world. *En seconde noces* she married at Castle Hill in 1896 the Russian nobleman and artist, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. The painting here reproduced is an example of his work. His portrait of Gladstone has been favour-

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, AUTHOR OF "K" AND "KINGS, QUEENS, AND PAWNS"

ably compared by critics with the celebrated portraits of that statesman by Sir John Lillais. In her latest novel, *Shadows of Flames,* Amélie Rives writes of Lake Magiore, doubtless drawing the picture from her own residence upon that lake in the summer of 1901, when she and her husband occupied a villa at Ghiffa.

• • •

The Menace of Mediocrity

Professor Henry Seidel Canby has gathered together ten essays under the title, *College Sons and College Fathers,* of which the first five treat of "profit and loss in college life and teaching," and the second five handle "the broader problems that the American college must meet." In point of fact, however, the key-note of the volume, or at least the thought likely to linger longest in the reader's mind is the Menace of Mediocrity, both in the undergraduate world, and in the wider realm of American literature and life. The college, says Professor Canby, faces a dilemma: paradoxically, it strives to keep the standard down to the level of the average intelligence, and at the same time to afford opportunity for the rare genius to soar to the heights.

> We educate a class, not individuals. We boast of the type, of the average our colleges produce. In my own university one hears far less of Jonathan Edwards, or Evarts, of Calhoun, or of Stedman than of the "Yale man." This indirect evidence, I think, is even more significant than the results of matching Harvard with Oxford, or Columbia with Berlin.

• • •

But it is in the chapter on "Current Literature and Colleges" that readers whose interests are literary rather than pedagogical will find the most food for thought. Professor Canby has abiding faith in the literary genius of this country: "The American has shown himself more fertile in literary talent than in any other of the arts." And yet he admits that there is something radically wrong with contemporary American writers.

> The soil from which good books grow is intelligence. Our current writing is clever; it is shrewd, and it is not wanting in imagination: but with due and grateful exception, it comes short in the meditated experience and thoughtful observation that spring from intelligence. Its part is less bracing, less vital than the best in our lives. Galsworthy, Wells, and Bennett are better novelists than any group of Americans; Shaw, Synge, and Barrie are better dramatists; Masefield and William Watson are better poets—not, I think, because they have more brains, more imagination, but because they use more. They strike deeper, perhaps because it is easier to do so in old soil, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also because deeper striking is required of them.

• • •

Good soil, according to this author's definition, is made by good readers, since "no actor can act his best to a cold audience or an empty house; nor can a writer write his best when there are none or few who will hear him." He concedes that we are the greatest readers among the nations, but "if we have intelligence, we fail to use it when we read":

If as great an exercise of sheer brain power were demanded from our novelists and our playwrights as from our engineers, superintendents, architects, and lawyers, a real literature would follow. But we cannot stop reading long enough to make such a demand. We have no time for a great creative literature. "People want to be made happy by their novels. They don't care about the truth." "Any old stuff in a play will please the public, if there are laughs enough." So long as this can be said of the intelligent, educated men and women who determine true popularity, good writing in America will come only by accident. We are bad readers; and that is what is the matter with American literature.

WALTER LIPPMANN, AUTHOR OF "STAKES OF DIPLOMACY"

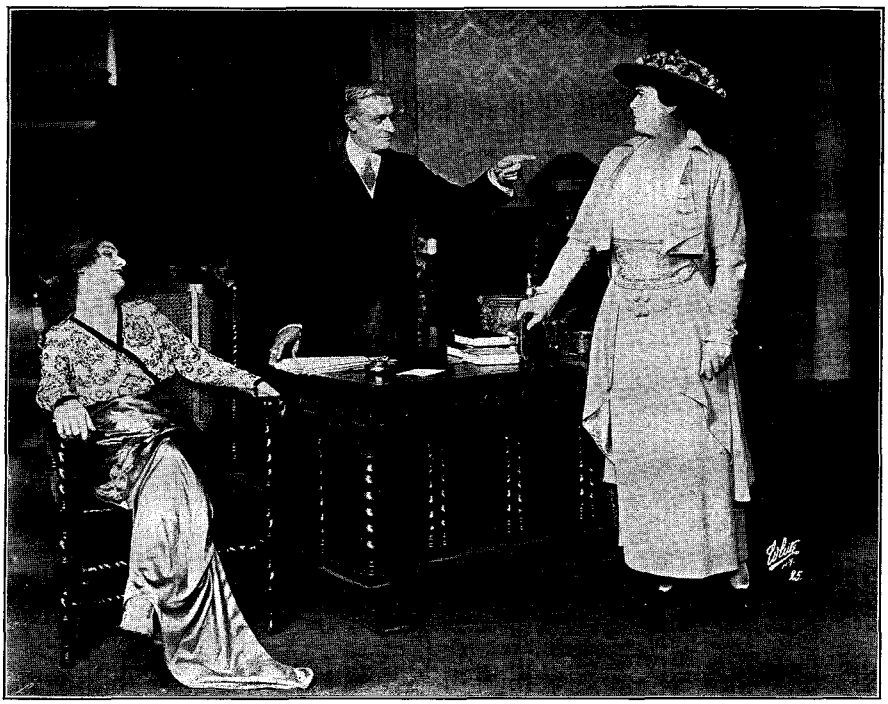
STRATEGY AND TACTICS IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN HIS very valuable lecture on *Robert Louis Stevenson: The Dramatist,* Sir Arthur Pinero has drawn a distinction between what he calls the "strategy" and the "tactics" of play-making. He defines *strategy* as "the general laying out of a play" and *tactics* as "the art of getting the characters on and off the stage, of conveying information to the audience, and so forth." Though this definition is by no means complete, it is sufficiently suggestive to afford a convenient addition to the terminology of dramatic criticism. The distinction between strategy and tactics is a distinction between large and little, between the general and the particular; and while to strategy it seems appropriate to apply the adjective "dramatic," it appears more logical to link the adjective "theatrical" with tactics.

It is easily evident that a genius for strategy and a talent for tactics do not necessarily go hand in hand. Every great dramatist must be a great strategist,—a master, as Sir Arthur says, of "the general laying out of a play"; but the utmost cleverness in tactics is usually attained by dramatists who hover, at their best, a little lower than the greatest. A mind that is capable of imagining the large is often neglectful of the little. Thus, the general laying out of the later acts of *Romeo and*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN"—ACT I

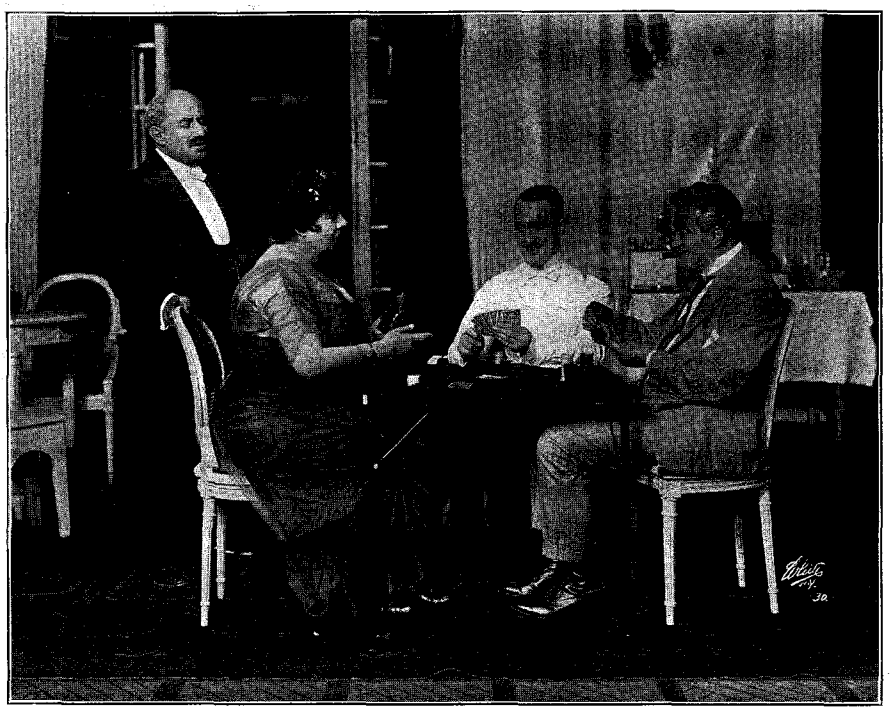
"We are told that the heroine has become involved in trouble at the dock because she has tried to smuggle through the customs many purchases without declaring them, and has attempted to bribe a government inspector. The whole incident is hashed over in a dialogue between Caroline, her husband, and a woman friend of hers."

Juliet is masterly and massive; but the particular turn in tactics because of which Romeo fails to receive the message from Friar Laurence is merely accidental, and must be regarded, therefore, as a fault in art. A secondary playwright, less obsessed with the grandeur of the general conception, would probably have been more careful of this dangerous detail; for minor men, who deal with minor themes, have more attention left to be devoted to theatrical perfections.

Ibsen also, though supreme in strategy, is often faulty in his tactics. Consider, for example, the last act of *Hedda Gabler*. The general laying out of this act is unexceptionable; for all that is exhibited would, sooner or later, inevitably happen. But the tactics are defective; for, yielding to the irretardable impulsion that seemed hurrying the play to its catastrophe, the author has permitted Mrs. Elvsted and Professor Tesman to begin their calm work of collaboration in piecing together Eilert Lövborg's posthumous book while the body of their ironically martyred friend is still lying unburied in a hospital. This is a mistake in tactics that a lesser playwright would have caught at once and remedied; for a lesser playwright would have known himself unable to afford the risk of lying about life at the culminating moment of a drama.

We admire Alexandre Dumas *fils* for his mastery of strategy,—particularly in the laying out of first acts and in the command of memorable curtain-falls; but, in the minor point of tactics, even so great an artist was excelled by so clever a craftsman as Victorien Sardou.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"ABE AND MAWRUSS"—ACT I

"Mrs. Potash, with Marks Pasinsky as her partner, is playing pinochle against Mr. and Mrs. Perlmutter, and Abe Potash is looking over her shoulder. . . . Before the game is finished, we are made intimately acquainted with all five of the people who are interested."

Sardou was seldom a great strategist, for he loved the theatre more than life and preferred invention to imagination; but, precisely because of this restriction of his talent, he attained an eminence as a theatrical technician which, thus far, has never been surpassed.

If we turn to a consideration of our own American drama in the light of this distinction, we shall see at once that the majority of our native playwrights are weak in strategy but strong in tactics. The life-work of the late Clyde Fitch is clearly illustrative of this assumption. Fitch was almost inordinately clever in his tactics. He could always expound a play with ease and interest by the aid of some original and dexterous invention. He seemed supremely clever in delineating minor characters, and in inventing means by which these minor characters should seem to have a finger in determining the destiny he had to deal with. But, at the same time, he nearly always failed in the general laying out of his play. He could not draw a leading character consistently throughout a logical succession of four acts. Even in his highest efforts, like *The Truth,* he permitted his tactics to override his strategy and allowed a big dramatic scheme to shatter itself into a myriad of minor clevernesses.

The same merits in tactics and defects in strategy remain apparent in the most typical products of the American drama of to-day. It would, I think, be futile to deny that our most representative playwright at the present time is Mr. George M. Cohan. Mr. Cohan and the growing host of those who imitate him have mastered the tactics of the theatre;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

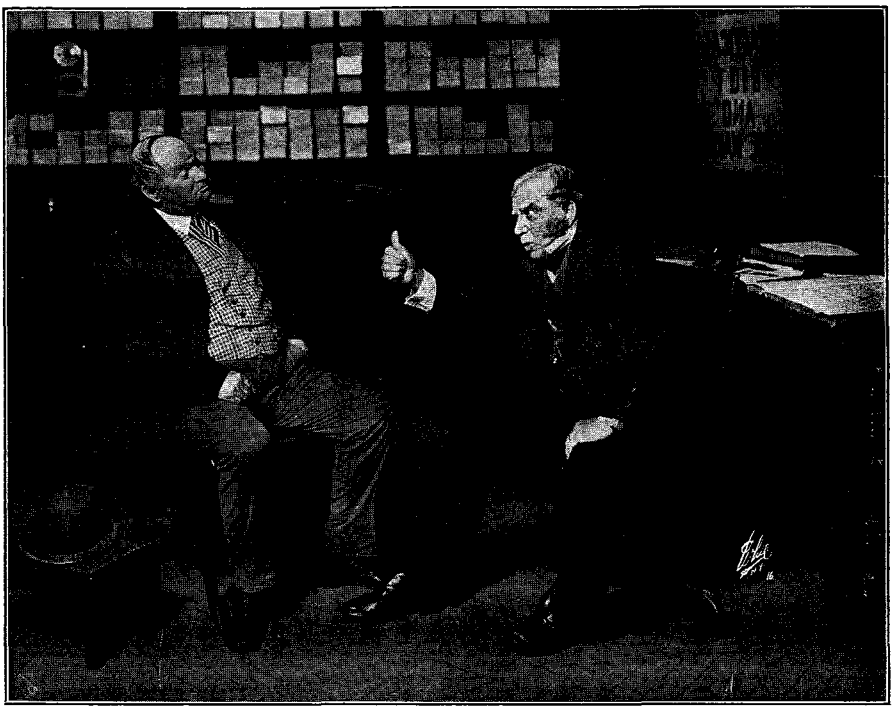
"QUINNEYS' "—ACT III

"Quinney is forced to pursue his wife and daughter to the house of his brother-in-law and to plead with them to come back home. This, of course, they ultimately do; but only after Quinney has consented to his daughter's marriage."

"FAIR AND WARMER"—ACT III

"Mrs. Bartlett has decided to leave her husband forever and to take her furniture with her. The bed happens to be hers; so she brings in a couple of burly furniture-movers and orders them to take it to pieces and cart it away. Mr. Bartlett, despite his protests, is ejected; and, when the bed is taken apart, the utterly innocent Mrs. Wheeler is discovered hiding under it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"HOBSON'S CHOICE"—ACT I

"A thoroughly delightful *genre* study of life in suburban Salford. Hobson is a shoe-maker . . . and, since a common trait of stubbornness runs through all his family, the dramatic element of struggle is never absent from their daily lives."

they are cleverer than Hauptmann, more inventive than Brieux; but none of them has yet laid out a play with the serene supremacy of strategy apparent in the planning of *The Weavers* or *The Red Robe.*

So long as we continue to fix our eyes upon the theatre instead of allowing them to wander over the unlimited domain of life, so long as we continue to value invention more dearly than imagination, so long as we continue to worship immediate expediency in preference to untimely and eternal truth, we shall continue to advance in tactics and to retrograde in strategy; we shall continue to improve the technique of the theatre, but we shall contribute nothing to the technique of the drama.

"THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN"

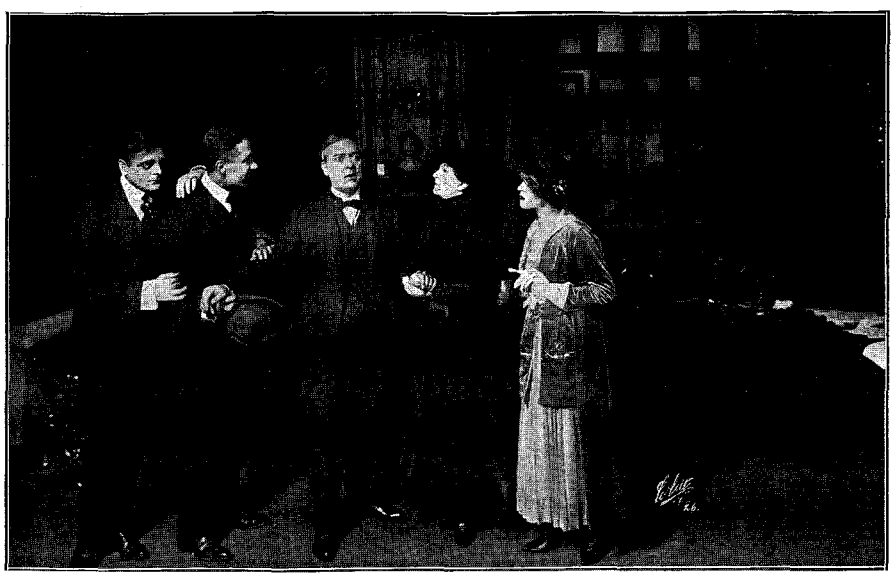
The Unchastened Woman, by Mr. Louis K. Anspacher, appears at the first glance more like a European drama than an American play; for it is strong in strategy and weak in tactics. The author has imagined the most vital character that has appeared in the American drama for a long, long time: his heroine steps living from the limits of his play and continues her existence in the vast domain of life at large: but the play itself in which she figures is far less clever in its tactics than the average composition of the average American craftsman.

Caroline Knolys—as this memorable heroine is called—reveals a family resemblance to Hedda Gabler; but she is projected, not in the mood of tragedy, but in the mood of sardonic comedy. Like Hedda, she is a woman of talent, who, finding no productive exercise for her abilities, uses them to thwart the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"OUR MRS. MC CHESNEY"—ACT I

"Mrs. McChesney is a travelling saleswoman. . . . She is first diclosed in the office of the Sloane House, in Sandusky, surrounded by a group of rival drummers."



"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"—ACT III

"When Elijah Bradshaw awakes from his vision, he renounces his campaign to drive the women away from the segregated district and destroys the statement which he had prepared for the press."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

productivity of all the people with whom she comes in contact. Like Hedda, also, she is morally a coward, and impedes herself from the commission of any tangible crime because of a fear of the consequences. She is incapable of love; but she takes delight in alluring men to love her, for the sake of having a finger in their destinies and distressing their sweethearts or their wives. She has ceased all marital relations with her husband; but, valuing the protection of his name, she carefully avoids the commission of any act which might make it possible for him to divorce her. Meanwhile, her husband—a much more normal and honourable being—has established a relation with a mistress; but Caroline, knowing this, refuses to divorce her husband, but merely holds her knowledge as a sword to threaten him.

The character of this despicable and fascinating heroine is studied very thoroughly; and the impression of reality conveyed affords sufficient proof of the efficiency of the author's strategy. But neither of the two stories which he has invented as frame-works for this central figure is interesting in itself; and the tactics of the play are crude and blundering.

As an example of the author's crudity in tactics, the first entrance of the heroine may be cited. She is returning to her husband's house after a long trip abroad. We are told that she has become involved in trouble at the dock because she has tried to smuggle through the customs many purchases without declaring them and has attempted to bribe a Government inspector. The whole incident is hashed over in a dialogue between Caroline, her husband, and a woman friend of hers. The incident itself is sufficiently indicative of the heroine's character; but to begin the exposition of so prominent a person with a retrospective narrative of an incident that has already happened off the stage is clearly a mistake in tactics. It would have been far better to allow the heroine to *do* something, in the sight of the audience, which was equally indicative of the iniquity of her nature.

This initial launching of the heroine is followed by a passage in which the author permits her to sit still while her husband, at considerable length, informs her—and incidentally informs the audience—of his intimate opinion of her character. Here, again, we note a fault in tactics; for surely it would have been more clever to avoid this expository passage by exhibiting the heroine in the self-explanatory terms of action.

In conducting both the second act and the third, Mr. Anspacher has removed from the stage his only really interesting character several minutes before the fall of the conclusive curtain and has allowed the dialogue to straggle on to an annoying anti-climax. This is a mistake in tactics which a mere apprentice to the craft of making plays might presumably be trusted to avoid; but the disconcerting fact remains that, though Mr. Anspacher is comparatively ineffective in his tactics, he is surprisingly efficient in the larger points of strategy.

Especially praiseworthy, for example, is his procedure in leaving his unchastened woman still unchastened at the end. She has been forced, in the last act, to submit to an unavoidable humiliation; but, at her final exit, she manages, by her sheer genius for creating mischief, to annihilate the victory of those who momentarily have triumphed over her. To conceive and to create an unpleasant person and to avoid the usual temptation to reform this person before the final curtain-fall is an achievement in sheer strategy which has seldom been accomplished in our native drama. The merits of this play are large, and its defects are little. Half a dozen of our playwrights might have worked the pattern out more cleverly; but the important and preponderant fact remains that none of these other tacticians of our theatre has imagined and created so true a character as Caroline Knolys.

"ABE AND MAWRUSS"

Abe and Mawruss, like *Potash and*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perlmutter, has been distilled from the very popular short-stories of Mr. Montague Glass. Both in strategy and in tactics, the present play, which was constructed by Mr. Roi Cooper Magrue, is superior to its predecessor, which was constructed by the late Charles Klein. It is superior in strategy, because the plot is more consistent and coherent; and it is superior in tactics, because the many inventions of the associated authors appear less forced and more spontaneous.

The general plot of *Abe and Mawruss* may be briefly summarised. The cloak and suit business of the famous partners has become sufficiently successful to attract the notice of certain Wall Street speculators. These speculators offer to enlarge the business by increasing the capital and selling stock to raise the funds for this inflation, provided that they shall be repaid handsomely from the returns. Perlmutter is in favour of this scheme, but Potash is against it; and their difference of opinion leads ultimately to a severance of their partnership. The new company seems to prosper for a while; but, before long, the speculators run away with the capital that has been entrusted to them by innocent investors, and the postal inspectors invade the offices and arrest Perlmutter for complicity in a plot to defraud the public. At this point, Potash comes forward and pays out the accumulated savings of his lifetime to keep his friend from jail; and the last act shows the two old partners beginning life all over again in their humble but honest establishment in East Broadway.

At many minor moments the tactics of this play are particularly admirable. For instance, the first curtain rises on a situation which, though obviously imitated from the famous opening of Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows,* is very cleverly indicative of character. Mrs. Potash, with Marks Pasinsky as her partner, is playing pinochle against Mr. and Mrs. Perlmutter, and Abe Potash is looking over her shoulder. When she plays a certain card, her husband exclaims "Oy!", slaps his hand against his forehead, and turns up stage, an image of dejection and despair. Before the game is finished, we are made intimately acquainted with all five of the people who are interested; and this acquaintance has been effected more through the medium of pantomime than through the medium of dialogue. In such clever points of tactics as this thoroughly delightful incident, our native drama is pre-eminent.

"OUR MRS. MC CHESNEY"

Our Mrs. McChesney was dramatised by Mr. George V. Hobart from a popular series of short-stories by Miss Edna Ferber. This play, though replete with clever tactics, is utterly deficient in underlying strategy. It is incoherent and inconsequential; and no one of its three acts seems necessarily related to any of the others. The lines are often humourous, and many of the incidents are amusing in themselves; but the fabric is defective in totality.

The heroine, Mrs. McChesney, is a travelling saleswoman. We are asked to believe that she is endowed with an extraordinary talent for business; but we are never actually allowed to see her in the act of selling goods. She is first disclosed in the office of the Sloane House, in Sandusky, surrounded by a group of rival drummers; but we are required to take the word of the authors as the only evidence that she is able to hold her own against them.

The heroine's life-history is sentimentalised,—first, by giving her a story in which she reclaims her only son from an apparent predisposition to a life of crime, and, second, by giving her a belated love-story on her own account; but the passages of theatrical emotion that result from these devices seem inconsistent with the general laying out of the play, —which, in the main, is humourous in mood. Considered as a work of art, *Our Mrs. McChesney* is undeniably a failure; and the only point of interest in the present context is that this failure must be charged more against the strat-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

egy, than against the tactics, of the authors. They handled most of their details successfully, but they failed to conceive a drama that was satisfying as a whole.

"HOBSON'S CHOICE"

In one obvious point of tactics, however, the authors of *Our Mrs. McChesney* might have learned a trick from Mr. Harold Brighouse, the author of *Hobson's Choice.* In the American play, as has been said, we are told repeatedly that the heroine is a clever saleswoman, but we never see her in the act of selling anything. In the Lancashire comedy, on the other hand, we are never told that the heroine is a clever saleswoman; but when a young man drifts into her father's shoe-shop for the purpose of making love to one of her sisters, she plumps him into a chair, makes him try on a new pair of shoes, and forces him, against his will, to buy them before he leaves the shop. This incident is more indicative of character than an entire act of expository dialogue; for seeing is believing, in the theatre as in life, and the cleverest tacticians contrive to make their meaning evident to the eye.

Hobson's Choice is a thoroughly delightful *genre* study of life in suburban Salford. Hobson is a shoe-maker, and his three daughters help him in his shop; and, since a common trait of stubbornness runs through all the family, the dramatic element of struggle is never absent from their daily lives. The story deals particularly with the successful self-assertion of the heroine. In the first act, she marries, against his inclination, the shy and sheepish William Mossop, her father's ablest workman. Having married him, she proceeds to set him up in a shop of his own, and ultimately makes him so successful that he is able to buy her father out of business.

This play is rich in characterisation; and the dialogue, which is written in the Lancashire dialect, is both humourous and human. A touch of quaintness is happily added to the comedy by the expedient of dating the action in the years 1879-1880; and the picturesque and funny costumes of that period make the characters appear still more amusing.

"QUINNEYS' "

Quinneys' is another *genre* study, of the type that the younger British playwrights have been handling so successfully in recent seasons. It was written by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who heretofore has been known in America only as a novelist. It is not so masterly a comedy as *Hobson's Choice,* but it awakens quiet laughter, and it reveals a somewhat wider range of mood.

The interest is centred in the character of Joseph Quinney, a fussy old fellow from Yorkshire who has become a noted dealer in antiques with a shop in Soho Square. The main issue that is fought out in the play is the question whether his love for his wife and daughter is as strong as his love for the treasured objects which he has collected,—the bits of furniture and other fascinating things to which he has always devoted most of his attention. His daughter wants to marry his foreman; but Quinney opposes the match, because he fears the foreman's motive is to get his collection away from him. When the girl insists, her father turns her out of doors; and her mother, naturally taking the more tender side, goes with her. Quinney, thereupon, is forced to pursue them to the house of his brother-in-law and to plead with them to come back home. This, of course, they ultimately do; but only after Quinney has consented to his daughter's marriage.

This story is, of course, conventional; but the characters seem new and true, and Quinney himself is a person richly real. Much of the dialogue is written in the Yorkshire dialect; and it ripples along quite easily and naturally. It would be pleasant indeed if some of our American playwrights would study our own provincial life as honestly and faithfully as the provincial life of Lancashire and Yorkshire are studied in *Hobson's Choice* and *Quinneys'*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

The Eternal Magdalene, by Mr. Robert McLaughlin, is a plea for a charitable attitude toward those unfortunate women who are forced, by the constitution of society, to follow the oldest profession in the world.

In a middle-western city, there is a movement to abolish the segregated district and to drive the women elsewhere; and this movement is led by a self-righteous and Pharisaic citizen named Elijah Bradshaw. He has just completed a statement for the press when he falls asleep and drifts into a dream. A woman from the segregated district appears to him and begs for shelter in his house. She reminds him vaguely of a woman that he used to know, and, leaping to the conclusion that she may be his own illegitimate daughter, he receives her as a servant in his house. Later on, a mob gathers before Elijah Bradshaw's house, demands that he shall cast forth the woman he is harbouring, and, when he refuses, stones the windows. At that moment the mysterious visitor stands transfigured as the Eternal Magdalene, made immortal by the touch of Christ, and destined to carry onward through the centuries His message of compassion and forbearance. When Elijah Bradshaw awakens from his vision, he renounces his campaign to drive the women away from the segregated district and destroys the statement which he had prepared for the press.

The general laying out of this play produces an impression that much more might have been made of the material by a more imaginative author. The tactics of the piece are so conventional that the spectator foresees everything that is about to happen, and the interest of the action is discounted in advance. The author's sociology is tangled up with sentiment; and, despite his evident sincerity, his message, therefore, seems of little value. The needed note of literary distinction is also absent from the dialogue. Not every writer is a Charles Rann Kennedy; and this piece, which might have been impressive if Mr. Kennedy had written it, is not impressive as it stands.

"FAIR AND WARMER"

Fair and Warmer, by Mr. Avery Hopwood, is the most amusing farce that has been presented in New York this season; and, since there is nothing novel in the subject-matter, the success of the piece must be regarded as a tribute to the author's technical dexterity. It is admirable, both in strategy and in tactics; and the writing of the dialogue is just as facile and as finished as the building of the play.

The ingredients of *Fair and Warmer* are the old materials that have been inherited from a long line of Palais Royal farces. There is the neglected husband and the neglected wife who seek to win back the love of their wandering mates by the counter-irritant of jealousy. There is the usual scene in which two people, who have never taken a drink before, become comically intoxicated by their first, experimental cocktail. There are the usual passages in which quite innocent and inoffensive people are suspected of immorality; and, of course, as in all farces of this type, there is a bed.

All these old ingredients are employed by Mr. Hopwood with a technical felicity that makes them seem both novel and delightful. As an evidence of his cleverness in tactics, we need only consider what he does with the bed in the last act. Mr. Bartlett is in bed, suffering from the headache of the morning after. His wife has decided to leave him forever and to take her furniture with her. The bed happens to be hers; so she brings in a couple of burly furniture-movers and orders them to take it to pieces and cart it away. Mr. Bartlett, despite his protests, is ejected; and, when the bed is taken apart, the utterly innocent Mrs. Wheeler is discovered hiding under it. The machinery of this scene is particularly clever; for the author has succeeded in surprising the audience by an unexpected handling of traditional material.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART III

Popularity and immortality—the reason why Richardson's Continental fame exceeded Fielding's—effect of the personal essay—the insincerity of Fielding—its bad influence on the English novel—Fielding's didacticism—his humour—comic men and tragic women—sensational titles to novels—Smollett the naturalist—Dr. Johnson and Rasselas—Goldsmith—the personality of Sterne—the sentimental novel in the eighteenth century—the sentimental novel in the twentieth century.

IT IS a common and pathetic delusion of unpopular writers to believe that at their death their works will not follow them, but will remain to charm "millions yet unborn." Unfortunately for this faith, which has been the solace and the stimulus of many fictionists, the fact is that there has never been a great English novelist who was not popular in his own lifetime. The world often runs after false gods, but it seldom neglects true deities. What revealing element is there in works of genius that makes their transcendent merit so instantly manifest to thousands of uncultivated people? Sometimes it seems as if the greatness of a literary work were as unmistakable —as immediately clear—as the size of a tall man. An astronomer knows more about stars than the man in the street; but the superior brilliance of a star of the first magnitude is as evident to the untrained eye as to the expert. When the object judged is really important, future generations do little more than ratify contemporary opinion. No one has ever improved on Ben Jonson's criticism of Shakespeare, of Dryden's appraisal of Milton. Defoe, Swift, and Richardson were as much admired by their contemporaries, and for precisely the same reasons, as they are praised to-day.

The London success of *Pamela* and *Clarissa* is therefore not in the least surprising; but it is rather remarkable that they should have aroused such ecstatic wonder among the French, that they should have thrilled three men so different as Diderot, the Abbé Prévost and Rousseau, and should have proved to be an actual contributory force to the French Revolution. One reason why Richardson was so much more popular on the Continent than Fielding, was because Richardson lost nothing in translation; Fielding lost irreparably. You can translate a story; you cannot translate a style. For the same reason, Cooper has been a hundred times more widely read in Europe than Hawthorne; the wonderful grace, distinction, and shy austerity of Hawthorne's language vanish in a translation; whereas every time you translate Cooper, you improve him. He was a marvellous romancer, with a good story, fascinating characters, and very bad style; so that I have always believed that the French, the Germans, the Poles, the Russians really have a finer collection of Leather-Stocking Tales than the Americans.

Fielding, like his disciple Thackeray, was a natural-born humourist, with a sure instinct for burlesque. To him Richardson was as intolerable as were the Puritans to the Cavaliers. For over ten years Fielding had been having a merry time with stage burlesque when *Pamela* appeared; its prodigious success aroused every fibre of opposition in his soul, for to him it represented smug, canting hypocrisy—the religion of the scribes and Pharisees. We may rejoice that it stung him into creative composition; although he was of course constitutionally incapable of appreciating either Richardson's artistic merits or his immense significance. Never were two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rivals more totally or more wilfully blind to each other's genius than these; Richardson's opinion of Fielding we know from his own letters; Fielding's opinion of Richardson, apart from his first novel, is not preserved, which is just as well, for it was probably unfit for publication.

Although the Character Book and the Periodical Essay were the parents of the English novel, a third species of literature seems to have had a powerful influence on Fielding, and still more on Fielding's successor, Sterne. This was the Personal Essay, a peculiarly individual kind of writing, totally different from critical essays like Matthew Arnold's and from reflective essays on abstract themes, like Bacon's or Emerson's. It is an intimate, confessional style of composition, where the writer takes the reader completely into his confidence, and talks as if to only one listener; talks, too, about things often essentially trivial, and yet making them for the moment interesting by the charm of the speaker's manner. The first great master of this school remains supreme and unapproachable—Montaigne, a universal favourite with lovers of books. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a kind of monstrous personal essay; the species was immortally illustrated in the seventeenth century by Cowley, by Browne in the whimsical and fantastic *Garden of Cyrus,* by Tom Fuller in *Good Thoughts in Bad Times;* and some of the papers in the *Tatler, Spectator,* and *Guardian* could be classed in this group. No literature we have is more self-conscious than this; and of all eighteenth-century novelists, none was more self-conscious than Henry Fielding.

In his first novel, *Joseph Andrews* (1742), he was not content with writing a general and (to me) rather tedious introduction to the whole work; three of the four books into which the story is divided are respectively introduced with a short personal essay. This custom was continued in *Tom Jones;* and however charming, witty, and satirical they may be, they break the continuity of the narrative, destroy the illusion, and insult the reader; it is as if, before each act of a great comedy, the author should appear before the footlights, and condescendingly address the audience.

It may seem odd to accuse Fielding of anything like insincerity; and yet these side talks with his readers, these constant intrusions of the master of the show, are not only fundamentally insincere from the point of view of art, they established a bad tradition in English fiction. Far too many of our British novelists have regarded themselves as caterers, whose business is to tickle the palate of the reading public; and they have followed in the wake of Fielding. In the first chapter of the second book of *Joseph Andrews,* we read, "it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now, having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book."

This attitude toward the reader was faithfully followed by many Anglo-Saxon novelists; many instances could be given; but one of the best echoes of Fielding's personal remarks may be found in the second chapter of Anthony Trollope's *Doctor Thorne:* "A few words must still be said about Miss Mary before we rush into our story; the crust will then have been broken, and the pie will be open to the guests." The difference between sincerity in Russian fiction and in English fiction may be expressed by saying that in *Tom Jones* we admire the carefully planned and well executed realism; in *Anna Karenina* we are in a world of absolute reality.

It is often said by critics who should know better that Richardson was not only offensively didactic, but that his view of morality was low; because he emphasised the *rewards* of a moral life,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either in substantial worldly advantages or in sorrowless immortality; whereas Fielding was never consciously didactic, and represented the dividends of virtue simply in increased greatness of character. To settle the truth of these statements, let us read what Richardson wrote to Lady Bradshaigh, who was not satisfied to have Clarissa get her reward in heaven, but preferred a little earthly felicity. The author wrote, "Clarissa has the greatest of triumphs even in this world. The greatest, I will venture to say, even in and after the outrage, and because of the outrage, that ever woman had."

And in reply to the statement that Fielding is not consciously didactic, but is willing to let the moral of his books speak for itself, we have simply to read the first paragraph of the dedication of *Amelia:* "The following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest the country."

Fielding, like his disciple, Thackeray, was a great humourist; one of the greatest in English literature. His view of the world had the immense tolerance and profound sympathy of the born humourist, along with keenness of observation whetted by satire. The ground quality of his mind was humour. In *Joseph Andrews* it took the form of burlesque; intended originally as a parody on Richardson and Colley Cibber, it widened into a great creative work, retaining the burlesque element in the scenes of broad farce. In *Jonathan Wild* it took the form of irony, irony on a vast, universal scale. In *Tom Jones,* his masterpiece, it supplied exactly the right medium in which all the characters lived, and moved, and had their being, besides enabling him to give that wonderful type-portrait of Squire Western. In *Amelia,* it furnished that deep tenderness inevitably characteristic of the great humourists.

The never-drying springs of humour in Fielding's nature gave a richness, fruitiness, variety, and complexity to his novels that one misses in Richardson; and yet, had the author of *Clarissa* possessed a sense of humour, he could not possibly have written a work of such detailed, profound, and prolonged analysis. His mind would have reacted on itself, and he would have looked upon his own creations ironically, as Fielding did. Furthermore, Fielding was essentially a comic writer, and Richardson at his best in tragedy. Once more, Richardson was infinitely more successful in depicting women than men; Fielding just the contrary. Mr. B— and Sir Charles do not compare for a moment with Parson Adams, Tom Jones, and Squire Western; but neither will Sophia or Amelia live for a moment when placed beside Pamela and Clarissa. Now it is impossible to draw the character of a man convincingly without a sense of humour; whereas in the portrayal of a perfectly natural woman this quality is not necessary. Say what you will about the equality of the sexes, man is essentially a comic character; and woman, tragic.

Fielding's men are wonderful—being, like all real men, imperfectly tamed beasts. Thomas Gray, an inveterate reader of French novels, was advised by his friend, Richard West, to read the new story *Joseph Andrews,* and his criticism after doing so remains true even unto this day. "The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipslop, and the story of Wilson; and throughout he shows himself well read in Stage-Coaches, Country Squires, Inns, and Inns of Court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather as I shrewdly suspect their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things (I mean such as characterise and paint nature), yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than your grave discourses upon the mind, the passions, and what not."

Thomas Gray combined profound scholarship with a hatred of pedantry; the fact that his fastidious mind recognised immediately the artistic dignity of a truthful portrayal of low life, is one more example of the hospitality of his soul. And this first criticism of *Joseph Andrews* convicts of shallowness persons who read works on philosophy and metaphysics, and scorn novels; for a great novel is simply a profound study in the concrete of what philosophy attempts in the abstract. The "exaltedness" of some minds, is, as Gray says, often a mask which conceals a "want of feeling or observation."

The real defect in *Joseph Andrews* was pointed out immediately by Gray, just as he saw its greatest virtue. The incidents would have been better managed had not the author started with the avowed intention of composing a burlesque; this blemish in Fielding's first novel is conspicuously absent in *Tom Jones,* which, according to Coleridge, has one of the three greatest plots in all literature. In *Joseph Andrews,* the basis of the novel is not a story; in *Tom Jones,* it is. Fielding became a master workman; and handled the intricacies of this orderly narrative with impressive ease.

Ambitious authors who hunt for sensational titles to attract the public would do well to remember that the majority of immortal novels have common-place names. In Fielding's masterpiece the name is intentionally common-place, for it might equally well have been called the History of a Man. Thackeray's remark about it is not really true, and if it were, it would not reflect much credit on Thackeray. Tom Jones is meant to be a memorandum rather than a model. He is not what we ought to become, but what too many of us are; and the real reason why men and women are so fond of him is because he is a perfectly healthy male; as Mrs. Atherton would say, he is one hundred per cent. masculine.

With environment altered, Tom Jones would be a faithful portrait in the twentieth century; Sophia Western would not do at all.

Coarseness and fineness are the characteristics respectively of the work of Smollett and Sterne. One used an axe, the other a needle. Richardson was an analyst, Fielding a realist, Smollett a naturalist. Smollett was not by nature a creative artist, as Fielding undoubtedly was; he was a man of fact rather than fancy; and his experiences gave him more material than inspiration. He was a physician and a sailor; he broke into the ranks of the novelists by brute force, and has retained his position by the same quality. He wrote stories, where the travelling hero wanders rather aimlessly through a series of adventures. An excellent illustration of this kind of novel is seen in 1915 in Sinclair Lewis's *The Trail of the Hawk.*

His first two novels are exactly contemporary with the masterpieces of Richardson and Fielding; for *Roderick Random* appeared in 1748, and *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751. The immense vitality of these two novels won a sure place both in contemporary favour, and in the history of literature; outweighing glaring faults in construction, and many crudities and excrescences. The indecencies of his books were patent to every one except the author, who said, in the third edition of *Peregrine Pickle,* "He flatters himself that he has expunged every adventure, phrase, and insinuation, that could be construed by the most delicate reader into a trespass upon the rules of decorum." Writers are the worst judges in the world of the morality of their works; he writeth, and wipeth his pen, and saith, "I have done no wickedness."

Richardson declared, in the preface to *Pamela,* that he had composed the work "without raising a single idea throughout the whole, that shall shock the exactest purity, even in the warmest of those instances where purity would be most apprehensive." When Vanbrugh was attacked by Jeremy Col-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lier he said he had never written anything that the most virtuous damsel might not keep in her chamber with her Bible. Perhaps no man is ever quite so absurd as when he is defending himself against a just accusation.

Smollett is a man's novelist; I have never heard a woman praise him. There is no doubt that men enjoy buffoonery, horse-play, and rough farce; women not only do not enjoy these things, they cannot understand how or why refined and educated men should enjoy them. Mrs. Oliphant could not comprehend Carlyle's praise of Burns's *Jolly Beggars;* and after fruitless speculation, she finally reached the wise conclusion that the difference in their appreciation was simply a difference of sex. "There must always be, we presume, however age and experience may modify nature, a certain inability on the part of a woman to appreciate the more riotous forms of mirth, and that robust freedom in morals which bolder minds admire. It is a disability which nothing can abolish."

Men often laugh at women for their interest in what seems to men trivialities, details of clothing, "social columns" and "woman's page" in the newspapers; but women find it incomprehensible that a great scholar like Burton should delight in the coarse repartee of the bargemen, and that cultivated gentlemen should read with close attention two columns of fine print, consisting of statements like this: "at the beginning of the fifth round, Jack ducked, and delivered a jolt in the slats."

I once met a United States Army lieutenant, a man of wide reading and good taste, who told me that without the slightest doubt the greatest novel in the English language was *Humphry Clinker.* Smollett wrote it while he was dying, and it is notable that this robust and healthy masterpiece should come from a mortally sick man, though a hundred years later another and greater Scot brought the same event to pass. Smollett followed the scheme of Richardson in this novel, putting it into the form of letters, its only resemblance to his predecessor. This book is full of rich and coarse humour, and has at the same time the preserving quality of original genius.

To read Smollett's novels is like witnessing, from a safe coign of vantage, a free fight, hearing resounding whacks and resounding oaths. For Smollett's heroes do not talk as if they had been no further than Finsbury; much of his humour consists in his language. Why is it that everyone in the audience laughs when the man on the stage says "damn"?

Critics whose zeal for parallels exceeds their knowledge of the subject, have often repeated the saying that Thackeray is the child of Fielding, and Dickens of Smollett. The considerable amount of truth in the first half of the statement should not lead to any acceptance of the second. No two novelists in English literature are more unlike than Smollett and Dickens. Of all our writers of fiction, Smollett is the most heartless; he had a gust for life, and men and women amused him prodigiously; but his books show no tenderness and no real sympathy, for if he had possessed these qualities, his work would have been more complex. Balzac wrote the human comedy: Smollett wrote the human farce. Now the one absolutely dominating characteristic of Dickens is tenderness; he had the mind of a man, and the heart of a child.

Again, of all British novelists—with the possible exception of Sterne—Smollett is the least spiritual; there is no other-worldliness in *Roderick Random* or *Peregrine Pickle.* There is not only no Christian element in these stories, there is no religious atmosphere of any kind. Dickens, on the other hand, is one of the most powerful allies of Christianity that English literature has ever produced. The whole foundation of his works is the love of God and the love of man.

Dr. Johnson is numbered among the novelists as Saul was among the prophets. He was not exactly fitted to write so concrete a form of literature, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonder is, as he said of the woman and the dog, that he could do it at all. It is commonly stated (incorrectly) that he wrote *Rasselas* (1759) to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral; today, could such a work get into print, it might conceivably hasten the funeral of its author. Remembering the spirited beginning of *Pamela,* it is instructive to read the opening sentence of *Rasselas:*

> Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;—attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

It is much easier to listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, than it is to listen at all to the history of Rasselas. This novel remains in English literature an embalmed corpse, preserved by Johnson's great and noble name.

The Doctor's volatile friend, Oliver Goldsmith, had much better success; fiction being really his natural element. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766) has an immortal charm, a fadeless beauty. Goldsmith had all the qualifications that his learned contemporary lacked; a truly creative imagination, great facility in composition, the irresistible humourous tenderness so characteristic of the sons and daughters of Ireland. In literature Johnson was a super-dreadnought, Goldsmith an excursion steamer. Hundreds of thousands of happy men, women, and children have loved to travel anywhere with Goldy. So far as I know, there has been only one discontented passenger — Mark Twain, who said that any list of books for reading was a good list, so long as it did *not* contain *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Smollett was a physician and Sterne a minister of the gospel; one trained in science, the other in sentiment. Both men died in middle life, but literature lost little by their early disappearance. Smollett had apparently given the world the very best that was in him; and Sterne would not have completed either *Tristram Shandy* or the *Sentimental Journey,* for the very essence of those works is their incompleteness; and we have enough of both. Smollett was a robustious, noisy fellow, looking for trouble; Sterne was really an invalid, and the finest thing in his whole life, character, and career, is the marvellous courage he showed in facing his own disease. He regarded his frequent and violent hemorrhages with ironical humour. It is impossible to understand Sterne; he defies both analysis and appraisal. Professor Cross, in his admirable biography, has told us more about this man than was ever known before, giving us at the same time an accurate picture of the times. But Sterne is elusive.

Sterne's nature was passive rather than active. He might have said with Keats, "Oh, for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" He was a veritable Æolian harp, for the winds of passion, fancy, sentiment, mirth, and pathos to play on. In sheer invention he was weak, or lazy: there must be an exciting cause from without, either in some street spectacle, or in some book that he was reading. This external stimulus would set him off into the strangest vagaries and paradoxes. He was both irreverent and immoral; the coarse explicitness of Fielding and Smollett changed into evil suggestion, refined wickedness. Morally, we rate him below almost all other great English novelists, for, as Rostand says, "the sound of a kiss is less dangerous than the silence of a smile."

In sentiment Sterne was an epicure. His extraordinary sensitiveness to impressions made him instantly responsive, intensely aware, and as changeable as the wind. With women he was a philanderer, too self-conscious to be deeply passionate, too responsive to be constant. His books are the echoes of his reading without being dishonourably plagiaristic; Rabelais, Cervantes, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* and his immediate predecessors in England are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all threaded into that crazy-quilt in literature, *Tristram Shandy*.

For my part, I find Sterne's humour much better than his pathos. Whatever he may have borrowed from other books, his humour was his own, subtle, pervading, and constantly giving the reader a sharp surprise. The quizzical mask of this fantastic parson conceals his intention until we are suddenly and palpably hit; and much of his humour remains unfathomable. For what Sterne's thoughts were when he looked in the mirror no one can guess. The epitaph of John Gay perhaps comes nearest to a soliloquy by our Yorick.

> Life is a jest, and all things show it:
> I thought so once, but now I know it.

The difference between the light cynicism of the epitaph written by Gay and the terrible indictment of the epitaph written by Swift is just the difference between the man who regards life as a joke, and the man who regards himself as the joke of life.

Sterne's pathos—with the possible exception of the famous starling—has always left me cold. The ass in the *Sentimental Journey* and the ass in *Tristram* arouse my respect for the writer's ingenuity; but if one will compare these instances with the brief sketch of the ass in Guy de Maupassant's *Mont Oriol,* he will see the difference between a professional sentimentalist in fine virtuoso work, and the profound sympathy of a great tragic artist. I do not see how anyone can read that page in the French novel without tears.

The stream of Sentimentalism—enormously widened, deepened, and accelerated by Sterne—rose in the first half of the eighteenth century, when Samuel Richardson created the Sentimental Novel. Shortly after the appearance of the final volume of *Clarissa,* the word "sentimental" was high in favour; so much so, that on 9 January, 1750, Lady Bradshaigh wrote directly to Richardson for a decision. "What, in your opinion, is the meaning of the word sentimental, so much in vogue amongst the polite, both in town and country?" Everyone wore his heart on his sleeve in those days, for daws to pick at; and Sterne, the real jackdaw of fiction, had no difficulty in putting his beak into the public heart. Richardson had got all Europe into tears, and those were golden days for the sentimentalists. A learned German professor said that he had wept away some of the most remarkable hours of his life, "in a sort of delicious misery"—a phrase that exactly expresses the strange happiness felt by thousands of readers at that time. Rousseau—the greatest sentimentalist in all history, and the most influential writer of the modern age—began *La Nouvelle Héloise* under the inspiration of *Clarissa;* this in turn led to *Werther* and the whole *Sturm und Drang* period in Germany. No wonder the beginnings of the English novel are worth serious study, when we find their profound effect in such movements as the Wesleyan Revival in England, and the mighty revolution in France.

Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* was begotten by Richardson, though the grave printer would have disowned it; and a flood of sentimental fiction was let loose. Those who are able to wade in such lachrymose literature may read Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* (1771). Its author was a young man, and he followed the fashion. English common-sense and English humour were both too strong to permit a long reign —or shall we say rain?—of such an element.

Although the Sentimental Novel could not long maintain its supremacy, there has never been a period of English literature when sentimental novels did not flourish. The most striking illustration of the success of the sentimental novel in England in the twentieth century is the prodigious vogue of *The Rosary,* a book written by the wife of an English clergyman. Unless I am mistaken, over a million copies of this novel have been sold in England and in America. It is an admirable illustration of the school. In America the im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mense circulation of the books of Gene Stratton Porter bears positive testimony to the love of Anglo-Saxons for the Sentimental Novel. We can at any rate say of this English and of this American author that their works please many thousands of respectable men and women.

(*To be continued*)

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL—IN THE JANUARY BOOKMAN

The outline of the next installment of Professor Phelps's "Advance of the English Novel" is as follows: The silence of forty years—the English romantic movement—Longsword—Horace Walpole, the faddist—Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis—Northanger Abbey, the burlesque—difference between women in 1915 and in 1815—Jane Austen and Booth Tarkington—climax of the romantic movement in Walter Scott.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part X—The End of the Century

The end of a century is undoubtedly society's most self-conscious period. (Just watch next time and see if there is not something about it that goes to the head!) It is to movements what New Year's Day preceded by Watch Night used to be to good Methodists—a time for retrospect, for self-searching, and for good resolutions. One looks before and after and pines for what is not. Whether a new broom sweeps clean or not depends upon the sweeper, but certainly it will always whisk up more dust. Then, too, the periodic discussion arising at this date as to just when the century ends only prolongs the crisis; it does not dissipate the excitement it produces. Just as some little boys take a month in getting ready for Christmas and a month in recovering from it, so society has a period of shake-up and shake-down in the closing decade of the old and the opening decade of the new century. It is perhaps fortunate that it comes no oftener than once in a hundred years.

So it proved in the history of American magazines. In this period two hundred and fifty thousand regular monthly buyers of periodicals became two millions, and the reader of one magazine became the devoted devourer of half a dozen and more. We are not, however, so much concerned with his New Year resolutions as with the various factors which caused him to make them. Chief of all (how horrid to find it was nothing more spiritual!) was their new cheapness. The honour for bringing this about was afterwards hotly contested, and Mr. Walker of the *Cosmopolitan* always maintained that his plans were betrayed by a printer (as Benjamin Franklin claimed his had been with the first magazine) to Mr. McClure and to Mr. Munsey. Thus the record reads at any rate: *McClure's Magazine* appeared May 28, 1893, at fifteen cents a copy; the *Cosmopolitan* in July at twelve and a half; *Munsey's* in September at ten cents. As of these three, Mr. Frank A. Munsey was first in the publishing field, let us take his story up first. Here is an abstract of it, as he delivered it in a speech at a dinner given to his staff in 1907, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the magazine world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *Argosy*, a juvenile weekly, began life in December, 1882. I had four thousand dollars in prospect and forty dollars in cash; one room for an office, an eight-dollar table, two wooden chairs, and an ink-bottle. My plans had all gone wrong, and I was lucky to find, at last, a publisher who agreed to bring it out and retain me as editor and manager. It failed in five months. I borrowed three hundred dollars; and as editor, advertising manager, office-boy, and chief contributor, I began to try to pump life into it. It had made its regular appearance for some years before I could procure any credit with which to advertise. Then I spent in five months ninety-five thousand dollars in advertising it. All the while writing at midnight my six thousand words a week. Success came, or rather what I thought was success until I found out my mistake; but beyond a certain point I could not lift the circulation. I assumed that the trouble was with a juvenile publication; and decided to demonstrate it by getting into the adult class. Consequently I started, early in 1889, *Munsey's Weekly*, the predecessor of the magazine. It lasted two and a half years and lost over one hundred thousand dollars. I made up my mind that a weekly was "a dead cock in the pit." There are a few successes to-day, but I think they are accounted for by the activity and fertility of the business office rather than by a genuine and spontaneous circulation. The weekly paper, once so great a feature in American publishing business, began to decline with the incoming of the big Sunday newspaper; where there is no Sunday newspaper in Europe, the weekly still thrives. After many experiments with the make-up of the *Argosy*, I had concluded that nothing would save it and that it must be moulded on other lines. I have never thought it terrible to change a publication as often as conditions warranted, or to make the change as radical as I pleased. I did not know yet what to do with the *Argosy*, but in 1891 I changed *Munsey's Weekly* into *Munsey's Magazine*. The change of a worthless weekly into a monthly may not seem much, but it was this change which made the magazine the leading factor in modern publishing. I launched it at twenty-five cents and at this price ran it for two years, while I studied the problem why out of eighty millions of people there were not over two hundred and fifty thousand magazine buyers. Was the Sunday paper crushing the life out of the monthlies as well as the weeklies? I began to analyse the magazines. They seemed made for anemics and their editors editing for themselves and not for their subscribers. Living in an artificial literary world, they got out publications which wofully lacked human interest. On the other hand, the Sunday newspapers appealed to everybody; and their price was five cents against five and seven times that for the magazines. The several attempts to float cheaper ones had been only weak copies of the old kind. I became convinced that both the price and the magazines were wrong for a wide circulation. If a magazine should be published at ten cents, and made light, bright, and timely, it might be a different story. I worked out my idea and took it to the American News Company. They did not relish it, said the scheme did not leave them a sufficient margin of profit for handling it. The price they finally offered was so low it would have throttled me. No one had ever succeeded in circulating a magazine over their heads, but I decided to try it. I would deal directly with the newsdealers of the country. No human being except myself believed I could win out. I had no money and men with plenty of it had failed. But I thought that it wasn't money which would win the fight, but the idea of giving the people what they wanted and giving it to them at the right price. God only knows how I managed it; I don't. I sent out ten thousand circulars to newsdealers telling them of the change to ten cents and telling them that they could not get the magazine through the News Company. I asked them to send their orders direct to me. I hoped and expected there would be orders. None came. Then the American News Company called on me and held out the olive branch. When I had been negotiating with them, I had told them they could have the magazine at six and a half cents; but when they had kept silence for three weeks, I advanced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the price to seven. What had caused them to call upon me was this new price and something I never suspected. They had received orders from the whole ten thousand dealers! I had an edition of twenty thousand and no visible means of distributing it, but I refused the price they now offered. They must come to my terms. As the day of issue swept nearer, my tension increased to the breaking-point. But that issue was distributed in ten days, and I doubled it before the month was up! In the issue I had begun those "plain talks to the people," now so customary; and I had something to talk about. Six months afterwards, I changed the *Argosy* to an adult magazine—its fifth change in eleven years. But it had one more change to undergo. In 1896 it became an all-fiction magazine, a type which it created and which has since become one of the most successful in the field. It became the second largest magazine in the world in point of circulation and of earning power. *Munsey's* is the first (1907). My six magazines—or rather seven, as one is issued in two sections—are all the result of my analysis of the situation in 1893. If there has been any luck about it, I do not know where it comes in. It was a fight all along the line.

MC CLURE'S

Fortunate, too, is the historian in having, to fall back upon, Mr. S. S. McClure's own account of his activities. These summarise a period of expansion and revolution which makes, by contrast, the mild innovation of the journals of Opinion seem but the first faint stirrings of life and all previous circulations but premonitory ripples of a great flood.

For three summers, Mr. McClure says in his *Autobiography,* he peddled coffee-pots in the Middle West, and gained thereby a very close acquaintance with the people of the small towns and the farming communities—the people who afterwards bought *McClure's Magazine.* All these people, he found, were interested in exactly the same things or the same kind of things that interested him. Thus, in after years, he had little sympathy with the distinction made by some editors—"This or that was very good, but it wouldn't interest the people of the Middle West or of the small towns." These, like the people of New York or Boston, were interested in whatever was interesting; and as he felt himself to be a fairly representative Middle-Westerner, they would be interested in whatever interested him. His associate-editor, Mr. John Phillips, and his business-manager had both been on a college paper with him in Illinois; and thus it may be admitted that the Ohio Valley would not regard the new magazine as an exotic.

The *Century* he thought was typographically far and away the best American periodical, and when he came to get out the *Wheelman* for the Pope Manufacturing Company, it much resembled a thinner edition of his ideal. After a while Colonel Pope decided to buy the *Outing* and merge his periodical into it, and Mr. McClure thought the combination wouldn't work very well for him. He left and went into the *Century* office, then the uttermost limit of his ambition. But here one day he had a higher vision. A newspaper syndicate service was in the air at the time—indeed, the New York *Sun* had already made a tentative experiment in that direction—and Mr. McClure worked out a plan for one. When he started to put it into operation, he found the editors as cool about the project as the authors had been warm. Finally, however, he persuaded several important newspapers to take the service, of stories and articles, at eight dollars a week. For a long time after he inaugurated it, his actual capital was the money he owed authors. The older editors regarded the project with some anxiety—they all believed that there would never be any new magazines in the world, that *Harper's* and *Century* and the *Atlantic* would consume all the stories that would ever be written in America, and consequently there would not be enough to go around if he went on using them up in his syndicate. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was about eight years after he had founded the business that he began seriously to consider founding a magazine. The success of the *Ladies' Home Journal* at ten cents made him think a cheap popular magazine might thrive; and the new development of photo-engraving had just made such a scheme feasible. The impregnability of the older magazines was largely due to the costliness of wood-engraving. Only an established publication with a large working capital could afford illustrations made by that process. The *Century,* when he was working for it, used to spend something like five thousand dollars a month on its engraving alone. Not only was the new process vastly cheaper but it enabled a publisher to make pictures directly from photographs which were cheap, instead of drawings which were expensive.

Early in 1892, Mr. McClure continues, he and Mr. Phillips began active plans to launch a new fifteen cent monthly. After eight years of the hardest kind of work in the syndicate business, he was only $2,800 ahead; important rivals had appeared, and the only practical expansion was in the direction of a magazine. Their entire capital was $7,300. But in place of capital, they had a great fund of material to draw from. The magazine at first was to be made entirely of reprints of the most successful stories and articles that had been used in the Syndicate, and for a year or two it would have to live on what profits the Syndicate afforded.

The outlook was not promising, but it proved worse than he feared. For just before the first number came the great panic. They could collect no money from the newspapers for their service; and in the general cut-down of running expenses everywhere, a luxury like stories and articles was one of the first things the newspapers dispensed with. Of the twenty thousand copies printed for the first number, twelve thousand were returned to them. The eight thousand they sold netted them only $600, and the paper and printing had cost thousands. Then the next month another woe trod upon the heels of the first. The *Cosmopolitan* cut to twelve and a half cents, two and a half under *McClure's.* They had reckoned that it might be a year before another cheap magazine came into the field. Nevertheless, though always on the edge of failure, they got through the hard winter somehow. The next summer they were losing a thousand a month. By cutting the text from ninety-six to eighty-eight pages and reducing the size of the illustrations, they reduced the loss somewhat; but all the while they were slipping back.

In this crisis Conan Doyle, Miss Ida Tarbell, and Napoleon tided them over. The first volunteered to lend them some money, and the second wrote a life of the third. The year 1894 was a Napoleon year; the *Century* had announced Professor Sloan's Life of Napoleon; the *Cosmopolitan* soon joined the combat; and Mr. McClure commissioned Miss Tarbell overnight to run down to Washington and whip up a biography to go with a remarkable collection of portraits he had found there. Miss Tarbell had just written, in Paris, her careful studies of the life of Madame Roland, and knew the period. The Middle West proved more interested in the stop-gap than in the *Century's* Life which had been some years in making; and it doubled the circulation of *McClure's* within a few months. But Miss Tarbell as a circulation-maker was only just flexing her capable fingers. Quite as casually and quickly, Mr. McClure decided that some new portraits she had found of Lincoln needed a framework, and she winnowed the interested Middle West for anecdotal material. Napoleon had brought their subscribers from forty to eighty thousand; Lincoln increased them from one hundred and twenty in August, 1895, to two hundred and fifty in December. Thus in thirty months they reached a circulation in excess of the *Century, Harper's,* and *Scribner's;* and soon they were to be greater than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all three combined. The only fly in their ointment was the old advertising rate. With their increased circulation, they were losing four thousand dollars a month. Peace hath its defeats the same as war! But in 1896 they had changed all that, and were clearing five thousand a month.

Reviewing the earlier history of the magazine, Mr. McClure thinks that the intimate and human note which went straight to the Middle West heart was struck in the very first number. The Real Conversations—in which distinguished persons interviewed distinguished persons—and the Human Documents—in which the portraits of the same proceeded by consecutive stages from the cradle to the grave—converted, for the Middle West, mere names into near neighbours. Their popular science articles, he thinks, were of a more serious nature than those in any preceding magazine. The wide acquaintance with writers and their possibilities which the Syndicate had given him seemed to him his chief asset and his real capital; furthermore, he could, with syndicate and magazine combined, tempt them with a wider publicity than they had ever received before. His industry was untiring; for a series of portraits of Bismarck he ran over to Germany. As boundless was his fertility in devising new schemes to conduct personally to Middle Western farmyards remote aristocrats. (Holmes wrote to Mrs. Stuart Phelps Ward in 1893 that he would be delighted to discuss "Time and Eternity" with her and her husband as suggested, but as to saying anything on those subjects to be reported, he would as soon send a piece of his spinal marrow to those omnivorous editors. "So you see, I am quite obstinate—not to be lured or *Mac*-lured.") As for stories, he had, in addition to Conan Doyle, captured Kipling and Anthony Hope also. To discover the value of all three, one might not, perhaps, need to go so far as to sell coffee-pots in the Middle West, yet Mr. McClure says that *Harper's* had refused every tale in the four early books of Kipling, that it took him a year in the Syndicate to gain recognition for Conan Doyle, and that no American editor had thought enough of Hope to bring him across the water.

THE MC CLURE ARTICLE

The special character of the American cheap magazine as we now know it —wrote that keen and reflective English observer, Mr. William Archer, in 1910—is mainly due to one man, Mr. S. S. McClure. He invented and developed the particular type. The style of article which has made its fame is a richly-documented soberly-worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could much more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long. Its method is to present, without sensationalism or exaggeration, facts skilfully marshalled and sternly compressed, and let them speak for themselves. Here is Mr. McClure's account of the inception and evolution of the type:

About 1897 the talk about trusts had become important and the common people took a threatening attitude toward them—and without much knowledge. We decided that the way to handle the trust question was not by taking the matter up abstractly, but to take one trust and to give its history, its effects, and its tendencies. The mother of trusts was the Standard Oil. Miss Tarbell had lived for years in the heart of the oil region, and she undertook to prepare some articles on its history. When they heard of our project, Mr. H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil sent us word through his friend Mark Twain that they would gladly help us in securing material. Miss Tarbell spent nearly three years on the work before the first chapter of it was printed. The first important result of the articles was the nation-wide realisation that the railroad rebate was the great weapon of the Standard Oil. Simultaneously began the articles of Mr. Steffens on municipal misgovernment. We gave him a roving commission, and he visited the cities. What he found made me begin an investigation which proved that life and property in the United States were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less secure than in other countries. I went on trying to arouse public opinion. Steffens's work dealing with the corruption of State and city politics was a feature of the magazine for three or four years. His articles were the first accurate studies of this nature that had then appeared in an American magazine. To secure the accuracy which alone makes such studies of value, I had to invent a new method in magazine journalism. The fundamental weakness of modern journalism was that the highly specialised activities of civilisation were very generally reported by uninformed men, and what experts had to say was seldom interesting. I decided to pay my writers for their study rather than for their copy—to put them on a salary and let them master their subjects before they wrote about them. The preparation of the fifteen articles of the Standard Oil series took five years; they were produced at the rate of three a year, and each one cost us two thousand dollars. Of course, the subjects that will repay an editor for so expensive a method are few and important.

Thus the origin of what was later called the muck-raking movement came from no formulated plan to attack existing institutions, but from wishing to take up with accuracy and thoroughness some of the problems that were beginning to interest people. The method of dealing with public questions which distinguished *McClure's* was developed gradually. My desire to handle such questions came largely, I think, from my frequent trips abroad. In my many rapid trips for material of all kinds, I had noticed certain differences in the attitude of people here and abroad regarding public service and the connection between business interests and government. I was desirous of finding out why, in American cities as distinguished from American States, the debasing and debased part of the population should have a predominating influence in nominating and electing officials. A study of the methods of organising governments in England and Germany made me understand the basic causes of the inefficiency and corruption of governments in American cities. It was the indifference of the average American citizen to public questions.

The spirit which actuated all this may be illustrated by a *McClure* editorial, January, 1903. "We did not plan it so; it is a coincidence that this number contains three arraignments of American character such as should make every one of us stop and think. 'The Shame of Minneapolis,' the current chapter of the Standard Oil, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's 'The Right to Work,' it might all have been called The American Contempt of Law. Capitalists, workingmen, politicians, citizens—all breaking the law or letting it be broken. Who is there left to uphold it? The lawyers? Some of the best are hired for that very purpose. The judges? Too many of them so respect it that for some error or quibble they restore to office or liberty men convicted on evidence overwhelmingly convincing to common sense. The churches? We know of one, an ancient and wealthy establishment, which had to be compelled by a Tammany hold-over health-officer to put its tenements in sanitary condition. The colleges? They do not understand. There is no one left —none but all of us." Where could one find more meaning, more control, more passion packed in so few words! It was not to be expected that the novelty of a magazine campaign on corruption, both contemporary and specified, could intrude itself into a jolted community without opposition. As frequently happens in this amusing world, a proposed reform makes strange bedfellows. The outcry against *McClure's* delightfully anticipated the pretty spectacle, a decade later, of the well-supported matron and the well-supported cadet uniting against Woman's Suffrage. Alike the matronly New York *Evening Post* and Tammany denounced the articles as altogether commercial. The latter called the campaign a mercenary defamation of the fair name of our glorious land; the former (equally, though more wittily, reminiscent of time-worn oratory) called it a fight for God, for country, and for circulation. Godkin and Curtis and Dr. Holland in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their long and admirable agitation in their magazines for Civil Service Reform, had really gone the limit of safe and well-bred magazine interference with public affairs—to attack *specific* institutions and mention *names* was to drag in the dust the white samite of literary journalism! And from the White House came ringing the customary picturesque epithet, with which its occupant, agog like Kipling for the galvanizing word, was in the habit of branding all mavericks. *McClure's* wore proudly its new and sanctioned title of Muck Raker, and doubtless joined in the chuckle which went up from many earnest-minded Americans and observing Englishmen after their first gasp of indignation. For the accusation, ungracious as it was from one professional reformer to another, was conspicuously ungrateful also. It was the public conscience which *McClure's* had striven so earnestly to arouse with an army of shocking facts that eagerly seized upon the President for leadership. "The historian of the future," wrote Mr. Archer, "may determine how much of the 'uplift' that distinguished the Roosevelt administration was due to the influence of the *McClure* type of magazine. It seems to me certain that Mr. McClure paved the way for President Roosevelt and potently furthered the movements with which his name will always be identified."

Not the least of the services of the *McClure* type of article was its contribution to the final demise of the Young Person. More and more ailing as the old century drew to its close, this fragile and exquisite illusion apparently entered her last stage at the commencement of the new. For the family-circle was to be startled with ruder accents than the *McClure* Shame of the Cities or the *Cosmopolitan* Treason of the Senate. Young ladies had no sooner heard that politicians and policemen slipped into the saloon on the next block than they were acquainted with the hitherto unsuspected tidings that it had a Family Entrance into which other beings slipped. And such revolutionary disclosures came not only from the militant magazines of which no fine sense of the sanctity of the Young Person could be expected, but even from the *Ladies' Home Journal* (Shades of Ruth Ashmore!). Made deaf at last by all this noise to the elegant reticence becoming a daughter of Mrs. Hale and *Godey's Ladies' Book,* this periodical actually began to give parents instruction upon certain aspects of the education of their children! What would dear old *Knickerbocker* have said? He would probably have said that he could have told you so; that *he* knew what was coming the moment a gentlemanly magazine so far forgot itself as to ventilate opinions. The next step in the inevitable degeneration would, of course, be the ventilation of vices! No opinions at table and no ugly facts before the Young Person were the cornerstones of Society-as-it-Should-be. An amusing anecdote or so with the wine and cigars, and later a farce from the French dexterously diluted of course for female companions but patent to the cognoscenti—you could banish her from the one and as for the other, why every Young Person, thank heaven, had an innate purity! Indeed, in a sense and with all humility, the Young Person, one might say, was the noblest work of God and man alike! Man had been His co-worker in this perfected being which had eyes but saw not and ears but heard not.—So might *Knick* have said, shaking his silvery locks over the departure of all civility from a degenerate world. Well, thanks to *McClure's,* there are no longer any Young Persons. Nor will it console any one who grieves to reflect that there never were any. It was all so charming. Nor will it console them to hear the opinion of that obsessed Mr. Archer, admiring American magazines for a frankness of speech which the English ones do not possess. "It is one of the striking features of the magazine of the *McClure* type that that though distinctly 'family' productions so far as fiction is concerned, they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deal freely with social topics of the utmost delicacy, without either frightening their subscribers off or achieving any 'success of scandal.' I have never seen an article in *McClure's* or in any magazine of its class that was not perfectly fit to be read by any one who could conceivably wish to read it."

There is a reason economic and a reason temperamental, Mr. Archer thinks, why there are no such articles in English magazines. They have neither the circulation nor the advertisements which would enable them to pay for such social investigation. But the main reason is the English law of libel. An American editor said to him quite simply, "We carry libels in every number"; but the mildest of the progressive American cheap magazines would beget in England a crop of libel-suits. For the *McClure* type eschewed the generalities which preceding moralists had exclusively engaged in, and mentioned names and cases. The difference between a moralist and a muck-raker is a simple but significant one—a muck-raker is a moralist who specifies. Mr. Archer remarks that the law of libel seems to be as inefficient in America as it is overefficient in England; but the contrast is not so much legal as spiritual—an American shrugs his shoulders at an accusation which in England would blast a man's whole career. "We do not wish to spend our energy," said *Collier's Weekly,* "in exploiting facts which cannot personally offend a human being"; yet if you do offend and the person has money enough to go to court in England, a libel-suit follows. It is not because Americans are more afraid of libel-suits, for judges here as in England could exclude the damaging evidence if that were our attitude. Partly it is an un-British indifference to our reputation and partly it is an equally un-British sense of humour. Where everybody is illegally libelling everybody else, 'tis folly to be squeamish. For the same reason, Americans are not even exacting of their pound of flesh; what's the sense of being a Shylock when the next time the other party may have you on the hip? Mr. John Adams Thayer says that once when *Everybody's* made a plate of J. P. Morgan from a steel-engraving, they found the copyright law allowed the original publisher to claim one dollar a copy for every impression they had made. The publisher pranced over to see them, and they had a most interesting afternoon. They were liable for seven hundred thousand dollars!

The new process of photo-engraving made possible the cheap illustrated magazine; but as in a short time many cheap magazines were in the market, it by no means accounted for the enormous circulation of a magazine like *McClure's.* Illustrations that cost one hundred dollars and required a month's time could now be had by all of them for ten dollars and in one day. "The revolution in the art of engraving, not to say its destruction," said the *Independent* editorially in 1895, "is threatening a change in the conduct of monthly magazines as well as of newspapers. It seems probable, however, that the higher-priced magazines will not find it wise to reduce their price to the figure of *Cosmopolitan* and *McClure's.* They will wish to maintain that higher, purer literary standard which succeeds in securing the best but not the most numerous readers. They cannot change their constituency beyond the comparatively cultivated class that appreciates them. They cannot therefore enormously increase their circulation and so their advertising income by reducing their price." To which *McClure's* replied: "Less than one-seventh of the illustrations in last month's *Harper's, Century, Scribner's* are engraved on wood. There must be some merit besides cheapness in a method that is employed for more than six-sevenths of the high-priced monthlies. On the other hand, we must seek elsewhere for a reason for the cheap magazine. Will the editor of the *Independent* tell us where any edi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor can secure a higher, purer literary standard than is maintained by our list of writers?" The list that followed included most of the names before the English-speaking public. Thus it was apparent that the difference in standards was not one of height but of kind. Anybody who wished might call it purer, anybody who wished might call it less conventional. It was not a difference of so-called appeal to pure culture, for *McClure's* and *Cosmopolitan* both had a notable art series. It was not even a difference in editorial enterprise or in careful and costly research. The *Century,* some while before the era of cheap magazines, had sent George Kennan and an artist on a two years' tour of Siberia to secure the articles on Russian prisons and the treatment of political exiles which caused the proscription of that magazine from the Czar's dominions. The travel articles of *Harper's,* for which it had long been famous, had despatched observers with pen and pencil to the outposts of the world. The difference between the two sets of magazines simply consisted in the fact that the majority of the American people thought the *McClure* type moved closer to contemporary life and was seeking not only to illumine but to raise and support. The cheap magazine in itself was no new idea. In 1872 and in conservative Boston a ten cent periodical, *American Homes,* was started and was making a national success when the Boston Fire destroyed it utterly. The new tone of intimacy and neighbourly helpfulness which became the special characteristic of the cheap magazines and to which even some of the older high-priced periodicals "lowered their dignity" as time went on, seems to have been introduced by that mighty mother of magazines, the City of Brotherly Love, as she got her third wind. Mrs. Hale of *Godey's* had whispered cosily in the female ear, *Graham's* had chucked a continent under the chin; but it remained for the *Ladies' Home Journal* to embrace warmly the universal world.

EXTINCTION OF EDITORIAL RETICENCE

Established in 1883 by Cyrus Curtis, it was edited for half a dozen years by his wife under the name of Mrs. Louisa Knapp. But its astounding success began about 1890 with the advent of Mr. E. W. Bok. Before this time the occupation of an editorial chair had been accomplished without shaking the earth. But the Himalayas heard at once that he was the youngest and highest-paid editor in America. He immediately began that series of novel series which effected the introduction of everybody to everybody else and placed the two hemispheres on a family basis. He did not go forth to the family-circle as the mid-century *Harper's* had done; he inscribed the circle around himself like Richelieu holding the maiden Julie. Nobody could step outside of it unless he stepped off the planet. Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men, Unknown Husbands, Famous Daughters of Famous Men, How I Wrote This and Did That—everybody who was somebody and everybody who was nobody was soon engaged in counting his or her pulse-beats to a breathless world and to the tune of the periodical's increasing circulation. One touch of Mr. E. W. Bok had made the whole world kin. It seemed as if the possibilities of the genre might never be exhausted, and the public might go on clamouring forever, or until the Nieces of Absconding Bank-Presidents and the Cousins of Royal Governesses had satisfied the last urgency for world-fellowship in the latest Bok-awakened Madagascar metropolis. The fever for fellowship spent itself in time, of course; but the twofold result upon the conduct of magazines seems likely to be permanent. Readers expect button-holing if not manhandling, and editors have come out of their cloistered retirement. Even editors of some of the older magazines which prided themselves on being far from the madding crowd no longer desire to remain violets by their mossy stones. As for the editors of the new cheap magazines, they looked upon Mr. Bok and at once did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

likewise. Personal publicity became the proof of aggressiveness and enterprise. It was part of the advertising age. About the time when "Charles Frohman Presents" and "Henry Savage Proffers" became household phrases conned by lisping children from the billboards of America, Mr. Munsey was publishing in his own handwriting his own opinion of his magazine as a cover-design. A few years later even Mr. Alden of *Harper's* was protesting in the *North American* that the wise editor never sought to suppress originality and that if the Middle West wanted to call him a matron he didn't mind. As for the militant magazines, they vibrated with an electric current sped from editor to reader, wherein dynamo called to dynamo in no uncertain tones.

All this was much increased by the vogue of the cult magazine, which by its very nature was a personal utterance. The cult magazines were all slender things, merely embodied voices like that pocket prima-donna who was once heralded as "Little but Oh My!" The run of these was a measles with which the face of the whole country broke out. The germ-carrier was the project of two Harvard youths who published while at Cambridge a slim, artistically-printed semi-monthly called the *Chap Book*. It was a side-product of the Celtic Revival in England, and purposed extending to Victorianised America the new wine of the *Yellow Book*, of Aubrey Beardsley, George Moore, and Yeats. In a short while all the early numbers were exhausted, and its deserved success was so great that it moved to Chicago where it would have freer air and no time-stained institutions standing in the way of its sunlight. There it flouished for four years; and as it remained a substantial and literary rarity until the last, its fortuitous death was universally regretted. So was the death of its first joyous offspring, the *Lark*, which twittered gleefully at San Francisco from 1895 to 1897. This stopped, apparently, because its editors—Les Jeunes—wanted to grow up. Some of them afterward did grave and valuable things in periodical literature, but many of the carols of their light-hearted infancy were such melodious madness that the world gladly stopped to listen. The *Chap Book* had numerous progeny, however, that would have scorned to be brother to the *Lark* as much as to own so conventional a parentage as the new Irish movement in an effete literature. All over the country they sprang up, by preference on rocky soil and where weeds might choke them. The intention of the cult magazine was to be a voice crying in the wilderness. There were at least one hundred and sixty-two of them, crying to the flinty echoes "Repent! Repent!" and living on locusts until their lungs gave out, though from want of proper food only. Chief of them was the *Philistine*, Printed Every Little While for the Society of the Philistines. This was an association of Book Lovers and Folks Who Write and Paint. Their object was to destroy the phantom of a false dawn, and their settling at East Aurora, New York, was thought by many to have been the result of exploring the map for a village of symbolic name. "In literature he is a Philistine who seeks to express his personality in his own way," ran an early announcement. "We ask for the widest, freest, and fullest liberty for Individuality—that's all." This proved both wide and full, and it made free with every established Thing. Begun among the earliest of the fadazines, it alone continued its voice well into the next century. Its voice was robust. Its sub-title was A Periodical of Protest, and it is admitted that one cannot protest in a whisper. Its editor, Elbert Hubbard, did more, though in a field less wide, than Mr. Bok or Mr. McClure or Mr. Munsey to deal the editorial tradition of reticence a body blow; to develop that arrestingly and grippingly personal tone which was becoming characteristic of the American sanctum, and to demolish the last vestige of the pose which Boston culture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had bequeathed American letters. The only one of the four who had any literary gift, who went on lecture tours, and was the fortunate possessor of a disputed personality, his voice naturally carried the furthest. A cult is like a protoplasm—it subdivides while you are looking at it; and the *Philistine,* like all the other little magazines, died because its offspring ate up the available audience. But their earnest iconoclasm made many people do some thinking of their own, and they were yeasty affairs which leavened a vast deal of our inherited stodginess; they had their day and went their way and left some thoughts behind them. In the history of American thought they are consequently of considerable importance, but to the history of the American magazine they contributed chiefly one more factor in the growth of the personal note at the end of the century.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

A case very much in point is the gradual emergence of Mr. John Brisben Walker of the *Cosmopolitan,* from a private citizen conducting a business enterprise into the fierce light that beats upon a throne. Born in Rochester, New York, in 1886, a clergyman's child, the *Cosmopolitan,* as befitted its parent, was conservative and domestic. Consisting largely of translations and with full page reproductions of paintings, it had a Children's and a Household Department which often gave recipes. (Can you picture the contemporary *Cosmopolitan* thus parentally engaged, even if fathers of families are not what they were?) In the beginning, it threw in as an extra inducement to those impervious to the seductions of a home missionary at two dollars and a half a year, a Letter and Bill File, the cost price of which was only twenty-five cents less. But its Cincinnatus days departed in its second year when it moved to the metropolis, and its sea-change was complete when Mr. Walker coming from the West stumbled over it in 1889. Somewhat later it made an attempt to recapture its rurality by moving out of town again, but dalliance with the great city had forever altered its ancient Rochestrian ideals. Having put its hand to the plough, it turned back to the sidewalk. But this was later still, and under the convoy of Mr. Hearst—whose energetic and sophisticated personality is, geographically considered, perhaps even more remote from the magazine's first parent than was that of its second. As a matter of statistics, however, it may not be generally known that Mr. Hearst is a clergyman twice removed; or that the *Cosmopolitan* once dispensed recipes on the best methods of keeping the household sweet and clean.

But to return to Mr. Walker and the far side of the century mile-stone, when the worldly career of the future magazine was as yet undreamed. The new editor made haste slowly. He replaced the Household Department with one on Social Problems conducted by Edward Everett Hale (ominous forecast of the Suffrage movement!) and the Children's Department with Book Reviews by Professor Brander Matthews (fitting symbol of the discarded parochial past!); and added the departments In the World of Arts and Letters, and The Progress of Science, conducted by many hands. These were all admirably administered, and the last-mentioned was particularly serviceable in bringing the readers closer to contemporary activities. Contenting itself for a while, too, with articles illustrated by portraits and other documentary records—like the Lady Riders of Washington or The Woman's Press Club of New York—it little by little branched out into other illustrative fields. Its early reproduction of famous masterpieces happily metamorphosed into richly illustrated articles on Recent Art. About the year 1897, the magazine reviewed its ten years of life. At its birth, the total number of magazines did not greatly exceed the figures of the present edition. The rapid increase in circulation had proceeded in equal steps with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the manifestation of a new attitude of a magazine toward its readers. It considered itself a co-operative affair in which the chief party was the public. Mr. Howells and A. S. Hardy were associate-editors and Professor Boyesen and Dr. Hale were regular contributors and advisers, but the best associate and adviser was the reader himself. As with the other magazines which in the last decade of the century reduced their price, this endowment of the public with a personality it had never before possessed was found to have its editorial exactions. Whether the flattered reader required reciprocity or felt that at least propriety demanded that he demand it, or whether the necessities of the new appeal to social and civic consciousness dictated greater directness (for how can one receive an actual punch from an invisible shoulder?), or whether it be that heartier fellowship is inherent in lowered prices and in the poorer class in general, or whether it was all a part of that new world-note of genial camaraderie inaugurated by the *Ladies' Home Journal* which caused the public to clamour for the countenances of the makers of its shoes and its talcum powders—let it be for psychologists to decide. At any rate Mr. Walker, like the rest, was no longer satisfied to be seen through a glass darkly; and, as with the rest, the new face-to-faceness was startling to conservatives. The vestibule of his magazine became his inner holy of holies—whence heart-to-heart confessions of the policies and material within doors issued in crisp sermonettes in large print. It had become the fashion. But those who had followed Mr. Walker's widening vision were not surprised to see him identify himself with an attempt to construct an international language. The founder of the magazine had not projected an all-world parish. Mr. Walker offered the President of the United States twelve thousand dollars to cover the expenses of a commission to report on the idea; and when President Harrison finally decided that it did not come within the limits of his jurisdiction, the *Cosmopolitan* undertook it single-handed.

The new attitude of social obligation, taken by *McClure's* and the *Cosmopolitan* toward the end of the century, may perhaps be best illustrated by the magnificent though abortive attempt of the latter to found a national university. In August, 1897, this announcement appeared:

> For five years we have published the magazine at a reduced price, which the publishing world regarded as a step certain to result in failure. It was an educational movement of far-reaching importance. We have now arrived at another stage in the evolution of the magazine. We enlarge our sphere, and take in hand the organisation to provide for the intellectual necessities of those who seek enlightenment and growth, and yet have not had the means for entering the universities. The Cosmopolitan University will provide a course of studies worked out with reference to the real needs of men and women in the various walks of life; designed to produce broader minds, and give greater fitness for special lines of work, and also to make better citizens, better neighbors, and happier men and women. At the head of the organisation will be placed an educational mind of the first ability. All instruction blanks, examination papers, official circulars free. No charge of any kind will be made to the student, all expenses will be borne for the present by the *Cosmopolitan*. No conditions, except a pledge of a given number of hours of study. Work is to be formally begun in October.

It proved an electrifying announcement. A month and a half after this statement—necessarily indefinite, the editor admitted, since plans had not yet been formulated—almost four thousand students had enrolled. In two weeks more, the number was almost six thousand; in another eight it had doubled. What was to be done with this vast horde of day-workers who desired to burn the midnight lamp! In the meantime had arisen other troubles beside that of feeding the multitude with limited loaves and fishes. President

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrews had just left Brown University on account of some differences of opinion between himself and the trustees, and Mr. Walker announced that the magazine had secured him to direct the Cosmopolitan University with a Board of Advisors. But now President Andrews had been requested by the trustees to withdraw his resignation, and he in turn felt himself compelled to ask Mr. Walker to release him. The change completely disarranged all their plans for organisation, and others must be worked out as speedily as possible. Meanwhile the students kept on mounting prodigiously; applications from all over the country swept toward Irvington-on-the-Hudson like a white tidal wave. The magazine had felt that the appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars which it was able to make, should be divided into annual instalments of thirty thousand each. They had regarded the sum as ample to support the institution for five years. But the number of applicants had made it entirely inadequate, and they were forced to ask that all students who were able to do so should pay a fee of five dollars per quarter. This did not daunt or even diminish the recruits, who cried aloud from every remote hamlet for a college education by correspondence. By May the ambitious band had become nineteen thousand. Swamped, the magazine still floundered with the flood. Another thousand in August compelled the discarding of all former plans and the formation of new ones. But such emergencies had become normal by this time, and the magazine hoped that the experience of the first year—so unsatisfactory to their educational staff—would be of service in the second which it now undismayed began. At the end of that period, however, it threw up its hands. It would do what it could but its means did not allow it to take care of the twentieth part of the applicants. The Government should establish a National Correspondence University, and it would present a bill to Congress to that effect.

It had been a magnificent and generous undertaking. Of course, the usual number of sedate periodicals whose cooler projects allowed no opportunity for failure, and that large body of persons who cannot believe in the sincerity of a philanthropist until he has bankrupted himself, saw in it only ingenious advertising. Elderly people found it but another manifestation of the deplorable stridency of cheap literature—one could not imagine the *Knickerbocker* doing such a thing. It was all a part of this end of the century chaos which had hurtled matrons and letters into the market-place! Perhaps more than anything else, even more than the articles of exposure inaugurated by *McClure's,* the Cosmopolitan University marked that the old ideal of a literary magazine was as dead as a dodo. It was an ideal derived from England and was embodied by the early *Knickerbocker* better than by any other successful American magazine not mainly of the review type, although possibly it might be found at its best in the short-lived *Arcturus.* Polite comment on polite affairs. Moncure Conway summed it up once in the early eighties, "An English magazine is a circular letter addressed by a scholarly man to a few hundred friends."

EVERYBODY'S AND ADVERTISING

As this modest history of the magazines but aims to round off the century conveniently, it may not mention some of later birth. Nor may it follow the fortunes of *Everybody's*—born in 1899 under other auspices—except incidentally and as indicative of the new advertising movement. Some account of this is found in Mr. John Adams Thayer's life-story, *Astir.*

> With a few notable exceptions editors do not make magazines financially successful. It is far more difficult to secure a capable advertising manager, and he will demand and probably receive twice the editor's salary. The business of my department, which had totalled a quarter of a million at my coming, had now a yearly volume of twice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that amount. It was the hey-day of advertising. One day in the president's office I saw the architect's drawing of a massive stone edifice fourteen stories high, to be built for and devoted solely to the business of the Butterick Company. Facetiously the treasurer remarked, "Look at your new building!" As treasurer, he knew that my department had made it possible. When we bought the magazine property, the price of the advertising was $150 a page—one dollar per page per thousand circulation being the recognised rate among general magazines, though an extra twenty or even fifty thousand is often given for good measure. With a showing of three hundred thousand now, we could ask $300 a page, as we had doubled our circulation in a year. We stood upon this healthy footing when "Frenzied Finance" began to increase our circulation to the merry tune of fifty thousand copies a month.

To the innocent bystander, the adjective "healthy" may seem here to carry a peculiar implication. Does not health, he may query, increase as circulation increases? But the fact is *Everybody's* was mortally threatened with a rush of blood to the stomach. The reader who resents his present serfdom to the advertiser will grimly appreciate the predicament. The magazine had fed itself up so, with its vital nourishment, that apoplexy threatened. (If that is a mixed figure, make the best of it!) The curious situation was startling in its modernity—to be dying of good health. But it was not absolutely novel for all that. Even before the old *Scribner's* had inaugurated the reign of the advertiser, the phenomenon had been forecast. It was as early as 1865 and the place was Chicago, which at that period scorned advertising, in the most elegant and approved literary fashion. There, Mr. Fleming tells us, the *Little Corporal,* a juvenile, had made an unexpected hit. It proved the first Chicago periodical to attract national attention and the first juvenile in the country to be read by children everywhere. Its circulation grew to be enormous (its twelve numbers cost one dollar—almost the first genuine instance of low prices), but it came a cropper with its advertising. The advertisers, who at that early date were nearly always confined to local firms, refused to allow the rate to be increased; an out-of-town circulation, however large, is of no benefit to us, they said. With a small circulation there had been a profit at this low rate, but after a certain point every additional copy was printed at a loss. It was this same condition which threatened *Everybody's* when Lawson jumped the circulation; and it was met by increasing the selling price until the advertising contracts should expire and a higher rate could be arranged. The reader who resents the power of the advertiser will again grimly appreciate the symbolic nature of the solution. It is always the Ultimate Consumer that pays, he may mutter wearily—as at present he picks his vexed way from gobbet to gobbet of text through the welter of advertising matter; and as, from page nineteen to page thirty-two to page forty-seven to page sixty-three the moving finger turns and, having read, turns on.

"In less than a year," says Mr. Thayer, "we announced on one occasion an edition of one million. The demand for back numbers was incessant; and we printed a little pamphlet called The Chapters That Went Before. Mr. Lawson had worked a miracle in the circulation, and we beheld the wonderful vision of becoming a great magazine property without the long hard preparatory struggle of a Munsey or a McClure. But so enormous an increase in copies without a corresponding increase in advertising rates meant ruin. We finally decided, contrary to custom, to announce an immediate increase without notice to $400 a page, and later we established a $500 rate. Then we decided if we would meet the circulation we must raise the price to fifteen cents a copy. To raise the subscription price of a magazine is an important step, and when to make the change was the prob-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lem. The attorney for H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil fame suddenly wrote the American News Company, that if they distributed our magazines and put them on sale, he would begin an action at law. I saw this was the moment, and the free advertising given us by the Standard Oil was so immense that the edition though large was swept from the newsstands on the day of publication.

Unique in every way was Mr. Lawson's series of articles. Twice blessed is he who, getting all, gives nothing. When Mr. Lawson finally made up his mind to attack the evils of high finance (much assisted to his decision by the perseverance of the editor), he announced that it was his intention to do it for nothing and furthermore to advertise his articles in the newspapers at his own expense. What magazine could help but admire so thorough and so canny a reformer, who felt his motive must be as far above suspicion as gaybird Cæsar thought his wife ought to be? He demanded only that *Everybody's* offer a prize of fifty thousand dollars for the best essay on Frenzied Finance at the end of its run; but, says Mr. Thayer naïvely, "we eventually persuaded him there were more effective ways of advertising." The end of the run found them normally issuing from five to six hundred thousand copies a month, and after it finished they retained the bulk of this circulation.

"While our first cover was not particularly artistic, it was different from all other magazine covers and caused comment by reason of its sentiment and novelty—it represented two hearts cut in a birch tree. The cover designs cost us much effort but they assisted the impression which promptly got abroad that *Everybody's* was different from the common run." Thus light-heartedly does Mr. Thayer mention the inception of the stupidest feature of the cheap magazine—the candy-box cover. It is a picture in little of the fate that awaits all display-advertising. Fired by the example of *Everybody's* all the cheap magazines hastened to be "different" and ended in all becoming just alike—their old distinctive cover forgotten and their trademark destroyed. The cover-design Mr. Thayer refers to was attractive; and had they and the rest of the magazines contented themselves with the story-telling picture or one which had reference to some chief feature of the contents within, there would have been no objection—although not to be eternally confronted in the old magazines even with such covers is a welcome relief. The fancy cover had appeared timidly about 1896. The *Cosmopolitan* sported one of the earliest, but the novelty was apparently regarded with disfavour and soon disappeared. *McClure's* printed several of their Lincoln portraits during the run of the Lincoln articles, and also had printed portraits of several of their authors. This innovation was followed, conservatively, by symbolic female figures representing the months. Thus slowly the virus began until it had developed complete and rabid feminisation. In the meantime, within the covers of the cheap magazines a process of auto-intoxication was going on. The theatrical departments had become permanent fixtures, and the unending procession of actresses' portraits had got well under way. Then arrived the lamentable hour when no home was thought complete without a Christie or a Gibson girl. And then the deluge! The chorus-isation of the cheap magazine was complete, and the day of the artist model had dawned. With no other variety than that afforded by seasonable costume, characterless as wax dummies in store-windows, telling no other story than their own insipid prettiness, they simpered incessantly and incongruously from the covers of magazines all sense and entertainment and serious endeavour within. Even the railroad and news-stand trade, whose jaded eye this eternal exploitation of cherry cheeks and rosy lips is doubtless meant to ensnare, must have shortly familiarised itself with all possible combinations of the female features. Few things in the publishing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world are more depressing than those books for the Christmas trade wherein favourite artists gather together their magazine covers for the year in one awful record of smirking fatuity. We shall look back upon this exhibition of American taste with as much humiliation, diluted with humour, as upon our "lambrequin and drape" period. Here, if you please, is the magazine's one *fin de siécle* feature of the end of the century!

For the rest, what a record is that which American magazine literature presents to the twentieth century! Magazines have now become so numerous as to defy any account of them beyond mere classified enumeration. To this stage of easy support has America advanced through a century of short-lived attempts. There are nearly two thousand titles of incomplete and unfinished magazines which perished of starvation —and the list itself is incomplete, for the names of many gallant youngsters have been lost forever. The splendid endeavour is as significant of our intellectual and social vitality as is the splendid achievement. How they have broadened and enriched American life! What incalculable contribution have they made to the growth of human sympathy and companionship! Thanks to them, history will for the first time posses a complete record of human thought and activity. Thanks to them, men and women are enabled to live wiser and happier lives.

Nor does this tell the entire story. "I desire to confess frankly," writes Mr. H. M. Alden of *Harper's,* "that in literature the book and not the magazine is the supreme thing; but the first encouragement of the greatest writers has come from the magazine ever since the time of Poe, and the magazine has been participant of such glory as literature has shown." That the magazine has a hundred times multiplied the audience of authors is apparent to everybody. Not so well understood is it that they have been of as great social as monetary value. They lifted the author to a recognised place in society which in spite of prominent exceptions he did not occupy in America until the day of their success. When I was young, wrote Edmund Clarence Stedman, New York looked with distrust if not with contempt upon working writers. Newspaper salaries were very low, and a man who got his living by writing was in the same class as a man who got his living by acting. He was almost forced into Bohemia. And speaking of the brilliant and erratic company at Pfaffs, he concludes: "If there had been a *Century,* a *Cosmopolitan,* and a score of other paying magazines, I suppose they would have been as conservative as our modern authors and would have dined above stairs and not under the pavement." And, finally, one cannot reiterate too often the material debt of American literature to the magazine. The lives and letters of authors cry it in and between all the lines—but for the magazine very few could have lived to tell the tale. "It is only with the modern development of the newspaper and the magazine," says the House of Harper, "that authorship may be said to have become a lucrative profession." We are apt to think of our literary hand-to-mouth period as long ago—so radical and immediate was the change wrought by the International Copyright Act. But that past is not so shadowy as shady. So late as 1881 the *Century* was saying, "Not many prominent American novels have of late years reached the reader in the first instance between book-covers." And if this might be said of novels, what of the rest of books? Before the Committee of Congress appointed to inquire whether any real need existed for the proposed copyright, Mr. Dana Estes said in 1886: "For two years past, though I belong to a publishing house (Estes and Lauriat) which emits nearly one million dollars worth of books per year, I have absolutely refused to entertain the idea of publishing an American manuscript. It is impossible to make the books of most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American authors pay unless they are first published and acquire recognition through the columns of the magazines. Were it not for that one saving opportunity of the great American magazines, which are now the leading ones of the world and have an international reputation and circulation, American authorship would be at a still lower ebb than at present."

SO TAKE MY TEARS

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

If I could sing—
And like Euterpe on the flute, express
The soul's enchantment or the heart's distress,—
Ah, then I'd sing to thee, by thee inspired;
And from the treasury of song I'd wring
The most harmonious strain that ever fired
The soul to music. And in melting praise,
Thy beauty and thy glory I would raise
To such a rare and unaccustomed height
That all the world should wonder and delight!

But sing I cannot, love, howe'er I long
To burst into an ecstasy of song,—
So take my tears.

If I could play—
And like Erato, by a naiad stream,
Weave the world together in a dream,—
Ah, then I'd play for thee, by thee inspired;
And from sweet zones of thought and love, convey
Such melody as Orpheus acquired
In constant fealty unto the Muse.
And I would paint thy virtues in such hues
That when all other things have passed away
Thy memory would endure; thy glory, stay!

But play I cannot, love, howe'er my heart
Heaves with music's wild, tumultuous art,—
So take my tears.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CARMEN

BY GERALDINE FARRAR

(As Recorded by Frederic Dean) *"The psychology of Carmen is the psychology of the World."—Prosper Merimée.*

The opera was over and Carmen was resting upon the divan in her dressing-room, after that trying last scene with José. She had flung over her a warm grey rug that completely enveloped her up to her throat. Nothing but her face was visible—the one brilliant, colourful thing in the room, admirably thrown out from the grey background of the walls. Her make-up was still on cheek

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and brow and lips, her eyes were blackened and emboldened, the red rose was in her hair, and her mouth was still the "splash of colour" so desperately fought for by José and the toreador.

"Personally," said Miss Farrar, "I do not believe Carmen to be the wanton that some would have her. Her beauty, her position, her race compelled her to be what she was. Admiration she demanded and obtained as freely as the flower demands and absorbs the sunshine that gives it life. The mere indifference of José aroused her—truly womanly—sense of injustice and pique. Homage was her birthright. And she proposed to have it—obtain it as she might. Fate threw her into José's path and her charm proved effective. The mere man fell to the fascination of the mere woman. José did Carmen a good turn and she repaid him in the only coin she possessed—herself. For a time she truly loved him. But, proud woman that she was and proud of her conquests, she could not help despising a man and especially a soldier who threw away honour, position—everything that life held for him—to become her slave—to follow weakly where she led.

"It was natural, also, that she should be attracted by the strength and courage as well as the brilliance of the toreador. Here was a dominating personality—a lover who would beat her—kill her, probably—if she were unfaithful to him, but who would never cringe and cry and beg her to return to him after she had ceased to love him. Carmen knew that her passion for José would not last and as it ebbed away she could not understand why José failed to realise the change and accept it. They had sucked their orange dry—why not throw it away and pick others? He had his devoted Michaela—she of the modest blue petticoats—why not go back to her and leave Carmen free to choose her toreador or any one else she desired?

"Carmen also knew that death was inseparably connected with her new love. Her cards had so warned her, and she, high priestess of the oracle, knew that they never lied to her. And so resignedly, willingly, joyously, she went forth to her fate, for in it was bound a greater love, a more intense passion, a union with a man more worthy of her, more in sympathy with all that she represented, more in accord with what she demanded and desired.

"I call Carmen a 'high priestess,' and she was. This is the crux of the story. This is the key to the psychology of her character.

"There is an old story to the effect that two thousand years and more before the dawn of the Christian era the Egyptians had for their God of Speech and Divination a deity named Thoth. The walls of his temple were covered with pictures—pictures of life—representing every phase of man's existence. The initiates or high priestesses of the temple were taught the arts of divination and speech and were entrusted with them for the purpose of carrying and explaining their power and beauty to the barbarians of the West, and, for their use, copies of the pictures upon the walls were painted upon papyrus leaves loosely bound together in book form, which they could easily carry and with which they could explain their divinations as readily as from the originals upon the temple walls.

"Many archæologists are of the opinion that the gypsies of the present day are none other than the descendants of these high priestesses of the temple of Thoth and that their books of divination—these loose papyrus leaves—have degenerated into the 'Devil's Picture Cards,' or, in other words, our ordinary playing-cards with which the present-day gypsy tells the fortunes of any who cross her palm with the necessary silver.

"The original story of *Carmen* is from the pen of one of the most picturesque and most mystic of the nineteenth century writers. Prosper Merimée was one of the leaders of that brilliant little coterie of Romanticists whose centre was the French capital. As novelist, archæologist, and essayist he was a master of French style. An unusual linguist, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man of ripe scholarship, and a lover of accurate historic data, Merimée's two great loves were Egypt and the Pyrenees. He was of those who insisted upon connecting the two—linking old Egypt to the modern gypsy. In his mind the roving bands of fortune-telling folk, with whom he delighted to associate in Andalusia, were the descendants of these initiates in the temple of Thoth, who had been entrusted with the sacred mysteries of the temple, and this is interesting for it gives—as I said—the key to the story and to the psychology of *Carmen,* for Merimée believed that their greasy playing cards *were* the last decadent symbols of the papyrus leaves of the books of the oracle, delivered to their predecessors. And he believed that the Carmen of his story, the Carmen he met on the quay in the twilight, the Carmen who told his future with the 'dirty cards that had seen much service,' the Carmen who was so fascinated with his gold repeater that she stole it while he was dreaming by her side, even the Carmen whom José Maria persisted in calling 'the daughter of the devil,' was a high priestess of Fate and a descendant of those other high priestesses who—thousands of years before—had learned the meaning of the Pictures of Life from the walls of Thoth's temple—reproductions of which were Carmen's cards of Fate.

"In the stage story Carmen tells not José's fortune, but her own. And so the note of Fate is sounded with far greater clarity than in the original. It is also interesting to note that from the moment that Carmen sees her fate in the cards she recognises it, accepts it unconditionally, and carries the picture with her to the end of the chapter. In Merimée's story this Fate motif is continually sounded; and the same note is proclaimed just as persistently in Bizet's music.

"There is still another connecting link between the original story and its stage setting—another link of Fate. When Bizet decided to set *Carmen* to music he discarded the conventional *libretti* of Scribe and gave the story into the hands of Meilhac and Halévy, those twin dramatists whose partnership lasted for two decades and whose joint pen had turned out many *opera comiques* of the lighter sort—*La Belle Helene, Barbe Bleue* and dozens of their ilk—but never before a *Carmen.* And so enamoured of the psychology of this new, strange story did these librettists become that they dared to introduce a character that did not figure in Merimée's original—a character that embodied *in a person* the 'blue skirt and braided hair' to which José Maria so constantly referred as belonging to 'the modest girls of his Basque home.' In other words they were brave enough to create a character out of a constantly reiterated allusion and so doing heightened the colour of Merimée's psychological study and turned it—with this and other subtle theatric touches—into a dramatic character sketch, equalling in intensity and stage action the best of *libretti* ever offered to the operatic composer.

"The reason that so many modern stage singers have attempted the rôle of Carmen is simply because there is so much in the character to be expressed—or, rather, so many different things. Each one of us probably sees something that the others have not seen—or thinks she does—and that 'something' is *her individual Carmen.*

"When I was a school girl we used to read in our psychology primer the story of the ten men looking at the moon. The ten men *seemed* to see the same moon but, in reality, every one saw a different moon—a moon that he personally desired to see—a moon that he projected from his own personality. Let the moon represent the rôle of Carmen and let us who would interpret it represent the ten men. I have to push the simile one step further, for we are not only obliged to *see* our individualistic Carmens, but we must so 'visualise' them—as the New Thoughters express it—that we can reproduce these individual conceptions in our presentations. Since that memorably disastrous night

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forty years ago when Mme. Galli-Marie presented that first *Carmen* in the Salle Favart, innumerable variations of the character have been offered to the public. Minnie Houck, Trebelli, Marie Roye, Selina Delaro, Camille Seygard, Calvé, de Lussan, Fremstad, Maria Gay, Bresler-Gianoli—all have expressed their own idiosyncratic Carmen in stage symbolism. Even my own teacher—Lilli Lehmann—made her American début in the part—trying to give—as all the rest have tried to give—something new by presenting her individual idea. And the end is not yet. For, structurally, *Carmen* has, seemingly, as many variants as there are stage folk ready to express their varying ideas of her. Prosper Merimée is quoted as saying that 'the psychology of *Carmen* is the psychology of Life.' If this be true, then every 'expression' of his variable heroine will be a new expression of Life. So why should the procession of Carmens ever end? There is so much in the character to commend it as a study, and Bizet's music is so vital, so ever new and so illustrative of the person and her surroundings there seems to be no reason to think that either Carmen or *Carmen* will ever grow old.

"In the first place, the setting of the scene—in old Seville—gives the opera an especial charm. Writers of tales of daring have loved to display their heroes and heroines in this busy kaleidoscopic centre. *Figaro, Don Giovanni, The Barber*—to mention but three master works—had their scenes laid in this delightfully romantic city—a city particularly suitable to this story of *Carmen,* as it has always been a favourite haunt of gypsies. Just across from the city proper, over on the west bank of the Guadalquivir in the suburb of the Triana, the gypsies congregate to this day; here are the Calle Candelego, the shop of Lillas Pastra, and many another lure of the Romany tribe.

"Seville has always been a joyous place; within her boundaries the formal court barriers of Madrid are let down, even the politics of Barcelona and Valencia are forgotten. The Sevillians live as if they loved life. Pleasure is their God—a God worshipped daily, hourly. Their bull-fights are the best in all Spain, their carnivals the gayest. Even the church festas are gorgeous out-of-doors affairs, brilliant and full of colour. In the cathedrals ceremonies are countenanced that would shock the worshippers of more decorous communities. On Corpus Christi the altar boys perform a dance to castanets before the high altar. The dance was instituted as a church rite centuries ago and neither the padres nor their parishioners see any good reason for omitting it. To-day, the streets of the city are filled with happy southerners in the gaudy cloaks and skirts of their forebears of centuries ago. Life—full of colour—full of sunshine—full of laughter—and full of fateful tragedy—this is Seville.

"With such a stage setting how easy it is to drop into Merimée's evolution theory of *Carmen.* Here the High Priestess, as well as the coquette of the world, is at home. 'I am Carmencita—you have heard of me?' she asks Merimée as they sit and smoke together down on the river bank.

" 'Carmen! Carmencita!' proclaim the youths of Seville as their queen and favourite swaggers upon the scene in the stage version of the story, and from that moment she dominates the play as she dominates the hearts of her admirers. There is one, however, who does not feel her power—who does not even see her. And upon him are concentrated all her powers of fascination. For Carmen claims *all* hearts; universal must be her allegiance; no one may escape her lure. And when José remains sublimely unconscious of her beauty—of her very presence—the other 'canaries,' officers and men, the young gallants and the old beaux, are brushed aside. Selecting the most intimate thing she has about her—the rose that is being kissed by her own warm mouth—Carmen flings it against José's cheek—and rushes off. These are the manners, doubtless, of a common cigarette girl desiring to at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tract attention. But the underlying idea is hardly that of a street favourite. Carmen the beautiful, the all powerful, the Queen of Love, is demanding her rights. Cleopatra was never more tenacious of her prerogative. Old Egypt, the Sorceress, is asserting her demands of universal allegiance. Carmen must become the dominant factor in the heart of this Basque soldier.

"As the story progresses, see also how clearly the idea of the Seeress is brought out. The fate of the world lies in Carmen's hand—why not see what it may have in store for herself? With perfect faith in the future as it shall be told her among the shuffled spades and hearts, she deals her cards anxiously and with many forebodings—and once realising the message moves on to her destiny as one who knows and delights in the knowing.

"And as to the music. It seems as if no one else could so enter into the spirit of the story as has Bizet. A follower of Felicien David in Oriental feeling and a devout disciple of Wagner in his musical realism, Bizet was better equipped to picture *Carmen* in music than any other modern. More than this, Bizet, like Merimée, was a fatalist. He, also, was a believer in the evolution theory of the gypsy and eagerly grasped the recurring thought in Merimée of Carmen's Egyptian descent. And so, in his score, the union of word and music is as intimate and complete as that between Maeterlinck's poem of 'Pelleas et Melisande' and Debussy's setting of the mystic Belgian's tragedy.

"Years before *Carmen* was conceived, Bizet had painted many bits of Oriental colour. They were but small canvases, to be sure, but, small as they were, they were not so far in advance of the times to fail to receive at least a portion of the distinction they deserved. The orchestration of *Djamileh* pulsates with waves of Oriental passion, the incidental music to Daudet's *L'Arlesienne* mirrors the same breath of the East.

"Just how much of the dramatic force of the element of Fate that was squeezed out of Merimée by Meilhac and Halévy was suggested by Bizet I do not know, but certain it is that he was quick to seize it and build his entire score upon it.

"Just as *Carmen* was Merimée's last word in his striking story form—for after finishing it he laid down his pen not to take it up again for twenty years and then only to find that it was irrevocably rusted—so was its musical setting Bizet's swan song. The failure of the opera broke his heart. Galli-Marie's portraits represent a handsome, gay, vivacious, artistic woman. There is nothing in them to suggest anything particularly 'devilish,' but the reports of her performance of *Carmen* are unanimous in denouncing the devilishness of her interpretation. Parisian matrons, accustomed to the more decorous tales of *opera bouffe* upon which they had so long been fed, drew aside their skirts and vowed never again to set foot within the precincts of their home of 'innocent amusement' until that dreadful Carmen creature was banished. The critics saw no symbolism in the character—saw nothing but a woman of the boulevards who had stepped from the street to the stage to vaunt and vend her wares. Fortunately, time has opened the eyes and the ears of the opera-goers and they have learned to love the beautiful in Merimée's story as well as in Bizet's music. And, as the public is seeing more and more the beauty of the story, so is it realising more and more how perfectly the story is mirrored in the music. Bizet caught the real meaning of Merimée's heroine and pictured her a heroine of Fate. Fate trembles in the violin strings in the orchestral introduction; it is at your elbow, oftentimes but faintly heard, whenever Carmen appears; it proclaims itself more insistently in the card scene and sweeps everything before it in those leaping crescendos of the final scene in the tragedy. It is often sounded, too, with that truly Egyptian combination of flute and harp. Here again is the same subtle connection between the Nile and the Guadalquivir—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARMEN. OUTSIDE THE BULL RING

Merimée's gypsy thought set to Bizet's Egyptian music—an echo of the chants of Osiris in the tents of the smugglers of Cordova. There is a constant recurrence of Egyptian glints even in the Spanish rhythms that sway the dancers in Sillas Pastia's cabaret and in the final wild merrymaking in the open public square.

"In the original story, you will remember, Carmen willingly accompanies José Maria to the woods and there meets death at his hands as her punishment, possibly, but as the only outcome of her infidelity and the only fulfilment of her life.

" 'Kill me, if you will. You cannot take away from me my joy of a greater love than I ever felt for you. I die a free woman.'

"In the opera this is changed for mere theatric interest. It is far more direct, far less subtle, for an operatic heroine to struggle for life in the glare of a public square than tamely to submit to being stabbed by a discarded lover in a lonely wood. But the idea is the same. It is the climax, the only end possible for this Fate-driven woman.

"And so, Carmen openly challenges José to do his worst, laughs at his threats, calls him a weakling, a detestable, whimpering sentimentalist, and flings his ring into his face as he plunges his knife into her heart. It is a dying but still defiant Carmen that stumbles across the threshold of the arena in which her toreador is receiving the plaudits of the public. The toll is paid."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHRISTMAS CASKET

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Not only in the absence of European travel books, customarily so abundant at Christmas, may we, still safe and sound and at our daily tasks and pleasures, divine that the world is dislocated by war. Most of the eighteen books upon the reviewer's desk, far away in subject as they may be, have their valedictory chapters smeared by it. Even at Christmas, "here's the smell of blood still"; and all the perfumes of Arabia, wafted to us generally as we open the Christmas casket, may not sweeten the season's record of the world's work. But, ungracious as is the philosophy of the "ill wind," let us take what comfort we can that pen and brush, stayed unwillingly at home, have fared along our own roads and byways; and although, as Mrs. Hale breezily consoles herself, there are no historic chateaux or castles or walled towns by the way, there can be plenty of conversation with interesting folks that you meet. To this solace another may be added: you can be sure that—unlike many incurious or disdainful European natives—they will be equally interested in you. It has been Hobson's Choice for the Christmas writers to chat of American trips this year; and perhaps we shall live to misapply smilingly the familiar strain about the falling out that all the more endears. And if it be to a Western Booster that we owe the slogan "See America First," let us give the dev—— dear one his due.

Mrs. Louise Closser Hale laughs as pertly at herself and you in her Christmas annual as she does in its title *We Discover New England*. And Mr. Walter Hale, who is the Man of Wrath to her Elizabeth, supplies contrast to its pages as well as many of his interesting and accomplished sketches. Both have mastered the art of the casual impression. There is also (How nice and practical trippers are getting!) a route-map. Whichever way you take to get out of New York into New England, she writes, your friends will tell you that you had better have taken the other. Whichever way you go, history begins the moment you leave; but especially if you go to Yonkers. Westchester has a road which cost twenty thousand dollars a mile, but millionaires do not line it forever, and it soon gets worse. Some of the places at Lenox are so insufferably beautiful that you nearly become anarchistic because you can't get in. Pittsfield is a plain old lady with a heart of gold. In Williamstown a minister drinking tea reminded her that they are the only men in America who can drink it without self-conscious effort and slopping. A New Englander is like a Briton in that one feels at first that they are not to be endured and then finds them absolutely sound and simple. In Great Barrington the hot water wouldn't run and the clerk superiorly begged her to recollect that the house had been built in 1776. Mrs. Hale is much amused, as well she may be in a country so generally slipshod about such things, that everywhere one has to register for luncheon. In Vermont you are always in a stone's throw of luxury even if you'd never guess it; but with a little connivance the traveller can avoid all the big hotels and live excellently at the country hostelries. Not a single walking-party did they meet in New England, whereas on their motor trips abroad they were always coming across them. But on the other hand, you can ask your way with some assurance that if the person be ignorant he will admit it and not urbanely direct you wrong. But this, many lying signs in Maine will do, in order to get you to put up at their hotels for luncheon. At Poland Springs three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great hotels gleam amid the greenest lawns in America; and here, too, a squirrel raced madly around her hat looking for a nut. (What a chance for a saturnine remark from the Man of Wrath!) So superb is the York Beach road that you must really restrain yourself lest you fail to enjoy at its full the finest beach in the world. By it you come at last into that city of beautiful doorways, Portsmouth. The waitress at Newburyport won't touch your tip until you are well out of the room; the porter said the town was noted for its purity and for the landing of the Siamese twins. The Bay Road of 1640 has all the wrinkles constantly massaged out of its old face as it goes grandly to

Courtesy of Dodd, Mead and Company

CRAWFORD'S NOTCH. FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER HALE, IN LOUISE CLOSSER HALE'S "WE DISCOVER NEW ENGLAND"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the North Shore where life in a stable is not to be despised and one in a cottage is beyond the dream of avarice. In spite of humming trolleys and industries Salem still remains uncanny. The run to Boston is as perfect as any in the world; and there you find a curious joyousness which is not to be understood or denied. Yet the Fall River Boat to New York set her heart to thumping; and when she got that for which it thumped, she feared that after all she had not filled the Illustrator's formula for motoring literature—two-eighths road, an eighth each of weather and personalities, and four-eighths of history.

Yonkers-bound and to the land of the author of *Knickerbocker's History of New York,* Mrs. Hale cries gaily: "What would the fashionable schools have done without that estimable writer!" Washington Irving is still read in Indianapolis, Indiana, and Granada, Spain; and in the parlours of the former she found *Sleepy Hollow* and of the latter *Alhambra* with the constancy of the plush-covered family-photograph album. But this Christmas copy of the *History* she could have found nowhere, nor its peer. It is a handsome volume that handsome does. Portly, to be sure, and equally constructed to lie in state on the parlour table, its make-up is a joy, and its eight witty pictures by Maxfield Parrish are full of the gusto of the text. But perhaps if you read it, seduced by its external pleasantness, you won't want to wander about the ancient town with its newest historian-pedestrian.

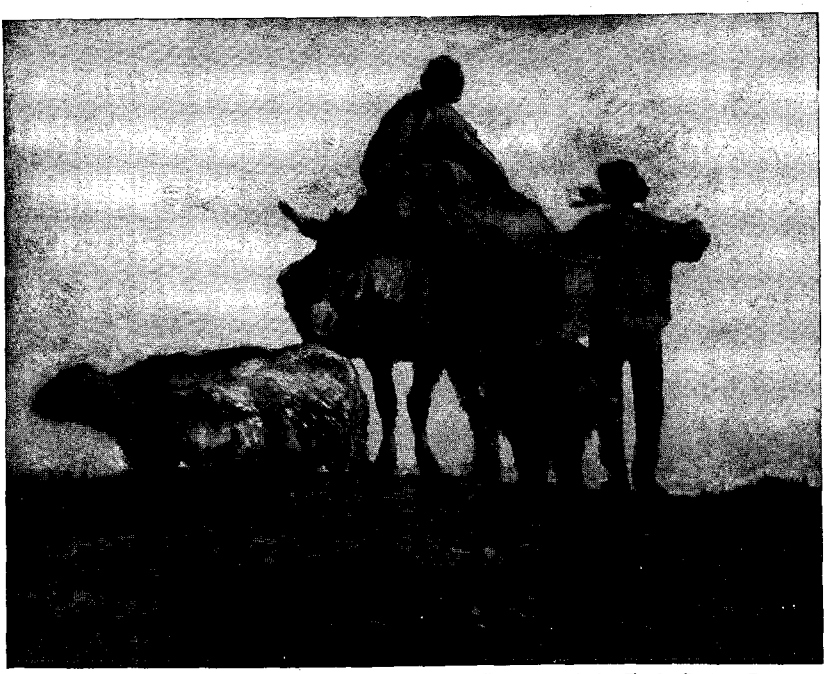
II

In *Old Roads From the Heart of New York,* Miss Sarah Comstock gets together some information not only interesting, but practical for the pedestrian—and shows it by including a map and many itineraries to justify her subtitle of Journeys To-day by Ways of Yesterday. The fat volume contains one hundred photographs and has been industriously compiled from the sources she mentions in the extensive bibliography. Around Manhattan, as elsewhere in our country, roads began as Indian trails. Toward the north, exits developed as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, and Long Island manifested advanced thought (a promise she has not lived up to!) when Jamaica announced in the late eighteenth that no hogs would be permitted in the streets. Not until the threshold of the nineteenth, however, did the island possess a single post-office; and of the stage-route, the best of her three roads, it was said that "if any one intended going the whole route he became effectually cured of it." The districts of Brooklyn and Flatbush, Miss Comstock covers with many incidents of Colonial and Revolutionary days, and says that Astoria was a fashionable suburb of New York three-quarters of a century ago. Staaten Eyeland, as Hendrick Hudson named it, had many ferries in early times; and one of the earliest was established by Cornelius Vanderbilt, aged fifteen. Out of a row-boat given him by his mother on his birthday, he cleared over one thousand dollars the first year, and during the War of 1812 his business became tremendous. The island's earlier history had been dramatic, for to the two hundred white families there were two thousand Indians; and when the menace of the Indians departed, there was the menace of the quarantine station which the natives fought just as bitterly to exterminate. Still stands the house of Captain Billopp, who made the island a part of New York State, and in the cellar you may see the dungeon (figuring in Cooper's *Water Witch*) where patriots were entombed when the house was held as a British outpost. One of the island's best-known as well as most popular citizens was Garibaldi. On the New Jersey shore the Pine Robbers, the terror of Monmouth County, burrowed their caves in the sand hills and, pretending to be Tories, robbed Tories and Whigs alike. On a highway from Sandy Hook is a hamlet of thirteen houses practically intact from Revolutionary times, and in the neigh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bourhood are many dwellings in whose cellars the original owners hid from Indian assaults. Even in 1756 one mentioned mosquitoes when he spoke of Newark; although as late as Irving one could still speak of its sweet pastoral stream. Elizabethtown has a glittering past as one of the leading social centres of America; and historically Plainfield has much importance, as, indeed, has the whole Morris Pike to Morristown. Passaic was at the head of tidewater and sloops of goodly size could carry commerce up stream. From there, whither many people even so early went to see the famous Great Falls, you could take a boat to New York. The Palisades are rich in history of the Continentals, and at Tappan Zee you come across André's footsteps. The land of Irving possesses just as much history as legend, and the old Sawmill River Road takes much the same course as in the days when Washington found it an available route for his soldiers. By it you come down to Yonkers, which has bred as many American humourists as it has pointed American jokes. (Dear me! Perhaps we shall yet have an American maxim, "All roads lead to Yonkers"!)

As substantial, but much more interesting in information and pleasingly personal in tone is Mr. Leupp's *Walks About Washington*. To this Mr. Lester Hornby has contributed several quite uninteresting sketches. Washington is the only great capital except Petrograd, says Mr. Leupp, that was created for its purpose. But it was so long in approximating its design that it became a byword. Even in 1860, thanks to its alien governing body, its streets had been paved only in occasional patches and but one avenue had any lamps. The city had perversely grown the other way, and so turned its back on the Capitol planned to face it. Naturally, the White House and its procession of oc-



Courtesy of the F. A. Stokes Company

MILLET'S RETURN FROM THE FIELDS. FROM THE COLLECTION OF R. W. PATERSON, ESQ. REPRODUCED IN ARTHUR HOEBER'S "THE BARBIZON PAINTERS"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cupants come in for the greatest share of attention. When John and Abigail Adams moved in, it was unpiped and unlighted; Jefferson stumbled his entire administration over mechanics and building materials. Following the dressy Mrs. Monroe who concocted the present White House Social Code, came John Q. Adams who wore the same hat for ten years but who nevertheless outraged public opinion by buying a billiard table. Dolly Madison rouged her cheeks and took snuff, and achieved a highly deserved social success. The British burned the family out, and she was not sorry when she found the house she rented was more convenient and commodious for her levees. Jackson scandalised propriety by singing "Auld Lang Syne" at the table and by espousing the cause of Mrs. Peggy Eaton, who broke up the Cabinet because the other ladies refused to meet her. Jackson's guests were even more democratic than he was, and spoiled everything in the House that was spoilable. Tyler used to light his own fire and insist on his ladies wearing calico frocks to dinner. Mrs. Polk didn't approve of dancing and her inaugural ball became a promenade concert. Buchanan wouldn't have dancing either, and when the Prince of Wales visited him in 1860 had to give up his own bed and sleep in the antechamber to his office—so limited were accommodations. The social leader of the Lincoln administration was Kate Chase rather than the President's timid

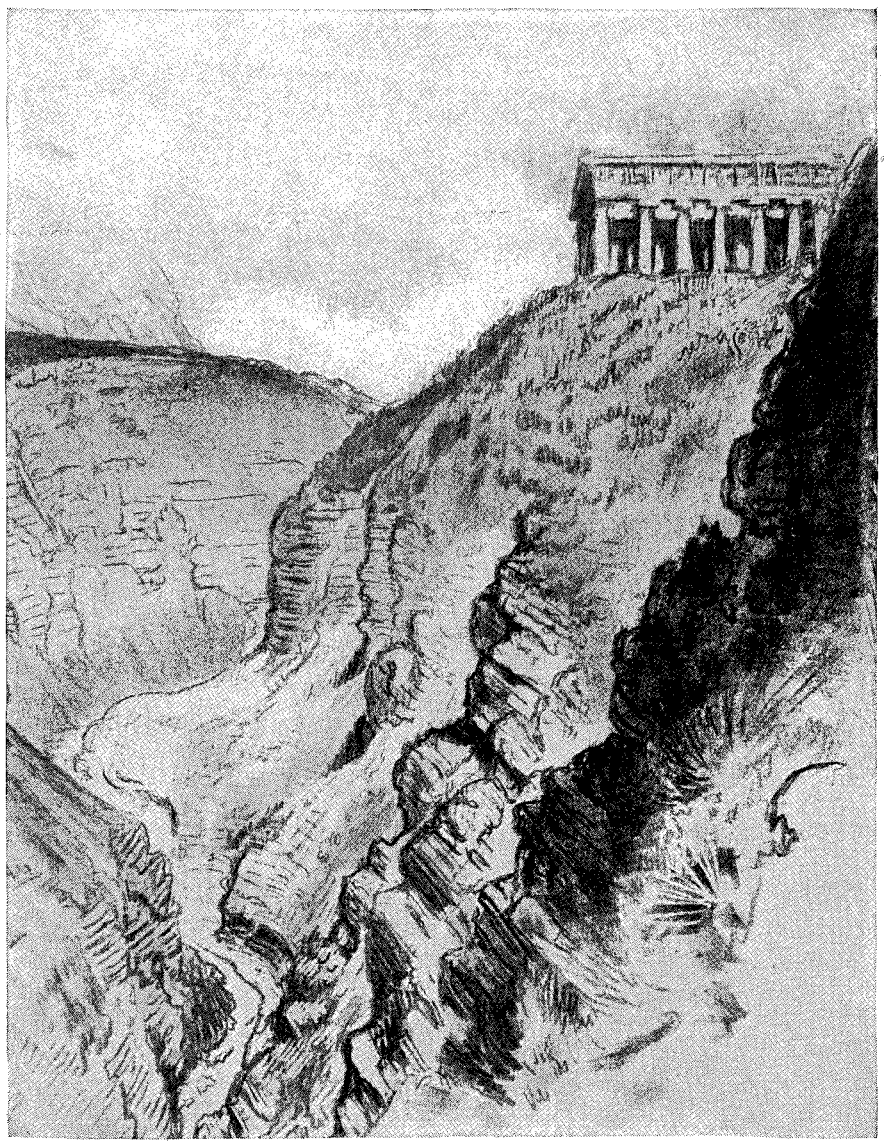
Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

THE LITTLE MOSQUE. FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST D. ROTH. REPRODUCED IN "CONSTANTINOPLE, OLD AND NEW"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little white-shawled wife. The official encroachments had so increased that Cleveland had to move out of the White House to give his desks room. When Roosevelt enlarged the Mansion, he carried out the original plans.

As merrily as Mrs. Hale, and with more of genial satire, does Mr. Harrison Rhodes run over the country. *In Vacation America* takes us from coast to coast, and within the waves of each America stands, if not naked, at least unashamed. From Bar Harbour to Cape May is almost one town, and no-

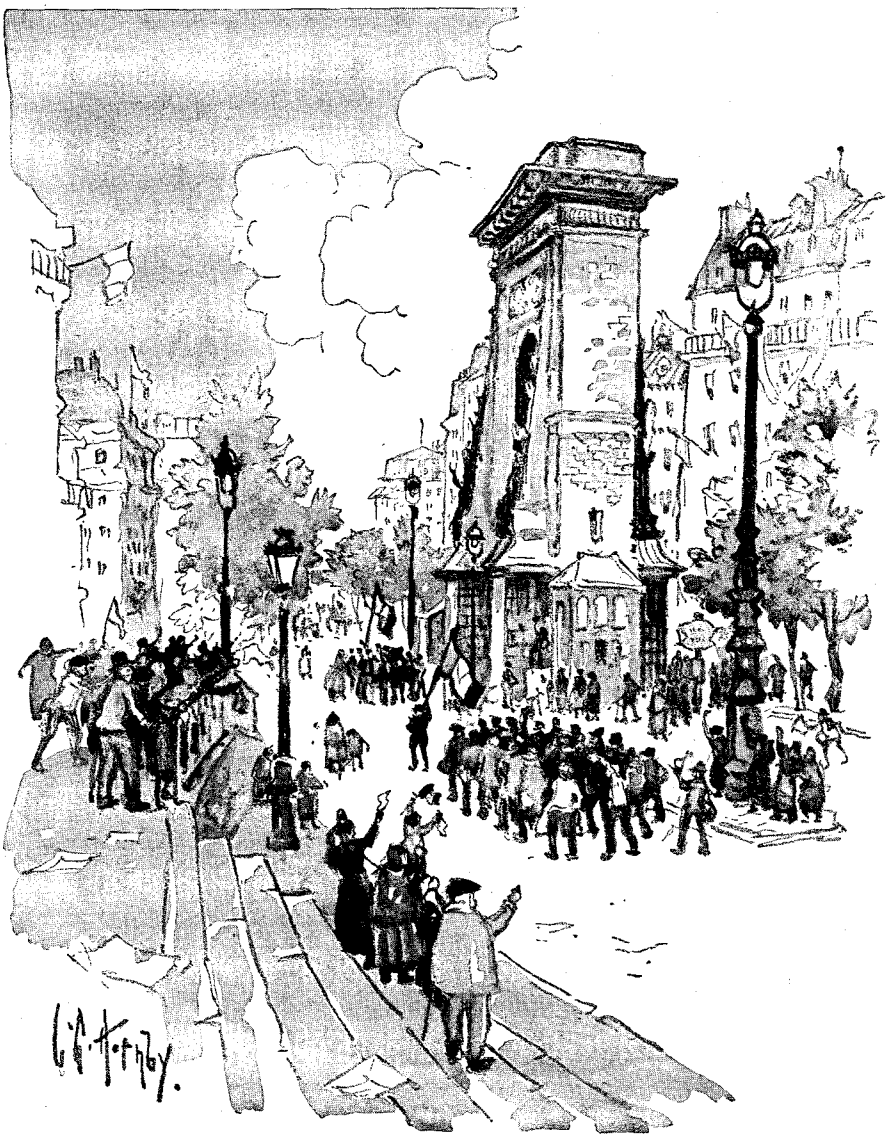


Courtesy of the Lippincott Company

THE TEMPLE OVER THE CAÑON SEGESTA. FROM JOSEPH PENNELL'S "PICTURES IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where can we get such a vision of our wealth and vastness. The frenzied climax of Asbury Park's season is its baby-parade. Ocean Grove's grimness has softened with years, but it is still essentially a camp-meeting. Long Island's only real claim to merit is that it causes Long Island Sound. In Newport foreign noblemen eat out of your hand, and there is nothing like this place in the rest of the world; Coney Island, superlative though it be, could be duplicated in kind several times, but Newport is unique in that nothing is accessible for



Courtesy of the Century Company

THE BOULEVARD ST. DENIS. FROM HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS'S "PARIS REBORN"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an admission fee. With Cape Cod you definitely leave the New York influence behind. The best thing society has done to Maine is to spoil it so little. But not only with two oceans is America furnished, she has most of the fresh water of the world. To Niagara people still flock, though marriage has at last become legal without taking the trip. The lovely archipelago of the Thousand Islands has a pretty semblance of wilderness life among its palaces, and the more ingenuous peninsula of Lower Michigan is one of the great holiday regions of the land. Nothing abroad furnishes just the blend of comfort and confusion of our rural life, for elsewhere guests commonly expect to eat all their meals in the house where they are stopping nor do they take precautions to insure their own menus. As our country-houses began to become hotels, the country hotels began to go out of existence. To pursue pleasure while you pretend to hunt health is what one does at the Springs. Saratoga is no longer Queen, and perhaps water at a spa can never be as effective without gambling. Doubtless that is the reason why at French Lick they boil so many theatrical managers. The South is full of Springs to which Northerners rarely go, and those unable to penetrate the Faubourg St. Germain might have their eyes opened if they made a similar attempt in some Carolinian mountain valley. In spite of Art Colonies, it is still possible to elude Art when you return to Nature in those mountains which are in the backyards of our Eastern cities. The city summer is the general fate of mankind and it brings the height of gayety to the nearby beaches. The real American Vacation is largely devoted to candy. The shortest Winter Southern trip has always something exotic and adventurous in it; nevertheless our sub-tropics are the yearly scene of intolerable sufferings from cold. Palm Beach is our most satisfactory achievement in watering places along the traditional European lines, with its preposterously short and perfervid season and its life wholly lived in the public eye. All the rest of our national search for a winter climate fails to reach this high plane of elegance—for our leisure class is still plain and simple, though keyed to equally high activity. To catalogue Atlantic City in the winter is to catalogue the American world. If one's heart is gay and times are prosperous, one sometimes feels that the whole American year is one long holiday.

III

Mr. Allen French gives us in *Old Concord* a substantial and charming book, and the publishers a handsome one. To it Mr. Hornby has also contributed some statistical drawings. The author gives us a pleasant family history of the battles of Lexington and Concord, and of the spot where America altered her destiny. But the literary memories of Concord are, of course, the most distinctive ones, when great thoughts were being conceived and great books written by her citizens. Life then was easy-going in the thriving shire town which had not yet become only a suburb, and even temperance lecturers were not above taking flip at the hotel. At the beginning of the century living had been hard and drab, but no people could live forever at the theoretic pitch of the Puritans. When the railroad came in 1850, competing with the stage coaches that had carried to and through the town as many as four hundred passengers a week, old Concord became almost gay with her five hotels; but she still remained neighbourly and intimate. "There is one family in Concord," said Emerson when he returned from Europe. There are talks of the Old Manse, of course, and of the Thoreau-Alcott house, and of the river on whose ice Mrs. Hawthorne saw Emerson flounder while skating and "Thoreau figuring dithyrambic dances and Bacchic leaps, and Hawthorne like a self-impelled Greek statue, stately and grave"; and of Louisa Alcott worshipping Emerson, who was ever seeking to dodge the worshipping transcendentalists; and of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Alcott dramatics at Hillside pictured in *Little Women;* and of Walden Pond where Alcott, Hawthorne, and Curtis helped Thoreau to build his hut which became equally a station for books and for the underground railway "Henry, why are you here?" inquired Emerson, visiting him in jail when he was committed for refusing to pay his poll-tax: "Why aren't you?" replied Thoreau calmly. Nowhere in America, concludes Mr. French, are so many memorials in one small area or little graveyards so full of famous graves.

Concord, however, is not so much the shrine of early American craftsmanship as is Salem, we find in Mr. Walter A. Dwyer's book. Here still stand more than twenty houses of Samuel McIntire's. He was the artistic descendant of Inigo Jones, Wren, Grinling Gibbons, and their peer in originality as well as in fidelity to the best classic traditions. *Early American Craftsmen* surveys the lives of the men as well as their work, and is enriched with many photographs. Our country is not so young that she is not in danger of forgetting what was worthy and memorable in the lives of our forefathers—in spite of the mild mania of collecting which has taken possession of us. We have found that the furniture of Duncan Phyfe, the clocks of Eli Terry and of Simon Willard, the silverware of Paul Revere and his contemporaries, the glassware of Baron Stiegel, and our Windsor chairs and our samplers are as worthy of collecting as anything of old England and Spain; but collectors are just beginning to store up the human facts about the makers of these beautiful objects. Only one hundred pieces of Phyfe's exquisite furniture remain. He was a New Yorker who developed on Sheraton an American style, and the best of his work equalled his master's. The Hudson Terminal stands on the site of his shop, and in the day of his hard-earned success he employed one hundred cabinetmakers. Yet he was obliged to follow the taste of his time, and though he never turned out cheap stuff, his style was forced to deteriorate after the day of his vogue. This was started by the Astors, but the hard times after the War of 1812 allowed no market for good furniture. No other American work can compare with his. As early as 1758 Philadelphia Windsor chairs were advertised in New York papers, but their manufacture was confined to no single locality. Long despised because it was not mahogany, this comfortable chair is now recognised for its grace of line, beauty of proportion, and quaint charm. The clockmakers came from Connecticut and Massachusetts; and, apparently, people rarely thought of the time of day before the Revolution. In New Jersey was Baron Stiegel, not merely the spectacular figure of legend, but iron master and town-builder and glassmaker. The baronial splendour in which he lived (he drove to the works in a four-horse chariot and had a cannon announce his comings and goings) bankrupted him just before the Revolution when all business was slack. A moderate amount of his beautiful glassware still exists. Of the superb silverware of Paul Revere there is fortunately a greater quantity, and much of it is practically priceless. He, too, had an existence outside of legend and the Fourth Reader. Engraver, designer, publisher of cartoons, manufacturer of gunpowder and church bells and rolled copper, he kept a hardware store to earn his daily bread.

The old master carpenter, says Mr. Dwyer, was architect, contractor, builder, decorator, and artisan. This is the reason that everything which went into his house was organic and uniformly good, says Miss Northend; but still the architect of to-day has an advantage over the master-builder of long ago in that he is able to grasp all the ideas introduced into the old house and make it fit new requirements without losing the spirit of the original either in exterior or interior. *Remodelled Farm Houses* is her Christmas contribution this year, and she brings to it her pleasant style and thorough acquaintance with the sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ject. The book, too, is illuminated with the superb photographs which characterised her offerings of the last two seasons. First of all, she gives practical suggestions as to whether the old house that has caught your fancy is worth buying or not; and later she tells you about the remodelling, heating, furnishing, and painting after you have bought it. Some houses are worth remodelling for the stairway or fireplace alone. She shows us by text and photograph how twenty-two houses have been fixed over. This is never the simple matter it appears, for less conspicuous details are almost as important as the main lines to maintain the essential harmony of the whole. The wings and ells added by succeeding tenants must be either torn down or harmonised. The rectangular plan of the Colonial house was constructed about an axis, and that axis must be found before making any alterations. Then each house will be found to have its special problems. The great charm of the Colonial farm house lies in its simplicity of harmonious line and good proportion, and the inexperienced eye may often fail to detect where additions have been made as families grew larger and more rooms were needed. Departure from the original scheme is fortunately seldom required for modern purposes, but one must be warned that often he will have to spend more in restoration than in building an entirely new structure. The simple country atmosphere must also be preserved, and a house better suited for city life is always a misfit in the country. Old-fashioned farm houses of sufficient distinction are rarer to get now than they were ten years ago; but if you stumble across one and remodel it, be sure above everything else to preserve all the delightful vagaries and unevenness of hand-work.

One speculates upon how far the twelve houses pictured in Mr. Porter Garnett's *Stately Homes of California* follow the principles laid down in *Interior Decoration* by the President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. The outside, at least, shows them magnificent and spacious, but what of the inside of the cup? With and without taste, but all with splendour and with bathing pools, these palaces rear proudly on mountain and shore of that Western sister who has so soon learned to outdo her Eastern kin in grandeur. Mr. Harrison Rhodes finds notable the cosmopolitanism of the Pacific Slope, half pine-woods and half Paris. If these houses are *they,* as Mr. Parsons says they should be, it is no wonder that the Californian babe learns to lisp in his cradle how "exceptional" is his native land. Difficult is it to give a suggestive account of Mr. Frank Alvah Parsons's book in a paragraph, so crammed are its beautiful pages with "do's and don'ts." His thesis is that the confusion which exists in most people's minds as to the artistic essentials of a modern house is quite unnecessary. The principles of colour-and-form harmony are simple—the trouble is that people think that they can merely feel them. On the contrary they must learn them. It took Greek art a thousand years to make the intellectual calculations which are at the basis of every size, shape, and arrangement which can be called beautiful. This book attempts to express these principles in such a way that any one who desires may embody with some degree of confidence his individual ideas. It is divided into three parts: the first is on When, Where, and How to Decorate; the second surveys the Historic Art Periods and the ideas they represent; the third gives special suggestions for the "individual" house. Decoration does not consist in placing any ornaments anywhere. Whatever in furniture or in decoration interferes with the structural idea and function of the room is bad. Nor can decoration be naturalistic; the natural object must be modified to suit the material employed in making it and so conventionalised as to make that material seem to express it adequately. Do not try to represent a garden rose if you must use wool or silk or china or paper, but trans-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late your object into the medium you employ. Before attempting to choose a colour scheme one must learn the relationships of colours in their three aspects of hue and value and intensity. To express the Tudor period in the colours of Louis XVI is to make Queen Elizabeth impersonate Marie Antoinette. As for form, no lines must be created in the room which are out of harmony with its boundaries. Overdrape window curtains and they make lines inharmonious with the windows; put a rug or a bureau cat-a-corner and it quarrels with the wall. Straight lines that slant into other straight lines unless at right angles are non-structural and hence uncomfortable in feeling. In curved lines the curve of the oval presents the finest relationships, and was selected by the Greek and the Japanese and the French High Renaissance. A circle has in itself no quality in common with a vertical wall-space but may appear on a mantel, a cabinet, or a bureau. If a round table is used, some transition must be made from it to the enclosing rectangle. The Greek law of two areas is that one should be between one-half and two-thirds the length of the other. Hang pictures or place furniture with an old-fashioned steelyards in mind—the heavier the thing to be balanced the further the balancer from the fulcrum. The Japanese have developed this sense of balance, which all contrasting shapes require, until it has become a national asset. A pattern which leads the eye diagonally, horizontally, and vertically all at the same time is a most disturbing thing and has wasted a vast amount of American energy in conscious or unconscious counting of spotted wallpapers and floors. When textures are unrelated, they, too, are inharmonious. As for periods, they should be successfully combined to express a sequence of qualities resulting in a distinct personality. No one period is fitted to represent an American, product of all. The house should be the externalised man.

IV

An American girl who has crossed the water to live has always an interesting point of view about her new life and old. This is especially so with one who has lived as full a life as Princess Lazarovitch Krebelianovitch. Born in California, actress in London and in Paris, and now the wife of a Serbian statesman, she has known most people of importance in the art and political worlds. Her book tells us many things and discloses an earnest nature, moving about too much, perhaps, under the spell of time-sanctioned morality and sentiment. Not that she began life without conscious independence—far from it. When she first went to London, she seems to have been regarded by her friends as something of an *enfante terrible*. She told Irving she wished she had seen him in something else than Romeo and she asked the Prince of Wales a question about his wife! The bystanders were startled, but the victims were somewhat impressed. Irving in spite of grunts and other incoherent peculiarities, she thinks always conveyed the impression of genius and of a high quality of intellect; and Edward she calls the merry and cosmopolitan monarch with a fine and hampered brain. The English aristocracy have arrived at a very high type of beautiful existence within their own order, but deeply embedded in all English people is the sense of hierarchy. The place of women in their political life is its most striking characteristic; and it surprised and amused her to see delicate and shy ladies enter actually and often powerfully into campaigns. She tells her anecdotes briskly and draws her portraits without attempting the mistake of sketching the entire man. Browning told her that what puzzled him most was the American Browning Societies. In London, salons no longer exist as when she first went there; yet the spirit of the salon is only temporarily eclipsed by rampant riches. Lady Jeune had, in her day, one of the few houses where the renowned and interesting peo-

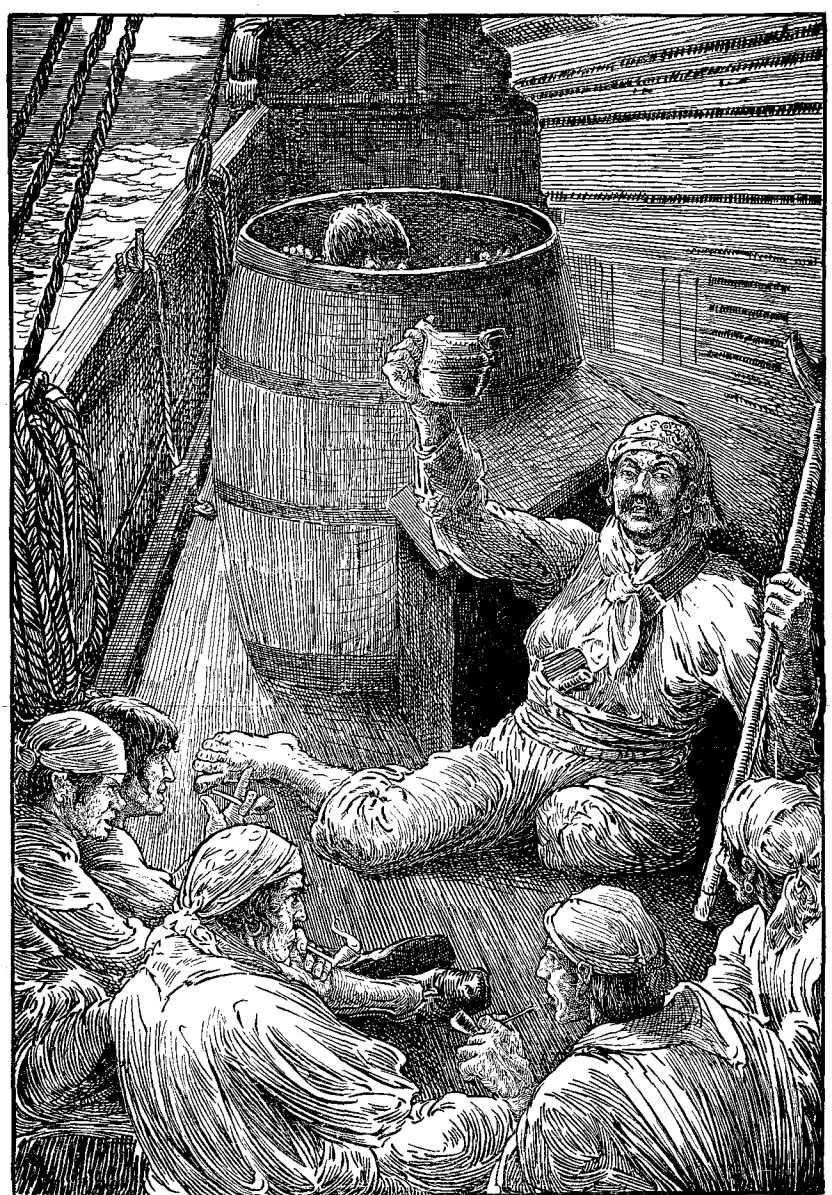
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple present were most distinctly themselves and talked vitally of what most interested them. When political events of importance were occurring in foreign lands, to be there was to have the vast drama of the nations from the English point of view. She knows of a chest of documents which may contain manuscripts in Shakespeare's own hand; but their examination would involve taking cognisance of some other matters in the same chest which for public reasons it has been thought wise not to disturb these three hundred years. How eminently British! She does not think the English-speaking public wants what it gets in the theatre—true, it has no appreciation of technique, but it craves truth universal. Coquelin could act better to the labouring class on Sunday than to society on Monday—but with each audience he was wonderful. She thinks Clara Morris could, in another kind of drama, have repeated abroad the success of Rachel. She found that it was not the pronunciation of French that gave her difficulty but the intonation. Fanny Kemble (who Henry James told her was rather alarming and who had a habit of sharply ordering him about) expressed acerbity in all her person as she exclaimed majestically that even *she* was not allowed to act in France, so how could others expect it! Nevertheless, Miss Calhoun was given the highest salary which the State paid at the Odeon, and became popular in spite of bitter opposition. Lady Macbeth and Racine's Hermione were her two most difficult and interesting parts. *Pleasures and Palaces* is a rather unfortunate title for so earnest an autobiography.

Were it only for uniqueness the Infanta Eulalia's *Court Life From Within* would be absorbingly interesting, whatever personality or literary style it disclosed. But this book seems to the reviewer remarkable in temper. The Infanta says the day has gone by when Royalty should live behind closed blinds, and quietly and in the best of attitudes she tells the story of her life. She does not know what it is in her that rebelled so early at her meaningless existence, but her first memory is that of refusing to have her ears pierced for the Crown ear-rings. Till she was married she was never alone one moment. During their exile in Paris in her childhood, there was no child so poor but would have laughed at her playground. In Spain she would never have been allowed schoolmates. The love of her grandmother, who had lost her throne because she married a Spanish officer, was the only human love she had. The child was eleven when another revolution returned them to Spain and her coveted chance of living a life like other girls was over. But as much as Court routine would let her, she demonstrated a will of her own. "If you make me get up to go out to those people," she said to her mother, "I will make faces at them until they think you have an idiot for a child!" Spain is like America, she thinks, in that all indirect taxes fall upon those least able to bear them, and money rules everything whether there is king or republic. The Escurial chilled her and the Alcazar scorched her with its endless unhappy days midst the oppression and ennui of an Oriental harem. Spanish girls, being taught to regard man as some sort of wild animal, are of course both timid and curious; as for Spanish princesses, they are compelled to be so idle, she wonders that they are not all idiots. After her marriage, when she could travel, it was better. The sight of Queen Victoria filled her with pity and dismay, but the sensible domesticity of the Royal Family with envy and admiration. The English faculty of a self-deception almost honest is what makes him so insoluble to the foreigner. Twenty years have undermined much of the unique charm of their country-life. Her maid told her that English servant girls were in the habit of paying Guardsmen to walk out with them on Sundays. In no country is the veneration of Royalty carried to such length. The Kaiser's perfect household management struck her, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fact that he personally supervised everything. He has an intimate sense of the constant direction of God, and an unshakable belief in the divinity of kings. German Court etiquette is exasperating and nowhere does one live under more iron rules. Tsar Nicholas has consistent tenderness and naturalness, and is the only ruler she has ever seen who did not suddenly stiffen into



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers.

FROM STEVENSON'S "TREASURE ISLAND." ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS RHEAD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

royalty even during the most intimate relations of family life. Russian etiquette is less severe than German or Spanish. She even went to an unexpected function in Petrograd when she had nothing to wear. The Tsaritsa is unaffected and affectionate, and there is no happier couple in Europe when they have pillow-fights with their children. The Tsar works very hard, and Russia is his one thought. The tentacles of royalty, loosening elsewhere, are most deeply fixed in Austria. The vacant self-importance of princelings there is pathetic. Queen Maud of Norway revels in her new liberty. She can even go shopping and bring home the parcels. In Sweden royal ladies do not even wear evening-dress when they go to the theatre, and in Denmark even the cabmen are indifferent to royalty. Everywhere, even if such democratic simplicity does not prevail, the market value of princes has decreased. In the United States she found herself merely a caller in the parlour and noted that the setting became the hosts. At home they were not blatant or apologetic, as abroad she had found them one or the other, but intelligent and engaging. Now she has escaped mind and body from her gilded cage and her life in retirement is happy. The end of the war will rid Russia of her antiquated system of government, she thinks, but strengthen the monarchy. Who will dare prophesy for Germany? English Society, she trusts, will learn a lesson that goes too deep to be forgotten ever.

V

A curious contrast and a oneness are revealed in two books of Paris in wartime—of the French Revolution and of this past year of our Devil. *High Lights of the French Revolution,* by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, illustrated with reproductions of many interesting and rare paintings and pictures, has hit upon a dramatic way of presenting that greatest of all dramas. Selecting a half-dozen episodes, he precedes each with a brief recital of events which led up to it, and is thus allowed to plunge at once into a more detailed yet more compact narrative. Vivid and lucid as become high-lights, and unaffected as high-lights seldom are, these episodes Mr. Belloc tells with his quality of studious simplicity and slightly effortful phrase, and also with the wide perspective of one who travels again on well-known ground. The publishers state that his episodes are comparable with those of Carlyle in literary quality, and are marked by a less prejudiced point of view and greater precision in matters of fact. The latter characteristics they certainly possess; and the style is at any rate more quiet and simple than Carlyle's ounce of inspired eloquence to his pound of rattledy bang. Here is a representative passage: "The condemned king saw through the great oaken doors studded with many huge old nails the queen come in. God, what must we not imagine her to have seemed in that moment, this woman who had so despised him, and yet had been faithful to him, and had principally ruined him; and who had, in these last months, so marvellously changed and grown in soul? The queen came in falteringly. She held by the hand her rickety little son; her somewhat dull little daughter, the elder of the children, followed. The king's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, of a different and more simple bearing, and of a soul longer tried and longer purified, came in more erect, the last of the four." *Paris Reborn* is dedicated by Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons to all who remained in the city during August and September, 1914. It is a swift and diaristic account, all the more vivid for the absence of the chain-lightning phrase which begins to dull after a year of use. Three thousand American tourists were caught in Paris and madly scrambled for money. Like pictures on a screen run rapidly the instant beginning of the mobilisation, the terrible tension of waiting for King Albert's answer to the German ultimatum, the requisition of the automobiles, the foolish feeling—recognised at the moment for foolish—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that if Liège held firm the war was over before it had begun, the removal of the mourning from the Strasbourg statue, the false hopes aroused by the Belgian resistance, the quick entry of the British into France, the false news of the Russians within five days of Berlin, the mistaking of planets for Zeppelins. Then came the disillusionment of August twenty-second with the admirable and characteristic attitude of the Parisians—people who take their medicine better than anybody else in the world. What boils over quickly, says Mr. Gibbons, soon cools; and no people are so adaptable. "We are not children!" cried bootblack and Academician at the psychological mistake of feeding them with victories and suppressing defeats. When the swarthy African troops passed along the Boul' Mich', those who had nothing else to give gave kisses. Then came the news dropped from German aeroplanes, that the enemy was at the gate, then the departure of the Government, the preparation for investment, the rush of the well-to-do while the workers stuck to their jobs without a trace of fear, the growing sulkiness at being deprived of all news but the stale good news, the anxious week that ended with the distant boom of the cannon at the Marne, and the incoming trains of the wounded. Above the ceaseless chatter of the café strategists sounded the unbelievable tidings of the desecration of Rheims. This, thinks Mr. Gibbons, finally made the breach between French and German too wide for healing ever. Then came the resumption of usual life when the tide of battle rolled away, and the millions in Paris faced starvation with a smile, for though food remained at normal price no one had money to buy. With the beginnings of the boycott on German culture and products, Mr. Gibbons began to look upon the future. Political strife if not revolution seems to him certain at the end of the war, even if final victory comes to France, but it will never be so long as a German soldier remains on French soil. Winter commences as he writes and the women are endlessly knitting, and finally comes the Christmas Midnight Mass.

VI

Joseph Pennell's *Pictures in the Land of Temples* are forty black and whites which start at Taormina and proceed from Sicily to Italy and thence to Greece. Mr. Pennell says he was told by a Boston authority that he was nothing but a ragtime sketcher and couldn't see Greek art and couldn't draw it anyway. He went to defy the allegator and deny the allegation. He says he proved he could see, at any rate. The Greeks' feeling for placing their temples so that they not only become a part of the landscape, but the landscape led up to them —this and the fact that, all alike, each is individual, impressed him most. With the same idea of composition, arrangement and impressiveness are always distinctive. The Greek builders were not only artists with miraculous keenness of sense, but members of a true trade-guild working with the accumulated wisdom of generations and with their own hands. Nevertheless, few of these pictures show that Mr. Pennell's imagination was so touched. Some are emotionless but not serene. Even the facts he so successfully reproduces have somewhat changed their identity in his composition. Some of the ruins even look like the litter of building. Others, however, convey his feeling and his historical perspective with simplicity.

Mr. Dwight in his simple and personal book, *Constantinople Old and New,* does not try for the colourful phrases of which Mr. Hichens was so rife in his account. He says that Mr. Howells's *Venetian Life,* the most perfect book of the kind that he ever saw, made him long to do the same thing for his home of many years—especially as he has always been annoyed at the contemptuous or at least patronising tone of the West toward the East. Out of these two aspirations grew this substantial volume with its innumerable photographs. Stamboul shows at once,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he admits, that abysmal drop from the general level of European spruceness and solidity, which is characteristic of the East, but everywhere are equally characteristic peace and gravity and impenetrableness. Its silhouette is one of the most notable things in the world. Into the city itself we all go, and come out of it, even after fifty years, as outsiders. The most active institutional church can never give the sense of being a living organism, an acknowledged focus of life, as does a mosque. There is much reverence but people are at home in them also. Countless are the students at Stamboul; and if the spirit of the Prophet who revered knowledge could touch Islam again so that they would teach fewer men more things, Stamboul might yet be saved in spite of herself. The richest remains of old Constantinople are its churches, domes that swung in the air a thousand years before St. Peter's. In no Eternal City do walls and water make so magical a background, and beyond stretch the gardens of the Bosporus and the villages and towns that go to make the Golden Horn. The national soberness of the Turk is most manifest in his few holidays. In Turkey there are no great unwashed, save those who are not Turks; and useful fountains are everywhere, beautiful as well as practicable. One of the most characteristic things about Constantinople is that while it has become Turkish it has not ceased to be Greek; and among its modern Greeks one may see more plainly than in the West how strongly habit is rooted in the heart of man and how the forms of Christianity are those of the paganism that preceded it. No Turk owns a surname: to tell one Mistress Hyacinth from another you add the name of her man, and in his case all you can do is to call him the son of so and so. Mr. Dwight has as little patience as possible with the Gladstonian theory of the unspeakable Turk—who has dignity, simplicity, manliness, perfect manners, lack of commercial instinct, and great love for flowers and for children. No more intelligent than blind condemnation, however, is blind praise like that of Loti's. To understand the strange case of the Turk, one needs a long view of history. Western peoples in their brief career have no good ground for expressing definitive opinions of the East, and the Turk remains the mediæval man that the Westerner was once. Perhaps

'We Discover New England. By Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Knickerbocker's History of New York: By Washington Irving. Pictures by Maxfield Parrish. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Old Roads from the Heart of New York. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Walks About Washington. By Francis E. Leupp and Lester G. Hornby. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

In Vacation America. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Old Concord. By Allen French. With drawings by Lester Hornby. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Early American Craftsmen. By Walter A. Dwyer. New York: The Century Company.

Remodelled Farm Houses. By Mary N. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Stately Homes of California. By Porter Garnett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Interior Decoration. By Frank Alvah Parsons. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Pleasures and Palaces. By Princess Lazarovitch Krebelianovitch. New York: The Century Company.

Court Life from Within. By H. R. H., the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

High Lights of the French Revolution. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Company.

Paris Reborn. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

Pictures in the Land of Temples. By Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Constantinople, Old and New. By H. G. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Australian Byways. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A Book of Bridges. By Frank Brangwyn and W. Shaw Sparrow. New York: John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some day Christianity will prove harder to modernise than Islam does now. Stripped of his illusions and pretenses by humiliations which may reveal to him the real quality of his greatness, he may yet give himself to the humbler problems of common life.

In *Australian Byways,* Mr. Norman Duncan likewise eschews phrase-making. He devotes himself chiefly to making you see people and things, in his vein of vivid sentiment. The country is but a setting for his portraits and their anecdotes, for the lore of the pioneer and of the desert places, of the stage-coach and of the Royal Mail jolting along the highway, of the gold-fields and the sheep-farms. Many of the towns remind him of his native Canada, but as if set in a Californian climate. They are busy with industries and social experiments yet much given to half-holiday pleasures. In one, he found a small boy with a big hand-bell announcing that a show had come to the Town Hall. On the sheep-stations men get lonely and develop odd notions about their health. In the three million miles of the island the meagre forest area is but one hundred and sixty thousand miles; and inland the rain grows more and more niggardly until at last none falls. In Coolgardie town, once so bustling with gold-diggers, there is now scarcely a sign of life, but still a little spark of news explodes a loud and blazing rush to the farthest deserts. Here tottering old men, the eternal flame flickering in them still, winnow the dust to gather an average of five shillings a month in yellow specks of metal. In the desert, diminutive whirlwinds take life under your very feet. To it and to the bush, the aboriginals employed as servants in the towns return at inevitable intervals to strip themselves of clogging civilisation. But even in the bush one finds strict notions of what is right and what is wrong. Australian lads begin a more or less voluntary military training at the age of twelve. Interest in horseflesh obtrudes itself everywhere. Green is the Queensland Coast with its yearly fall of about fifteen feet of rain. Vanished with the gold-fever are its bushrangers who celebrated the roads of the colony with picturesque villanies. Java across the Coral Sea has substantial Dutch comforts and cooking. Papua is still cannibal, but the Australian Government is patiently imposing civilisation upon it. One might search the world for a more striking exhibition of immodesty than a Mother Hubbard upon a young woman hitherto inoffensively clad in a brief grass skirt, yet for this the trader and not the missionary is responsible. The natives are genuinely incapable of comprehending that life should not be taken, but it is far safer for an unarmed white man than to walk alone through some parts of London or New York. Every daily incident in Papua is the result of magic. The drowsy voyage from Sydney to Singapore remains in your mind as a pleasant confusion of rocking and laughter and sunlit colour and stars. Through the by-ways where Mr. Duncan takes you, you meet no social generalisations or epitomes; instead, you hear the talk of fifty men and women who have lived the Australian life.

VII

And thus having made the arch of the world, the reviewer comes (with this neat transition) to the last book on his list, *A Book of Bridges.* It is the bright and particular star of the constellation. The pictures of Mr. Frank Brangwyn have interest, distinction, charm, and imagination. There are forty coloured plates and numerous black-and-whites—much riches. But the text of Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow is more distinctive and rarer still. Alas, who is there in America who distils all life for you in a rambling book and mixes you a perfect elixir? To be a pontist (heavenly word!) is to be a little of everything, it seems, and to talk of it from a full store. Mediæval artists, Mr. Sparrow tells us, invented very little in bridge-building, and though here and there they equalled the Romans,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their design was generally either too rustic or too lubberly and they did not consult either river or pedestrian. Even the gable bridge commonly supposed to be Gothic can be found in China. There is very little in stone bridge building that the Romans did not discover. Roman pontists were particularly niggardly in Britain and particularly lavish in France. It is difficult to express in words the unhuman character of the best Roman bridges, revealing eternal manhood and courage. Yet many have a feminine charm. The Chinese bridges astounded all early European travellers, and gave Europeans the idea of metal bridges. At a date to be vaguely known as 500,000 B. C. a craftsman of genius lived and laboured on the East Anglian coast and studied how to make bridges from nature. From a tree cut down with a flint-axe and a single boulder laid from bank to bank came three lines of descent in very slow yet fertile handicraft,—the slab-bridge with stone piers, the tree-bridge with stone piers, the tree-bridge with timber piers. The evolution of the suspension bridge begins with the branches that grew across chasms or the festoons of creeping plants which link forest trees; of the arch from the weathering of rocks into hollowed shapes. Nature hates angles, particularly right angles, and only makes them in violent moods of earthquake and lightning. England, like the Continent, is losing its little ballads of arched stone because the local politicians do not find them able to bear modern traffic. The Housed Bridge is mediæval, and is connected with all the principal power motives of social life, whether in Ispahan or Venice. The English irreverent treatment of their ancient bridge-chapels was one of the many sickening products of Puritanism. The Middle Ages looked at everything from the standpoint of attack and defense, but this fails to explain why they built their piers so unreasonably large. Most ornamentation of bridges is mere blundering fussiness. Even Roman bridges were not free from redundant ornament, and modern architects have an unaccountable fear of plain spaces. A bridge will teach you to despise all this modern cant about peace,

Courtesy of the John Lane Company.

FROM FRANK BRANGWYN'S "BOOK OF BRIDGES"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for of all things it is the embodiment of strife. Mr. Sparrow is a philosopher, indeed, who is impatient with all the philosophies of this hypocritical world. A pontist can't help being a philosopher, and since his tramps through every period bring him in touch with ethical problems and with history, he had better be a sociologist than an abstract moralist. The greatest part of mankind has never shown the slightest desire to improve its civic institutions. Almost any modern bridge is underbred and crapulous, and makes him wonder if man is really doomed to be the tool of his machines. Mr. Sparrow has none of the small worry to arrange his work in a neat scheme, and his idea is to say just enough on everything he touches to stimulate thought and discussion, and then come around and touch it again if he rambles that way. He is particularly severe on the sloppiness of English thought and our swaddling hypocrises. "Let us delete from the dictionary the lying word peace; let us believe the simple truth that strife is everywhere the historian of life. Strife needs vast improvements in the campaigns of business warfare, and every slum is worse than a long battle with firearms."

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS

A NEW PILGRIMAGE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

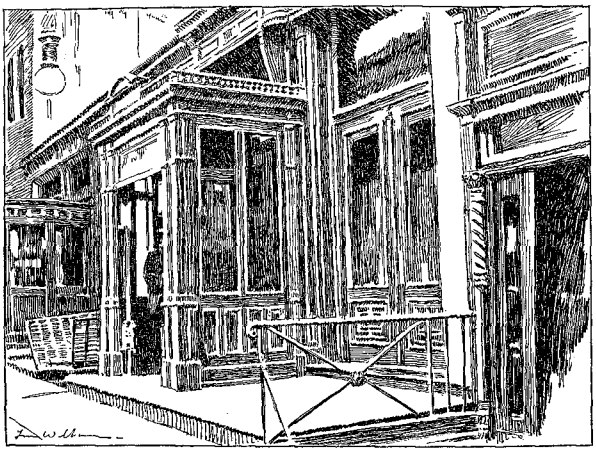
IN SIX PARTS. PART IV. THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA

Illustrated by photographs by the author and drawings by Tom Wilkinson

I. THE OUTSTANDING FIGURES

THE American traveller to—let us say—the counties of Ayrshire and Dumfrieshire, North Britain, may or may not find there the impression of the Scotland that was. That is something which depends entirely upon the individual. To one the air will be "full of ballad notes, borne out of long ago." He will mentally have reconstructed the old Roman wall which protected ancient Britain from the depredations of Pict and Scot. He will have had a vision of the Centurion watching on the ramparts outlined against the sky. He will have seen the Legions in camp. Winding stream and stately hill will suggest the old clan feuds. The border will bring to him with a particular vividness all the history of two thousand years. Another will not venture far afield, preferring to peruse ten days old American newspapers in the seclusion of the reading room of the King's Arms in the High Street of Ayr. But let his weariness be ever so great, his longing for the sight of the Glasgow boat that is to bear him homeward ever so keen, he cannot evade the imprint that has been left on town, street, and country lane by the men and women of the verse of Robert Burns. If, in the most prosaic spirit in the world, he ventures forth to purchase certain trifles of wearing apparel, his steps almost certainly will lead past the tavern of Tam o' Shanter. Two or three miles to the south stands Alloway Kirk, and beyond the "banks and braes o' Bonny Doon." Ten miles eastward is Mauchline, with its Poosie Nancy's Tavern of the Jolly Beggars. It matters not if the soul be attuned to nothing other than stocks or soap. He may succeed in ignoring all the history of the land, but he cannot escape taking away with him something of the impression that Burns left on the country and people of whom he sang.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ON FOURTEENTH STREET, VERY NEARLY OPPOSITE THE SOUTHERN END OF IRVING PLACE, IS A RESTAURANT NOTED FOR ITS MUSIC AND ITS BEER. IT HAS APPEARED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE FICTION DEALING WITH NEW YORK LIFE. FOR EXAMPLE, FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT USED IT IN "THE SHUTTLE," THAT VERY WIDELY READ NOVEL OF INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE OF SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS AGO. THERE THE IRREPRESSIBLE G. SELDEN, WHOSE AMERICAN SLANG HAD SO ASTONISHED AND PUZZLED ENGLISHMEN, DINED IN STATE WITH HIS CRONIES AFTER THE EUROPEAN TRIP WHICH STARTED HIM ON THE ROAD TO COMMERCIAL SUCCESS

To the end of his days that American will retain something of Highland Mary, and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and Bonny Jean, who was not so bonny after all, and the strange ride of Tam o' Shanter, and "a man's a man for a' that."

Formal history is easily forgotten: that history which soaks into the mind through its association with the famous characters of fiction or verse is not. Most of us have read something of the condition of England after the Norman Conquest and of that France which crafty Louis XI welded into a nation. But most of us, if quite honest, would be ready to confess that the impressions that have endured are those which have come to us through the pages of *Ivanhoe* and of *Quentin Durward*. It is with the eyes of Wamba the Jester that we have seen most keenly the pageantry of the lists of Ashby de la Zouche and the burly figure of Richard of the Lion Heart; with the eyes of the young Scottish archer that we have seen the horrors of the Castle of Loches and the cunning and superstition of Louis. One hundred works by learned historians could give no more graphic picture of the life of the Europe of the middle ages than that which Charles Reade flung before his readers in *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Though he played ducks and drakes with history, where can a more vivid and lasting impression of the Paris of the Valois kings, of Louis XIII, and the Wars of the Fronde be derived than from the pages of the genial Dumas? If Thackeray had continued Macauley's *History of England*, and written of the age of Queen Anne, as he once intended to do, how many of us would have retained a livelier knowledge of that period than those of us have retained who possess a sound knowledge of *Henry Esmond*? Is the acquaintance of the average American of the last generation or this with the Red Skins of the eighteenth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century based upon the volumes of Parkman or upon Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales?

As it is with history, it is with cities and streets. To Rudyard Kipling at the time of his first visit to the United States, California was not a State, nor a people, nor a civilisation. It was the background of the stories of Bret Harte; the scene of Roaring Camp, Red Gulch, and Sandy Bar. Salem may have given birth to illustrious men and women, but in thinking of it we see first of all the figures of Hester Pryne and Arthur Dimmesdale. Go up along the Hudson River to Sleepy Hollow and is not your first thought of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman? What does the roll of thunder in the Catskill Mountains suggest more quickly than the twenty years' sleep of Rip Van Winkle, and the ghostly men of Henrik Hudson at their game of bowls? You are visiting the Charter House in London. Is there one of the long generations of pensioners there who had actual existence that means nearly so much to you as Colonel "Tom" Newcome, who answered "Adsum" when his name was called, and stood in the presence of his Master. You are visiting, in Paris, the cemetery of the Père Lachaise. Whose tomb would you rather be shown, that of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean, if it had a tangible existence, or that of Bossuet? If, in happier days, you were on your way to the Riviera, perhaps to the fascinating wickedness of the gaming tables at Monte Carlo, being rushed along at eighty kilometers an hour by the *Côte d'Azur,* and the station lights showed you the word "Tarascon," would not your first thought be of the immortal Tartarin returning from his Algerian exploits followed by his faithful camel? And as it is with cities so is it with the streets of cities, and when, perhaps a quarter of a century hence, we shall have a national literature comparable or perhaps superior to the literature of older lands we shall, in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or San Francisco, or Chicago, or New Orleans, be able to point to innumerable Maison Vauquers distinctive settings of the scene of enduring works of fiction. For now and in the future as in the past, the men and women of the world of make-believe will stand out clearly and vividly, while those who have had actual existence will seem somehow impalpable, ready to vanish like a mist.

II. LOWER SECOND AVENUE

Once upon a time lower Second Avenue cherished seriously the idea of rivalling Fifth Avenue as a lane of aristocracy. Most of the stately mansions of other days have gone, but here and there is a structure or a part of a structure attesting the old ambition. Then, too, are Stuyvesant Square and Rutherford Square still maintaining their pride and dignity in the face of the army of invasion. To that portion of the city David Graham Phillips staked a claim with *The Fortune Hunter,* a novel which, in itself of no marked significance, was exceedingly vital as a reflection of a certain phase of metropolitan life. The character from whom the book took its name, the rascally Fueurstein, lived in a boarding-house on Sixteenth Street just beyond the eastern gates of Stuyvesant Square. The house is definitely described and is easy of identification. When the fates were kind and he found some unsuspecting acquaintance who could be inveigled into paying for his dinner he dined at the Café Boulevard on lower Second Avenue. On the benches of Tompkins Square he made love to many of the women upon whom he deigned to practice his arts of fascination. To his well deserved end he came in the back room of a saloon on East Sixth Street two hundred feet from Second Avenue.

While we are in the neighbourhood let us turn to another and more recent book, F. Hopkinson Smith's *Felix O'Day.* There, with that characteristic touch of familiar affection, the author plays about St. Mark's Place, the church, and the old graveyard. "Here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN "THE FORTUNE HUNTER" DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS STAKED A VERY DEFINITE CLAIM TO A SECTION OF THE CITY, THAT LYING TO THE EAST AND SOUTH OF LOWER SECOND AVENUE. ABOUT THESE STREETS THE ADVENTURER FEUERSTEIN ROAMED, DINING IN THE OLD CAFÉ BOULEVARD, AT SOME ONE ELSE'S EXPENSE, MAKING LOVE IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, FLASHING HIS TEETH ACROSS THE COUNTER OF BRAUNER'S DELICATESSEN SHOP IN AVENUE A, AND COMING TO HIS END IN THE BACK ROOM OF A SALOON ON SIXTH STREET, NEAR SECOND AVENUE. THE BOARDING HOUSE IN WHICH HE LIVED WAS VERY MINUTELY DESCRIBED AND MAY EASILY BE IDENTIFIED. IT WAS ON SIXTEENTH STREET IN THE BLOCK JUST BEYOND THE EASTERN GATES OF STUYVESANT SQUARE

and there," he tells us, "in the whir of the great city a restful breathing spot is found, its stretch of grass dotted with moss-covered tombs grouped around a low pitched church. At certain hours the sound of bells is heard and the low rhythm of the organ throbbing through the aisles. Then lines of quietly dressed worshippers stroll along the bordered walks, the children's hands clasped in their mothers', the arched vestibuled door closing upon them. Most of these oases, like Trinity, St. Paul's, and St. Mark's, differ but little—the same low pitched church, the same slender spire, the same stretch of green with its scattered gravestones. And, outside, the same old demon of hurry, defied and hurled back by a lifted hand armed with the cross." To the eyes of F. Hopkinson Smith, of these three breathing places, St. Mark's was a little greener in the early spring, less dusty in the summer heat, less bare and uninviting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the winter snow. Also it is the most restful of them all. Out of its shade and sunshine run queer side streets, with still queerer houses, rising two stories and an attic, each with a dormer and huge chimney. "Dried-up old aristocrats, these, living on the smallest of pensions, taking toll of notaries public, shyster lawyers, peddlers of steel pens, die-cutters, and dismal real-estate agents in dismal offices boasting a desk, two chairs, and a map."

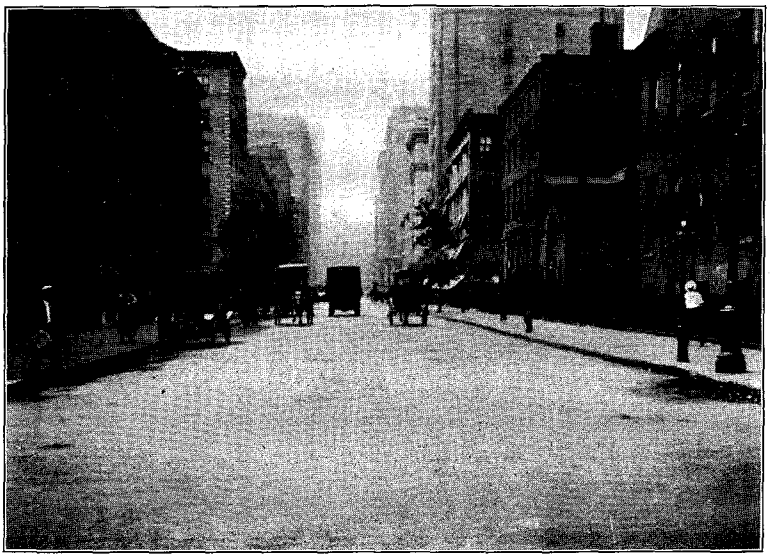
III. THE HEART OF O. HENRY LAND

In the course of this rambling pilgrimage the name of Sidney Porter has appeared, and will very likely continue to appear, two or three times to one mention of any other one writer. This is due not only to the high esteem in which the pilgrim holds the work of that singular and gifted man, but also to the fact that the dozen volumes containing the work of O. Henry constitute a kind of convenient bank upon which the pilgrim is able to draw in the many moments of emergency. Perfect frankness is a weapon with which to forestall criticism, and so, to express the matter very bluntly, whenever the writer finds himself in a street or a neighbourhood about which there is little apparent to say, he turns to *The Four Million,* or *The Trimmed Lamp,* or *The Voice of the City,* or *Whirligigs,* or *Strictly Business,* and in one of these books is able to find the rescuing allusion or descriptive line. The remote trails, Bedloe's Island, the Battery, the Bowery, to the south; Harlem, Hellgate, and Hell's Kitchen, to the north; stand for service. But it is with a quickening glow and an enthusiasm that is genuine that he plunges garrulously into the subject of what may be called the heart of O. Henry land.

On the west side of Irving Place, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, there is a dingy, four-story, brownstone house. The shutters are up. The windows of the upper stories stare down at the passer-by with a kind of hurt blindness. It is as if the structure itself was conscious of a speedy demise, of a swiftly coming demolition. Next year, next month, next week, to-morrow, perhaps, it will be gone, with a towering skyscraper springing up on the site. The number of the building is 55. There, in the front room on the second floor, Sidney Porter lived in the days when he was learning to read the heart of the Big City of Razzle Dazzle. And as he was always constitutionally opposed to anything that involved arduous physical exercise, the quintessence of O. Henry land lies within a circle of half a mile radius, with number 55 as the centre. Within that circle may be found the hotels of the Spanish American New York stories, the Old Munich of "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss," Chubb's Third Avenue Restaurant, the Gramercy Park which is so conspicuous in his city tales of aristocratic flavour, the particular saloon which served as the background for "The Lost Blend," the bench—which could be confounded with no other bench in the world—which Stuffy Pete, one of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen," regarded as personal property, and those other benches in the other square, six blocks to the north, where disconsolate Caliphs, shorn of their power, sat brooding over the judgments of Allah, where fifth wheels rolled along asphalted pavements, and Jinns came obedient to the rubbing of the lamp.

To Mr. Robert Rudd Whiting, with whom he had been associated in the early days when he first began to contribute to the columns of *Ainslee's Magazine,* Sidney Porter once extended an invitation to a luncheon. It was to be a Spanish American luncheon in the course of which O. Henry was to make his guest familiar with certain flavours and dishes that he himself had learned to like or at least to endure in the days of his exile in the lands of the Lotus Eaters. The two men at the time were crossing Union Square. "Come with me," said O. Henry, "I will show you the real place. Over at M——'s (men-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

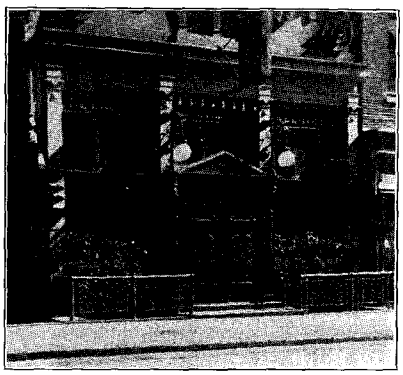


IRVING PLACE LOOKING SOUTH FROM GRAMERCY PARK. THIS IS THE HEART OF *O. HENRY LAND. PORTER PENETRATED EVERY CORNER OF "LITTLE OLD* BAGDAD ON THE SUBWAY," BUT ABOUT HERE WERE THE SCENES OF THE STORIES NEAREST TO HIS HEART. TWO BLOCKS AND A HALF FROM THE POINT FROM WHICH THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WAS NO. 55, WHERE PORTER ONCE LIVED. ALMOST ACROSS THE STREET WAS THE SALOON OF "THE LOST BLEND," AND JUST ROUND THE CORNER THE "OLD MUNICH" OF "THE HALBERDIER OF THE LITTLE RHEINSCHLOSS"

tioning a restaurant in a street to the south) you may see the Senors, the Capitans, the Majors, the Colonels. But if you would sit with the Generalissimos, the Imperators, the truly exalted of those countries of Central and South America, accept my guiding hand." And from the square they turned into Fifteenth Street and found, on the south side, some seventy-five yards east of Fourth Avenue the Hotel America, with its patronage of volatile Latins, who, if they were not actually planning revolution and the overthrow of some unstable government, at least had all the appearance of arch conspirators. It was the atmosphere which went to the making of "The Gold That Glitters," which, if you remember, began at the very point at which the invitation was extended, "where Broadway skirts the corner of the square presided over by George the Veracious."

In THE BOOKMAN for June, 1914, there appeared an O. Henry symposium. Ten lists representing ten opinions as to the ten stories that had made the most lasting impression were printed. One of the few tales that appeared on several of the lists was "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss." The Bierhalle and restaurant called Old Munich was the one of which Porter said that long ago it was the resort of interesting Bohemians, but that now "only artists and musicians and literary folk frequent it." For many years, the tale informs us, the customers of Old Munich have accepted the place as a faithful copy from the ancient German town. The big hall, with its smoky rafters, rows of imported steins, portrait of Goethe, and verses painted on the walls —translated into German from the original of the Cincinnati poets—seems atmospherically correct when viewed through the bottom of a glass. Then the proprietors added the room above,

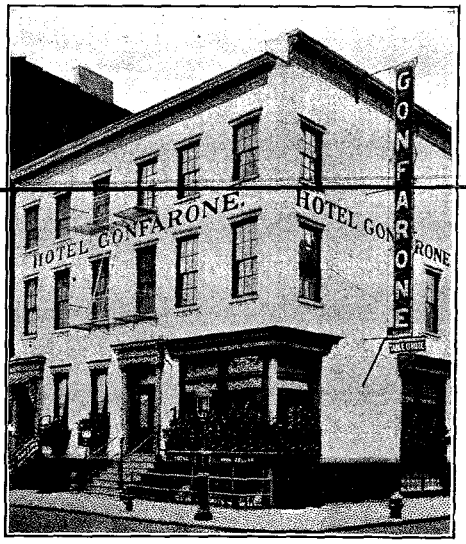
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THIS IS THE ORIGINAL OF "OLD MUNICH" OF O. HENRY'S "THE HALBERDIER OF THE LITTLE RHEINSCHLOSS." TO FIND IT PORTER HAD ONLY TO WANDER A HUNDRED YARDS OR SO FROM HIS HOME IN IRVING PLACE. IT WAS THE RESTAURANT HE DESCRIBED AS HAVING BEEN FORMERLY THE RESORT OF INTERESTING BOHEMIANS, "BUT NOW ONLY WRITERS, PAINTERS, ACTORS, AND MUSICIANS GO THERE"

called it the Little Rheinschloss, and built in a stairway. Up there was an imitation stone parapet, ivy covered, and the walls painted to represent depth and distance, with the Rhine winding at the base of the vineyarded slopes, and the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein looming directly opposite the entrance. To Old Munich came the young man with the wrecked good clothes and the hungry look, to assume the armour of the ancient halberdier, and, on a certain eventful evening, to be confiscated to serve menially at the banquet board.

Into many parts of the city had the present pilgrim ventured in his search for the background that would best fit the very definite description of the Old Munich of the tale. For a time the hunt seemed vain. But one day he spoke to Mr. Gilman Hall on the subject. The latter laughed. "Do I know the real Old Munich? Very well, indeed. I dined there often with Porter. No wonder you have not found it. You have been looking too far to the north, to the south, to the west, Don't you realise that Porter would never have walked that far if he could have helped it? The only time I ever persuaded him afoot as far as the Riverside Drive and Seventy-second Street he stopped, and asked with an injured air, if we had not yet passed Peekskill. Here is number 55. Why not try just round the corner?" So fifty feet to the south, and a short block to the east, and the setting of the tale was found. Formerly "old man Brockmann," who defied the threatened suit, was the proprietor. There can be no indiscretion in identifying him as the Munchenheim of the old Arena in West Thirty-first Street and of the Hotel Astor. Since his time Old Munich has been known both as Scheffel Hall and as Allaire's. It is at the northwest corner of Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street. There is a natural free hand swing to certain parts of the O. Henry description, but even without the corroboration of those who knew personally of Porter's associations with the place, one glance at the long raftered room is enough to stamp it as the place where the waiter known simply as Number Eighteen witnessed the comedy of the hot soup tureen and the blistered hands, and William Deering finished the three months of earning his own living without once being discharged for incompetence.

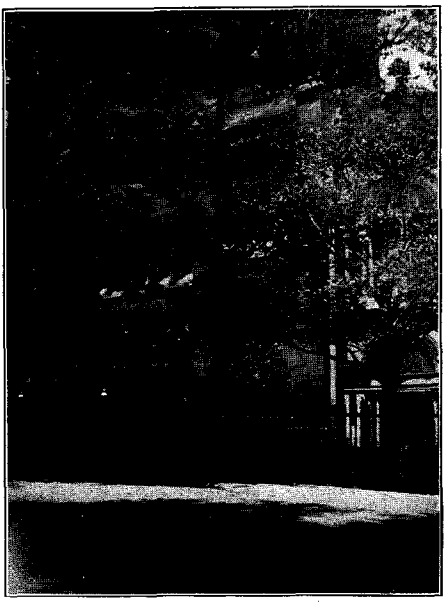


THIS WAS THE ORIGINAL OF "BENEDETTO'S" OF STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN'S "PREDESTINED"

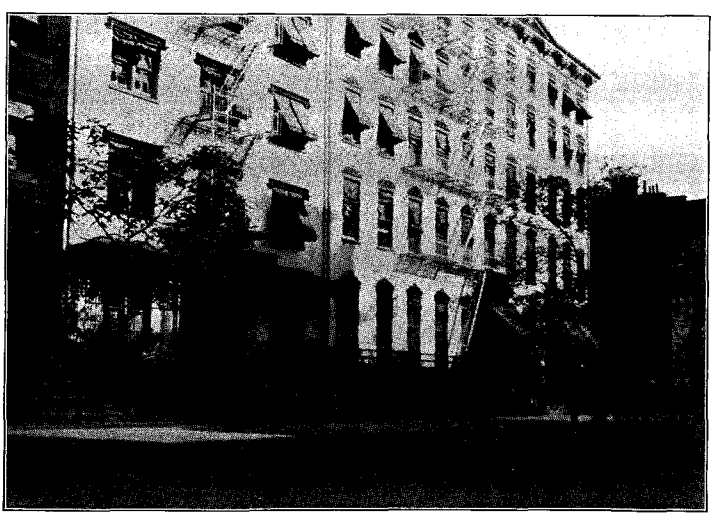
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV. THE WASHINGTON SQUARE NEIGHBOURHOOD AGAIN

The spell of the old city was strong on the late Herman Knickerbocker Vielé when he wrote the charming and whimsical *The Last of the Knickerbockers,* and the tale revolves intimately about the streets adjacent to Washington Square. The principal setting of the scene was the Ruggles mansion on Kenilworth Place, which had gone the way of so many of the aristocratic New York mansions of another age and become a boarding-house. But even in its fallen estate it was inhabited by old aristocrats, among them Alida Van Wandeleer and her mother, with ancestors buried in St. Mark's Churchyard. For the Kenilworth Place of the story read Waverly Place. The parlour windows of the house looked out on the street across the railings of an iron balcony, wherein the sinewy tentacles of an old wisteria vine were interwoven and interlaced. There was a street lamp directly in front, and often at dusk, before the shades were drawn, a rectangle of yellow light was thrown on either wall within, with the pattern of Nottingham

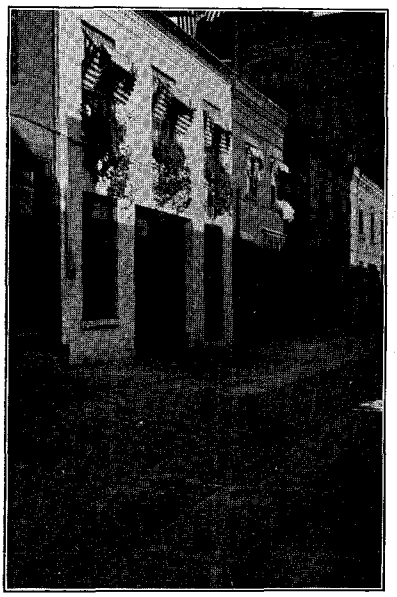


OLD ST. GEORGE'S ON RUTHERFORD SQUARE. HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ'S "THE LAST OF THE KNICKERBOCKERS"



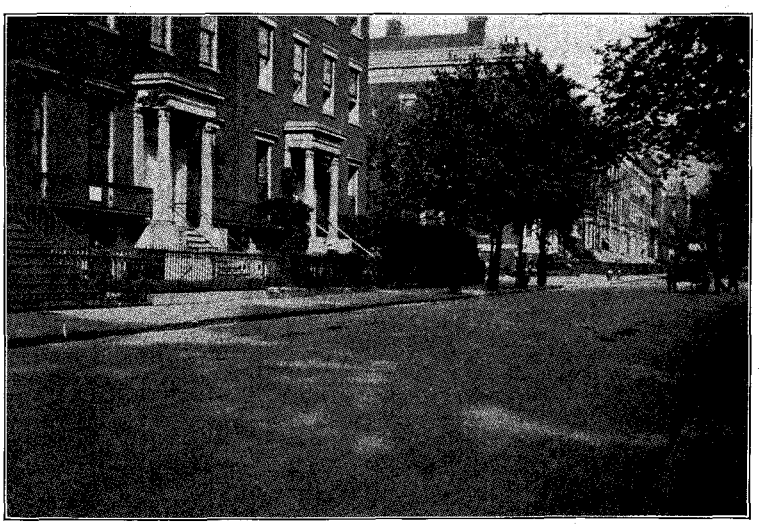
IN THE OLD-TIME NOVELS OF NEW YORK LIFE VISITING ENGLISHMEN INVARIABLY STOPPED AT THE BREVOORT. IN ITS NEW GUISE THE HOTEL, WHICH STANDS AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND EIGHTH STREET, FORMERLY BETTER KNOWN AS CLINTON PLACE, HAS NOT LOST ITS POPULARITY AS A BACKGROUND FOR FICTION. IT PLAYED A PART IN BASIL KING'S "THE INNER SHRINE" AND MARIE VAN SAANEN ALGI'S "THE BLIND WHO SEE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WASHINGTON MEWS. A QUAINT THOROUGHFARE IN THE REAR OF THE STATELY DWELLINGS THAT LINE THE NORTH SIDE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE. IT PLAYS A PART IN LEROY SCOTT'S "NO. 13 WASHINGTON SQUARE." ACROSS FIFTH AVENUE, TO THE WEST, THERE IS A CORRESPONDING STREET, KNOWN AS MACDOUGAL ALLEY

lace curtains and the moving silhouettes of leaves. The book dealt with what was called the "below Fourteenth Street colony." Near the Ruggles mansion was the Café Chianti, where they had music and charged only fifty cents, including wine. The Café Chianti was in what had been grandfather's old house. When Alida and her godmother went to call on old Mrs. Van der Weiff, "the old lady who lived so excessively upstairs, and opened the front door by machinery," they proceeded from Waverly Place eastward to University Place; then north past the French Hotel, the old furniture shop that had seen so much better days, and the library whose subscription list is history itself. At Fourteenth Street they avoided Dead Man's Curve by a diagonal course across Union Square. To the older woman every step of the way called up a memory. At Irving Place she had an anecdote for every corner; at St. George's a romance for every house. "Ah, the good old people and the good old days, when the Eden gates stood wide open as those of Stuyvesant Park!" *The Last of the Knick-*



WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH, PEOPLED BY THE GHOSTS OF COUNTLESS ARISTOCRATS OF NEW YORK FICTION. A STURDY BULWARK THAT SEEMS DESTINED TO REPEL THE INVADERS FOR YEARS TO COME. TO ESTABLISH THE RIGHT OF A HERO OR HEROINE TO A PLACE IN THE "SOCIAL REGISTER" IT IS NECESSARY ONLY TO STAKE A CLAIM TO A RESIDENCE THERE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

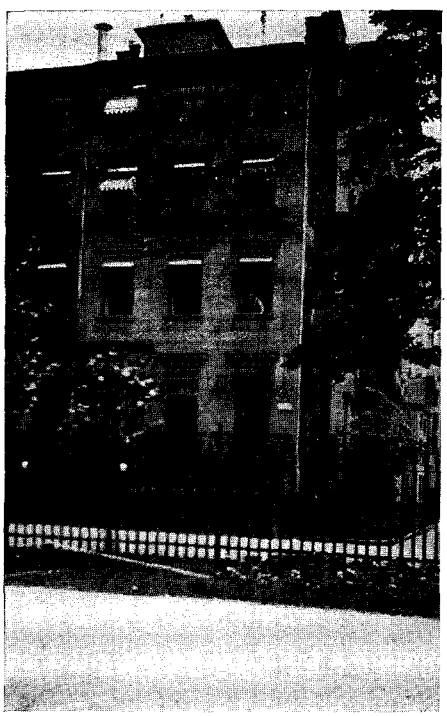
erbockers was one of the few really "atmospheric" society novels of New York ever written, hitting off the days of two or three decades ago, when the last of the old families were giving way socially to the new millionaires, the kind who knew "nobody very much yet." Just millionaires, and wandering dukes, and people they crossed the ocean with; of whom Alida doubted "if they could have given anything very big without the Waldorf register."

After Princeton Burton Egbert Stevenson went to New York to work on the *Tribune* for a time and while there gathered a knowledge of the city of which he made much use in *The Holladay Case, The Marathon Mystery,* and *The Boule Cabinet.* In the first named book the address of the Café Jourdain, where Frances Holladay was imprisoned, was given definitely as number 54 West Houston Street. That house has been torn down and on the site is the new home of the New York Telephone Company. The principal scenes of *The*

ACROSS THE SQUARE AND THROUGH THE WHITE ARCH BOHEMIA AND PROLETAIRE GAZE CURIOUSLY AND ENVIOUSLY AT BELGRAVIA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boule Cabinet were laid in the old house still standing at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street—a two story and basement square brick dwelling with a yard at the side—"that plot of ground next door" to which Vantine makes reference. It was there that the boule cabinet was taken and there that the subsequent tragedies took place. While on the subject it may be well to venture briefly into streets which are legitimately in the province of another paper. In *The Marathon Mystery* Lester's home was given as the Marathon Apartment House, which was supposed to be directly opposite the Tenderloin Police Station on West Thirtieth Street. When *The Marathon Mystery* was written the station was on the north side of the street and the opposite side occupied by a row of dwellings. The author placed the apartment purposely where no apartment was and invented a name for it, because he wished to avoid trouble with a real place on account of the extraordinary events that were to happen there. Lester continued to live at The Marathon in the subsequent stories, *The Boule Cabinet* and *The Gloved Hand*. A propos of this the author was caught napping, for in 1908 the Tenderloin Station was transferred to a new building on the other side of the street, on the exact site of the supposed Marathon.



THE PRINCETON CLUB OF NEW YORK, AT THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF LEXINGTON AVENUE AND GRAMERCY PARK, NORTH, WAS THE SCENE OF MANY EPISODES IN GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON'S "THE ALTERNATIVE"

V. NORTH WASHINGTON SQUARE

Across Washington Square Bohemia and Proletaire gaze enviously at Belgravia, partly obscured by the waving branches of the trees and the white arch. That line of stately dwellings is a sturdy bulwark which has been resisting invasion for years and seems destined to continue to resist for many years to come. Long ago Henry James set the fashion by placing the scene of one of his novels there. That example has been followed by the men and women of the newer generation until the mere mention of the heroes and heroines of all the fiction dealing with New York who have inhabited these structures of red and white would assume formidable proportions. For example, it was only a year or two ago that Leroy Scott wrote *No. 13 Washington Square*. Of course there is no number 13, the exact spot where such a number should stand being in the middle of Fifth Avenue as it sweeps northward from the Arch. The exact house that Mr. Scott had in mind was number 17, but he took the precaution of changing the number to one that did not exist and also of moving the house across Fifth Avenue so that its real entrance opened upon Washington Mews, for the reason that Mrs. De Peyster, the *grande dame* of the novel, still maintained a carriage. In another of these houses dwelt, in the full flood days of his material prosperity, Arthur Train's Artemis Quibble. That particular house is now a studio building. Next

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

door perhaps was the home of Robert Walmsley who married the Matterhorn in the person of a certain Miss Alicia Van Something-or-Other and yielded weakly to the spell of his early environment; all of which O. Henry chronicled in "The Defeat of the City." A dozen memories of other Porter heroes and heroines might easily be found in the neighbourhood.

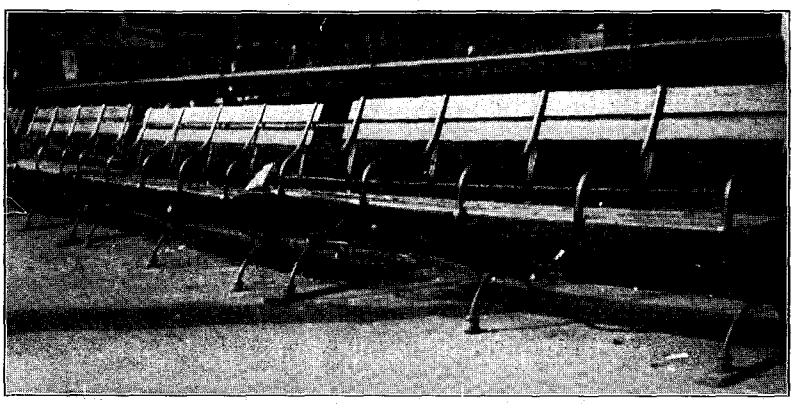
Allusion has been made to Washington Mews. This street and the corresponding one to the west, known as Macdougal Alley, are two of the quaintest relics of the older New York. They are familiar to tens of thousands. But how many New Yorkers are familiar with Rupert Court, also in the immediate neighbourhood, which plays a conspicuous part in George Bronson-Howard's recently issued *God's Man?* Here in his own words is Mr. Bronson-Howard's description of the court, of how to find it, and of how he himself discovered it. "Walk down Eighth Street from Macdougal toward Sixth Avenue. You will find a little archway on the north side, and a dry gutter. I discovered it when the gutter was wet and I was in a hurry. It was before I could afford cabs, and my silk hat went several feet toward the south. Thus I found that the alleyway opened into a court containing several trees and a number of window-boxes. A complete square of a court with only one outlet—the way I came. I was told it had been an inn-yard. It is now occupied exclusively by Nubians, Senegambians, and Ethiops. A previous book, a romance, *An Enemy to Society,* had the house of the dominie on West Sixth Street—a former parsonage become a thieves' rookery—the original is just off Sixth Avenue, going west. The Hotel Tippecanoe in *God's Man* was the Hotel Tyler on West Thirty-fifth Street transferred south to Lafayette Street. The Tyler became the Sturtevant, and was before that the notorious Tivoli. During fifteen years of New York off and on, I always lived in Greenwich Village."

VI. GRAMERCY PARK

If there is one corner of the city which

GRAMERCY PARK, SOUTH. HERE WERE THE SIWASH CLUB OF THE GEORGE FITCH STORIES AND THE CLUB WHICH SERVED AS A BACKGROUND FOR OWEN JOHNSON'S "ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK," AND "MURDER IN ANY DEGREE"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE BENCH OF "STUFFY PETE" IN O. HENRY'S "TWO THANKSGIVING DAY GENTLEMEN" COULD BE NO OTHER BENCH IN THE WORLD

more than any other has received the patronage of the modern novelist of New York life it is unquestionably Gramercy Park. There is hardly a house fronting the square which has not served as a home for some of the men and women of recent fiction; hardly a club in which half a dozen heroes have not been in the habit of entering with the easy swing of old membership. Here again is O. Henry predominant. All about the private park with its locked gates are the severe mansions of his aristocrats. A house facing the west side of the park was unquestionably the home of the Von der Ruyslings. That illustrious family had dwelt there for many years. In fact, in a spirit of obvious awe, O. Henry imparted the information that the Von der Ruyslings had received the first key ever made to Gramercy Park. In "The Marry Month of May" we learn that near the Park old Mr. Coulson had a house, the gout, half a million dollars, a daughter, and a housekeeper. It was the daughter who thought to chill her father's springtime ardour by the introduction of a thousand pounds of ice into the basement. It was the housekeeper that

THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA AS IT WAS WHEN O. HENRY FIRST FOUND IT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

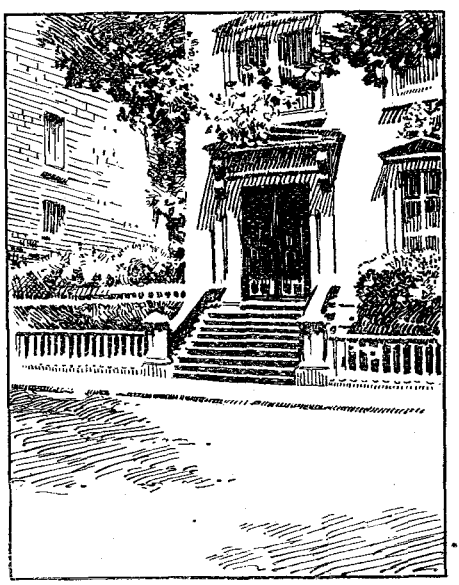
thwarted the scheme with the result that the old millionaire uttered his deferred proposal, while Miss van Meeker Constantia Coulson ran away with the iceman.

At No. 1 Gramercy Park lived Nan Primrose of Thomas Dixon's *The Root of Evil,* a selection of residence probably due to the fact that the author at one time had his own home in the house. The Princeton Club on the north side at the corner of Twenty-first Street and Lexington Avenue (the old Stanford White house) was the background of many scenes of George Barr McCutcheon's *The Alternative.* The adjacent house to the west was the home of Colonel John Gaunt of Owen Johnson's *Arrows of the Almighty* when Gaunt came to live in New York after his wife lost her mind, and also the scene of the story "Her Letter to His Second Wife" in Brander Matthews's *Vistas of New York.* Fifty years ago that house belonged to George T. Strong. Mrs. Strong was a daughter of Samuel B. Ruggles, the founder of Gramercy Park and Union Square. Gramercy was derived from "Crow marcy" meaning "Crooked brook." There is a slab to Samuel B. Ruggles in the sidewalk on the west side of the park. Directly across the square to the south is another club closely associated with Owen Johnson's stories "Murder in Any Degree" and "One Hundred in the Dark." There, as of yore, foregather Quinny, "gaunt as a friar of the Middle Ages," and "the genial Steingal, with the black-rimmed glasses, the military moustaches, and the closely cropped beard," and De Golyer, with his epigrams, his incisive mode of speech, and his military click of the heels.

Nor, in touching upon the club land that lines the southern side of the Square should the Siwash Club of George Fitch's stories be ignored. It was there that Siwash men in New York, far from the beloved campus somewhere in the Middle West, foregathered to discuss about the big fireplace the great team of Naughty Six and the various exploits of Ole Skjarsen. For a Siwash man there were few formalities about joining that club. It was simply a case of "Ten Dollars please and sign here."

VII. THE HEART OF NEW ARABIA

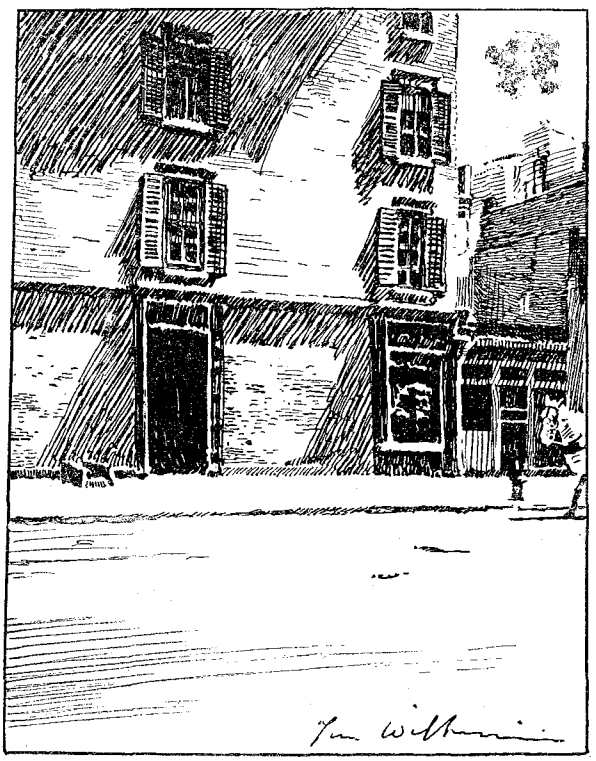
When we come to a consideration of that part of the trail which shall be designated as "Tea, Tango, and Toperland" there will be digression in the shape of a chapter or two on the New York of the Playwrights, for many an act of melodrama or comedy has had a city setting quite as definite as the setting of a novel or short tale. So while we are in New Arabia a few words should be said of the artists whose work has been most intimately associated with New York, for many of them have found direct inspiration in the swaying trees of the great squares, the mingling of lights and shadows, and the vast edifices that hedge them in. For example, who has better interpreted the spirit of springtime in Washington Square than William J. Glackens? In one page he tells a story that three thousand words



THE HOUSE ON GRAMERCY PARK, NORTH, USED BY BRANDER MATTHEWS IN "HER LETTER TO HIS SECOND WIFE" AND BY OWEN JOHNSON IN "ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of descriptive writing can merely suggest. You see the Washington Arch and the aristocratic north side of the Square beyond, the Fifth Avenue stage with its load of sightseers on top, motor cars, private carriages, deep sea-going hacks, pedestrians, policemen, nurse maids and their charges, perambulating lovers, bicyclists, dogs, cats, and above all, children of all ages and social conditions—in a word, nearly every element of the city's complex life. And every one of the hundreds of figures reflecting late April sunshine. To Joseph Pennell the incredible, fairy land qualities of New York have appealed as insistently as they did to O. Henry. To him the mountains of buildings are "mighty cliffs, glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night." "The city," he has written, "is finer than any thing in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Piling up higher and higher before you, it reminds one of San Ginuguano of the Beautiful Towers in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, brick piles, but noble palaces, crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York." And to the names of Glackens and Pennell can be added a dozen others, those of

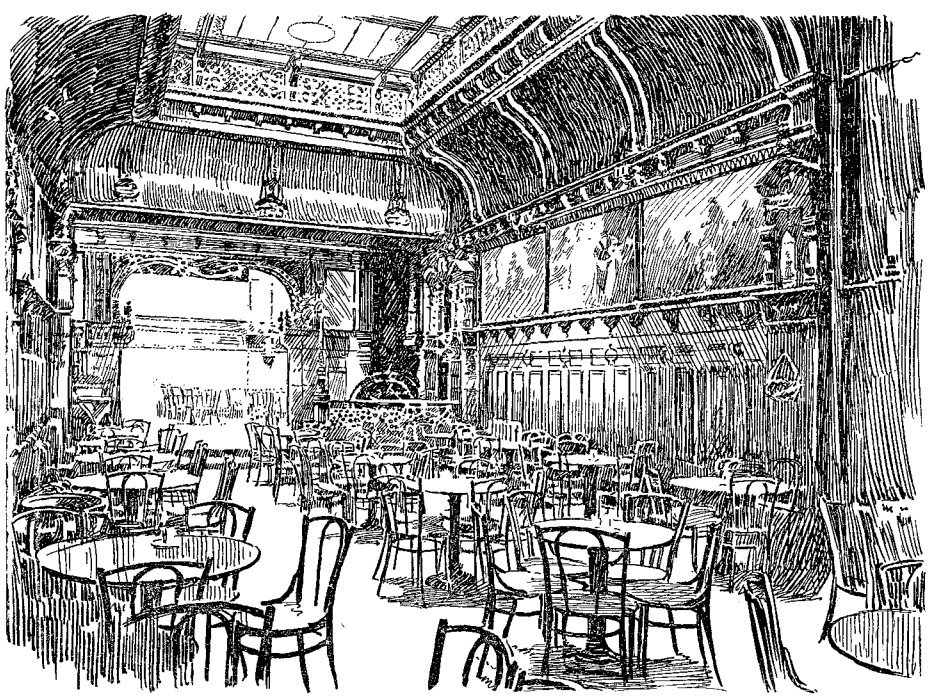


FRONTING ON IRVING PLACE IS THE SALOON OF O. HENRY'S "THE LOST BLEND." IT WAS HERE THAT THE ADVENTURERS TOILED TO FIND AGAIN THE PROPER INGREDIENTS FOR THE MOST WONDERFUL DRINK IN THE WORLD, A BEVERAGE THAT HAD MOVED NICARAGUA TO RAISE THE DUTY ON CIGARETTES, AND TO CONTEMPLATE A DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men who had expressed a city mood or staked a claim to a quarter. In an article by Mr. Louis Baury which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for August, 1911, the various messages which Manhattan conveyed to the various artists were very clearly set forth. To Everett Shinn, the city said: "I suffer"; to Colin Campbell Cooper: "I sing"; to Joseph Pennell: "I work"; to Vernon Howe Bailey: "I soar"; to John Edward Jackson: "I must strive"; to Childe Hassam: "I dream."

According to the impoverished painter, Sherrard Plumer, picked out of the Bed Line to suit the whim of Carson Chalmers, as told in "A Madison Square Arabian Night," New York is as full of cheap Haroun Alraschids as Bagdad is of fleas. The men in the Bed Line have come to know them, and there is a Union rate by which the certain stock stories of distress are narrated in accordance with the quantity and quality of the largesse bestowed. Chalmers, being a munificent giver, was rewarded with the simple and curious truth, the story of that strange and unfortunate gift which made every one of Plumer's portraits show the true inner soul of the subject. In a dozen other tales Porter showed the Bed Liners stamping their freezing feet and the preacher standing on a pine box exhorting his transient and shifting audience. In the Bed Line were Walter Smuythe and the discharged coachman, Thomas McQuade, the night that the red motor car humming up Fifth Avenue lost its extra tire as narrated in "The Fifth Wheel." It was on a bench of the Square that the millionaire Pilkins found the penniless young eloping couple Marcus Clayton of Roanoke County, Virginia, and Eva Bed-



THE INTERIOR OF "OLD MUNICH" OF O. HENRY'S "THE HALBERDIER OF THE LITTLE RHEINSCHLOSS." "THE BIG HALL, WITH ITS SMOKY RAFTERS, ROWS OF IMPORTED STEINS, PORTRAIT OF GOETHE, AND VERSES PAINTED ON THE WALLS—TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN FROM THE ORIGINAL OF THE CINCINNATI POETS"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ford of Bedford County, of the same State. It was perhaps on the same bench that Soapy sat meditating just what violation of the law would insure his deportation to the hospitable purlieus of Blackwell's Island, which was his Palm Beach and Riviera for the winter months. It was nearby at least that Prince Michael, of the Electorate of Valle Luna, known otherwise as Dopey Mike, looked up at the clock in the Metropolitan Tower and gave sage advice and consolation to the young man who was waiting to learn his fate as told in "The Caliph, Cupid, and the Clock." While the auto with the white body and the red running gear was waiting near the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, Parkenstacker made the acquaintance of the girl in grey and listened to the strange story born in the pages of Robert Louis Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*. Over on the sidewalk just in front of the Flatiron building Sam Folwell and Cal Harkness, the Cumberland feudists, shook hands "Squaring the Circle."

In following the trail of O. Henry's men and women through Madison Square you have the choice of many benches. This is not the case when Union Square is introduced in the story of "Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen." The writer tells you that when Stuffy Pete went to the Square to await the coming of the tall, thin old gentleman dressed in black and wearing the old-fashioned kind of glasses that won't stay on the nose—the old gentleman who had been Stuffy's host every Thanksgiving Day for nine years—he "took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain." Across Union Square Hastings Beauchamp Moreley sauntered with a pitying look at the hundreds that lolled upon the park benches in "The Assessor of Success." One evening in the Square Murray and the dismissed police captain Marony were sitting side by side trying to think of schemes to repair their fallen fortunes. When opportunity came both acted "According to their Lights." The captain was reduced to the point where, to use his own words, he would "marry the Empress of China for one bowl of chop suey, commit murder for a plate of beef stew, steal a wafer from a waif, or be a Mormon for a bowl of chowder." But his code of honour he still retained. He would not "squeal."

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS—A NEW PILGRIMAGE. PART V

The January instalment of this series of papers will deal with what may be called Tea, Tango, and Toper Land. It will treat of the fiction written about New York that has to do with the diners in the great restaurants, the dwellers in the huge hotels, the Human Comedy as it is reflected in the glitter of the white lights of Broadway. It will touch on the vast department stores to which many American novelists have been turning for realism in the spirit in which Zola turned in "Au Bonheur des Dames." The trail ranges from the river to the East to the river to the West. It follows the Easter Day parade on Fifth Avenue, and the bridle path in Central Park. By reason of the rambling nature of the articles the pilgrim feels that he is entitled to a certain amount of latitude. Just as in the earlier papers he has occasionally roamed beyond the section of the city with which the article in hand had to do; so again he may ask the privilege of retracing his steps.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GESTURE

(A Free Translation of "Le Geste," by Edmond Rostand. Addressed to a Lieutenant who, going to certain death, turned and kissed his hand.)

BY ELIZABETH REDFIELD KENDALL

I know you only by your death;
  Yet is my love the less
For you, who with your latest breath
  Exhaled the France we bless?

She speaks in this your final act,
  You died to save her harm—
A hero who has lived the fact
  That Greatness still has Charm.

You knew that yours was not the task
  Of easy human ways.
You might not in our honours bask;
  You could not know our praise.

And so you kissed your hand to France,
  Your country and your friend;
You gloried in the longed-for chance
  To serve her to the end.

You loved her with the gallant love
  Which takes a blithe farewell
Of one whose favour is above
  All that the heart may tell.

You gave to her your youth, your faith,
  Your courage—all your power—
And gave it with a heart as rathe
  As in your gayest hour.

Because you kissed your hand to France
  And gave for her your life,
A thousand others will advance—
  The land with men is rife.

For we, to whom the tender grace
  Of glory is its crown,
Can never weaken to the race
  Whose dulness spells renown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT THE DAY'S WORK MEANS TO ME

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WHEN I was sixteen I arranged the conduct of the long life that I naturally assumed lay ahead of me. It was complete, I thought, in every detail, calculated to cover any of the emergencies of life, and I was surprised before the year was out to find myself obliged slightly to readjust the Scheme. Since then, and that was twenty-six years ago, there is seldom a day that I am not forced to take out that well-thumbed set of rules and re-edit it. And I have noticed that I am asking less and less of myself, and, battered to leniency, less of others.

With these beginnings in mind it is hard to write with any fixed conviction of What the Day's Work Means to Me unless I can lengthen the title into What the Day's Work Means to Me To-day, for the meaning of Work has also gone through a sprightly series of readjusting.

It is rather a lovely thought that the earliest tasks imposed upon a little girl or boy are accomplished with that pure joy in service for others which frequently does not again attend our efforts until we are near the closing of life. For the child of four fetches a spool of thread or tugs in a stick of wood out of love for the person who needs the thread or wheedles for the wood. And just as those little faces glow with the reward of praise, asking no other compensation, just so does the wrinkled visage of the old, old man or the old, old woman crack into smiles of complacency when we praise them for their tottering assistance. It is as though the spiritual world which the child had but recently left was again extending the influence of its immaterial sweetness as the aged return to its shore.

But there are black spaces in between. The development of my early imagination embraced a free dipping into all the riches of the world, yet I felt no necessity of thinking out a way of getting these things by any actual accomplishment. I was to have blue satin dresses, "an' ev'ry colour, I guess," and the biggest boat in the world "most," and (crowning misery) a new pair of shoes every time I went out.

I would lie on my back looking up at the brilliant sky through the delicate, waving branches of the skeleton birch, "pretending" parties, and frocks, and heroic rescuings until my mother came to the door, and "for the last time, young lady" bade me enter the house and set the table. I went languidly within. I hated my duties. All thought of performing them for love had disappeared, and I shudder to think into what a fanciful dreamer I might have developed had not my desire for the tangible as opposed to the fabrics of the mind taken possession of me. It probably definitely manifested itself in a longing for clothes that I might attract some village yokel. But with the instinct to shine came the appreciation that the actual is acquired only by coin equally material.

Some educators contend that it is a mistake to compensate children for their daily tasks, that each child's regimen should naturally embrace a little work, a little play, without (I am forced into the rhyme) a little pay. Yet, from what I can remember of my dim youth, my first hitching up of the dream and the business was the realisation that by earning a certain sum of money I might be able to possess those blue satin effects of which I was the mental owner while lying on the grass. There was no unwise insistence in my family on putting pennies in a bank for the ugly reason that I would, then, have them there. Money was first recognised as the neces-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sary medium between work and blue satin. And in time I clearly grasped that if I wanted anything, be it as humble as bread, I must work for it. It was not the labour itself which first appealed to me, but the rewards of labour. However, it was a step.

There was no uncertainty in the choice of my life-work. I was spared that uneasy flitting from one occupation to another until I had found myself. It was after attending a minstrel show at the age of seven that I declared to our "hired girl" (she was my confidant) my intention of going upon the stage.

I wish that my first inspiration had been occasioned by a reading of Charlotte Cushman's, or a performance of Madame Modjeska in *As You Like It*. But it was not. Instead, a body of black-face artists, sitting in a half circle, awakened a responsive chord in my heart. Possibly if my early aspirations had been higher I might now be holding a loftier position in the theatre. But, at all events, I am a *part* of the theatre, and while I occasionally struggle to subdue a pen I do not feel that I am a writer who acts but an actress who writes. It must be so (outside of the opinion of reader and critic) since my instinct pointed toward the stage, and my inclinations were substantiated as—as we will see.

I started in with some ideals—which I still possess. I knew that art was beautiful. I was not so sure about labour being beautiful, and I thought I was fortunate in having hit upon a means of livelihood that would not only buy me blue satin, but be a sort of blue satin job from the beginning to the end of my career.

I still consider any one of the *beaux arts* a blue satin job, but it was not long before I was forced into laying so great stress on the word "job" that the colour somewhat faded out of the lustrous material. It was not only the work which was appalling, but the effort to get it. It was the waiting for hours in managers' offices—if I was lucky enough to squeeze in—one of fifty applicants for the same rôle. It was the refurbishing of garments that I might look successful and in no way in need of the engagement for which I was eagerly seeking. It was the bearing of the disappointment bravely when the office was cleared by the ruthless boy in charge with his nonchalant "everything filled." It was going out again the next morning on the same old rounds of visits, purse light, heart heavy, and sternly smiling.

I have no doubt but that this experience, in some form or other, is the portion of every labourer in every vineyard. And it is as well, perhaps, that the ordeal must be passed through, for the work, whether it is manual, official, or artistic, is so welcome when it is at last secured that any further working on the work is mild in comparison.

Yet it amazed me, in those earlier days, that the mental and physical effort continued when I began to prepare for and to play a part. There was the period of committing the rôle—those miserable hours of repeating phrases over and over like a multiplication table until no amount of stage fright could prevent them from being uttered—if I opened my mouth wide enough. There were those nights when, in going over my part at home, I had to decide positively what I was going to do in each scene: how I was going to pick up a book—how put it down. What we insert of spirit into a characterisation comes to us at rehearsal when we are all together, but the mechanics of a performance can best be planned out alone.

I think now that the first garnering of fruit from pure labour was the satisfaction in accomplishment. The relief when the lines were committed! The joy when I thought out the right "business" for the situation! The intoxication from being told by the director that I had, at last, sounded the right "note" in a scene! And since these rewards were reaped largely by mechanical effort, they can be the glad portion of the stenographer who has finished her letter, the bookkeeper who has found his bal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance, the expressman who has delivered his trunks.

I went on learning—and being surprised. I had thought, since I had suffered in the pursuit of my art and had agonised over the subduing of it, that the labour would now cease and the fun begin. I had not counted upon the days of apprehensive nervousness, the sickening terror of "quick changes," the horrors of stage fright, and, above all, the physical strain of exhibiting myself before a body of people. It takes vitality for a stevedore to load a boat, and it takes vitality to act. I should think it an essential in every walk of life—that bouncing quality which makes your customer believe—whatever wares you are dispensing—that you have the power to sell your goods, and that they must be good goods, or you, with all your ability, would not be bothering with them.

At the end of a few years I reviewed my blue satin job honestly—my easy job—my art. It was work all through from the acquiring to the acquitting of it! It "meant" to me a little money, and the satisfaction which comes with "something accomplished, something done to earn a night's repose." I was very proud of my art, but I was not so proud of myself. Laying aside the question of the limitations of talent, I knew that I could never be a leader among players, for I lacked the vitality not only to sustain a long rôle, but to drag a company, indifferently gifted, through a play. Above all, I could not see that the stage (that noblest of wide spaces) was bringing me the joy which such an institution should bring to those labouring within its confines. I feared I was a misfit.

I left the theatre. No walls crashed upon my departure. It went on as before. And I took to writing stories. That is, I took to writing stories when the telephone wasn't ringing, the cook was not asking "what's for dinner," there was no sale of hats advertised, or a pleasant *divertissement* in the way of a luncheon. I went on in this fashion for some time, my bewildered pen endeavouring to respond to my capricious wielding of it. It was all very nice, I was selling stories, but I was miserably unrestful.

I began looking at real authors, and asking respectfully how they worked. I found that they built up a story with a good deal of agony—as the actor works at the mechanics of a rôle; that they hated to reconstruct a sentence—hated the labour of it—as I hated to restudy a scene when I knew I was playing it from a wrong angle. Yet they doggedly kept at their task until they had expressed themselves as best they could. They even admitted a certain uneasiness as to the disposition of their wares which was analogous to the player's anxious seeking of an engagement.

Indeed, I found the two pursuits so similar, as far as mechanical endeavour was concerned, that I wondered why I was not as content with one as with another. At least I wondered until a wise old gentleman spoke of the serenity which sitting down to write at a regular hour always brought him; of the peace in being able to shut himself out from the world for a definite length of time each day; of the mental repose which followed the closing of his task at a certain hour.

And then I knew where I belonged—knew it was not at the desk, but in the theatre that I, personally, would find the great recompense for the daily task: rhythm! Since it is *my* career, I feel that there is more rhythm in the life of the theatre than in any other routine work. But surely it can be applied to all occupations. Even the trip down town and the trip up town could bring a restfulness that comes with the ordered life.

But the player, in particular, must be at his *devoir* at a certain hour. The make-up is put on in a certain fashion, the stepping onto the stage is at a moment which does not vary a half second throughout a long run. At the end of an act the scenery falls apart and a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new scene takes its place without confusion, the costumes are changed, a bell rings, and the drama slips along.

For three hours the player, while before the public, is absolutely isolated from it. There are no telephones, no cooks, no hats, and no luncheons to tease him away from his duty. When a man or woman carries a disturbed state of mind into the theatre and remains in that distressful condition throughout the performance, then it is occasioned by a grief which is not to be taken lightly. The trouble may be awaiting the player at the stage door, the mantle of sorrow again descend, but for a while the heart has been free from its smothering folds.

I would not feel that this exposition of my day's work would be worth the printing if it could not be applied to all means of livelihood. I do not touch upon success—that has nothing to do with steady occupation and the joys accruing from the steadiness. It is work, the *grind* of work, if you want to call it that, which counts. Even the grinding revolution of wheels has rhythm. And to be in rhythm is to swing with the spheres.

There are those who may cry out that their efforts have been fruitless, but effort is work, and surely unceasing striving must bring as rich fruition to the soul as defined accomplishment. I need not go on in this stumbling fashion, for William James has given to all of us who plod this fine summary:

"The world thus finds in its heroic man its worthy mate and match, and the effort which he is able to put forth to hold himself erect and keep his heart unshaken is the direct measure of his worth in the game of human life. He can *stand* this Universe. He can meet it and keep up his faith in it in presence of those same features which lay his weaker brethren low. He can still find a zest in it, not by 'ostrich-like forgetfulness,' but by pure inward willingness to face the world with those deterrent objects there. And hereby he becomes one of the masters and the lords of life. He must be counted with henceforth; he forms a part of human destiny."

The January paper in this series will be from Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

THIS AUTUMN'S POETRY*

BY JOYCE KILMER

HAVE the demands of the Suffrage campaign left the women of America no time for the peaceful occupation of rhyming? A survey of the publishers' lists this autumn indicates that this is the case. The books of verse and prose advance in an almost solidly masculine phalanx; on all the poetry now assembled upon this hospitable desk only two feminine names appear. The volumes thus distinguished shall receive, of course, the place of honour. Sara Teasdale's first book established her as the maker of that sort of exquisite passionate epigram of which the greatest modern master is A. E. Housman. There was delicate and true art on every page of *Helen of Troy and Other Poems;* it had none of the looseness of thought and structure which sometimes is evident in a young poet's first offering. Miss Teasdale's new book, *Rivers to the Sea,* is full of poetry more finely wrought than any she has written before, and, furthermore, it has the virtues of variety in form and thought, and of a wholesome and joyous inspiration. Some of Miss Teasdale's earlier work

*Rivers to the Sea. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Factories with Other Lyrics. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

Poems. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was almost ostentatiously tragic; the poet seemed to be a devotee of melancholy for melancholy's sake. Now she has discovered the important fact that joy is not without its literary value, and the result is that her new book will charm many more readers than its excellent, but depressing, predecessor. Some of Miss Teasdale's quatrains might be deft translations from the Greek Anthology; her accurate simplicity sometimes suggests Emily Dickinson; she is capable, at times, of expressing a passionate spirituality, but usually she is keenly and delightedly conscious of her own humanity. Now and then—all too rarely—she displays an elfin cynicism, as in these delicious lines, which were written for one of Dugald Walker's Pierrot pictures:

"Lady, light in the east hangs low,
Draw your veils of dream apart,
Under the casement stands Pierrot
Making a song to ease his heart.
(Yet do not break the song too soon—
I love to sing in the paling moon.)

The petals are falling, heavy with dew,
The stars have fainted out of the sky,
Come to me, come, or else I too,
Faint with the weight of love will die.
(She comes—alas, I hoped to make
Another stanza for her sake!.

The Factories with Other Lyrics might be, from its title, a book filled with "the poetry of social protest." Thank God, it is no such thing! It contains, indeed, several rhymed sallies against Child Labour and other evils which are accustomed to endure with equanimity the levelled lances of the modern bard, but for the most part the verses that fill it are expressions not of "social consciousness" but of poetic consciousness. Margaret Widdemer attempts to reproduce in words the music which she finds in city streets and country meadows, in war-troubled Europe, and in America, and in her own mind and heart and soul. Sometimes the music is marred because of her eagerness to utter it, but that eagerness is itself a proof of the authenticity of this poet's calling. Any one who can build so imposing a poetic edifice as "Jeanne d'Arc at Rheims," and put the same enthusiasm and skill into such gay and lovely lines as those which begin "Carnations and My First Love! And He was Seventeen" may confidently look forward to a comfortable place in the affections of all American poetry lovers.

At a place called Beaconsfield there lives a very large man named Gilbert K. Chesterton. He is big enough to be three men instead of one, and indeed it is possible to argue convincingly that he is three men—a brilliant essayist, a fantastic and accomplished novelist, and a poet. But the poet is bigger than the novelist and the essayist put together—the publication of an American edition of his *Poems* proves this to all of its readers who have not previously been convinced. Here is "Lepanto," the greatest War Poem written since Macaulay. Here are two of the most distinguished poems that have been written in England about the present War—"The Wife of Flanders" and "Blessed Are the Peacemakers." Here also are five or six absolutely magical love poems, and a group of Christmas carols worthy of a musical setting by Tallis or Christopher Tye. And of course there are also several of those admirable *Rhymes for the Times,* in which whimsical and highly amusing verse becomes the agent of crushing rebuke. And the ballades—who but the author of *Manalive* could invent such refrains as "I think I will not hang myself to-day" and "Will someone take me to a pub?" The Chestertonian verse, like the Chestertonian prose, is militantly Christian, militantly democratic, and militantly (it may be said) convivial. And also, like the Chestertonian prose, it is shot through and through with genius, as certain gorgeous Eastern robes are shot through with gold thread.

But Mr. Chesterton's book of poetry is a disastrous thing. Disastrous, that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is, to certain other volumes of verse which may happen to follow it in engaging the reader's attention. After Mr. Chesterton's sword-like lucidity, what possible excuse can be found for the existence of such a book as the *Collected Poems* of "A. E.," as Mr. George Russel chooses to call himself? Mr. Russel is an Irishman with a pretty talent for versification, and tremendous enthusiasm for the more obviously picturesque Hindu religious writings. He honestly believes that he is a mystic, a comparatively harmless delusion, except that it leads him to waste his time in trying to write about God, instead of about some subject with which he has the advantage of a slight acquaintance. But Mr. Russel's native Irish cleverness does not utterly desert him even when he is trying his hardest to be a swami, and his *Collected Works* are sure to be prized by his numerous English and American admirers, who care only for poetry which they cannot understand.

The least "mystical" and, in the opinion of many people, the most interesting of Maurice Maeterlinck's work is his lyric writing, the brief poems with which he has expressed his own personality more frankly than in his essays and plays. "Poems by Maurice Maeterlinck, done into English verse by Bernard Miall," show that it actually is possible for nearly all the excellencies of verse to be retained after it has been put into another language. Mr. Miall's verse is graceful and full of life, as well as faithful to its original. Students of Maeterlinck will value this little volume highly.

Maeterlinck and Verhaeren are the two Belgian writers whose names are most generally known outside the boundaries of their own heroic land. But Belgium *was*—and still *is*!—a nation of poets. Among the more distinguished of her contemporary men of letters is M. Émile Cammaerts, who has been resident in England for several months. His *Belgian Poems* have been rendered into English by his talented wife, and published in a volume which has for a frontispiece an interesting portrait of the poet by Vernon Hill. The poems have something of the quality of Pope's songs, they are so naïve and direct. Most of them throb with patriotism and fiery courage; they are proper literary pabulum for the men who held back the invaders during those first bloody days at Liège. But there is one of M. Cammaerts's poems which is so utterly modern in spirit that it is fit to set beside Herr Lissauer's "Hassengesang." It is one of the few great instances in modern literature of a poet's giving all his energy and skill in the service of the ancient passion of hate. M. Cammaerts calls it, with an irony of which Herr Lissauer's poem has no companion, "New Year's Wishes to the German Army":

I wish that every hour of life
May wound your heart.
I wish each step you take in strife
May burn your feet.
I wish that you may be both blind and deaf
Unto all lovely things,
That you may walk all day and night
Beneath a sky bereft of light,
Seeing no flowers in the fields,
Hearing no words, no bird's sweet song
To mind you of the wives and children left
Alone at home so long.
I wish the soil—our country's soil—
May open and become
A quicksand 'neath your ranks,
And that the streams—our country's streams—
May overflow their banks
And drown your hosts.
I wish your nights may poisoned be
By all our martyrs' ghosts,
That you may neither watch nor sleep,
But ever breathe the smell of blood
By our Holy Innocents shed.
I wish the ruins of our homes
May crash above your head,

Collected Poems. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Poems. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Done into English Verse by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Belgian Poems. By Emile Cammaerts. English Translation by Tits Brand-Cammaerts. New York: John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That your brain with anguish reel,
That doubt confound your rage,
That you may wander like lost beasts
Before the wild storm flying. . . .

I wish that you may live to feel
All we have suffered of late,
So that God may spare you the punishment
supreme—
His eternal vengeance and hate.

Mr. Stephen Phillips is before us this season in two guises—as a dramatic poet, and as a plain poet. The second of these rôles is the more successful. *Armageddon* is called a "modern epic drama." This description is correct in only one respect, that is, it is modern. It deals, indeed, with the greatest of contemporary events, and it may be that the patriotism of the London playgoer is so intense as to blind him to the trite sensationalism and crude bombast of this attempt to make poetic drama out of the conflict between Germany and civilisation. But it is not pleasant to find a man of Stephen Phillips's genius committing such a flagrant piece of journalism as *Armageddon,* and it is a relief to find Stephen himself again in *Panama and Other Poems.* This volume contains that statuesque blank verse narrative *The Quest of Haidee,* a curious blend of Byron and Coventry Patmore; it contains also "A Woman to Shakespeare," "Semele," "Lear on the Heath," and other examples of this true poet's majestically phrased and austerely rich verse.

But although *Armageddon* is a failure, we must not forget that it is by the man who wrote *Paola and Francesca, Herod,* and *Ulysses.* Mr. Stephen Phillips is above all a master of poetic drama, a form of composition which recieves too little attention from the hurried poets of our time. One of the very few contemporary writers who excel in this difficult form is an American, Mr. Thomas Walsh, whose *The Pilgrim Kings* is a book of this season by no means destined to die with this season. "Greco Paints His Masterpiece," "Greco's Last Judgment," "The Maids of Honour," and "Goya in the Cupola" are poetic dialogues in which the very soul of Spain is revealed in all its ancient splendour. The rich pageantry of these poems makes the reader long to see them presented on the stage with the aid of some master of scenic decoration like Reinhardt, and their faithful and sympathetic portrayal of the qualities which made Spain's greatness makes it easy to understand why Seville, as well as New York, has recognised their author's service to letters. Also Mr. Walsh gives us, especially in the title poem, and in "At the Manger's Side," poems that suggest the devout classics of Crashaw and Francis Thompson, while in "Sunset Balconies" and "The Birth of Pierrot" he manifests as gracious and delicate a lyric touch as Austin Dobson himself. *The Pilgrim Kings* is the work of an artist, and (what is more important) of an artist with a great and sane philosophy of life.

The *Evening Sun,* a paper notorious for its flirtations with the muses, now rejoices in possessing upon its staff two full-fledged poets. The full fledging was accomplished by the publication of Mr. Don Marquis's *Dreams and Dust,* and Mr. Dana Burnet's *Poems.* Mr. Marquis has exhibited in his famous Sun Dial column his power to turn deft and amusing rhymes on topics of the day; in the book now under consideration he has included only his more serious poems. It cannot be doubted that these poems were written, all of them, in response to an actual poetic urge, rather than merely for the sake of writing; if there ever were such a thing as inspiration, it is evident in "The Tavern of Despair" and "Silvia." When some discerning anthologist brings together a collection of poems about New York, he

Armageddon: A Modern Epic Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

Panama and Other Poems. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

The Pilgrim Kings. By Thomas Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Dreams and Dust. By Don Marquis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must give the place of honour to Mr. Marquis's "From the Bridge," which is the most vivid reflection of the City ever caught by a verbal mirror.

Mr. Dana Burnet's *Poems* evidently are the work of a young man. This is not said in censure; indeed, the fine flavour of youthful adventure gives this book its chief charm. Of course Mr. Burnet takes himself entirely too seriously; so did John Keats. If young men did not take themselves too seriously there would be no introspective poetry. The long narrative "Gayheart" will leave most readers cold, whatever warmth went to its making, but it must be a steady pulse indeed that is not stirred by the strong rhythms of "The Battle of Liège" and "The Sack of Old Panama." There is music in every stanza that Mr. Burnet has written, music and colour and noble passion. If he does not become a famous poet, then his first book is a liar.

Rupert Brooke's brief and beautiful life has already been the subject of comment in these pages. The publication of his rather unfortunately named *Poems and 1914* makes it clear that the young lieutenant, who now lies buried in a grove of olive trees on the Ægean Sea, was that phenomenon increasingly rare in English poetry, a genius. And yet the war which killed him did also the greatest of services to him and to letters, it caused the sudden and amazing flower of his genius. The English universities have turned out many young revolutionary æsthetes capable of writing any of Rupert Brooke's ante-bellum poems, but no other poet of our generation could write—or at any rate has written—sonnets equal to those grouped under the title "1914" (nineteen-fourteen).

A large volume could be filled (it is to be hoped that it never will be!) with answers to, and parodies on, the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. But of all these outgrowths of Fitzgerald's masterly essay in creative translation, only one seems hardy enough to be a perennial. That is Dr. Conde Benoist Pallen's *The New Rubaiyat*. These colourful quatrains, as deft as Fitzgerald's own, and freighted with truth instead of sophistry, reappear in Dr. Pallen's *Collected Poems*. There, too, may be read the poems which are the results of Dr. Pallen's understanding, but not always sympathetic, study of Tennyson, notable among them being "The Feast of Thalarchus." There are also many beautifully wrought sonnets, and several lyrics of irresistible charm, among which "A Fable for Lydia" stands out by reason of its grace and power.

Mr. Arthur Guiterman and Sir Owen Seaman are the two supreme masters of light verse now before the public. Mr. Guiterman's *The Laughing Muse* (why did his publishers choose so banal a title?) is a delight; a book to give thanks for rather than to criticise. Mr. Guiterman is both artist and humourist; if you dislike his book you must dislike also W. S. Gilbert and Lewis Carroll. Here, for example, is a poem that is as surely a classic as is "The Wreck of the Hesperus":

STRICTLY GERM-PROOF

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambolled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised;—
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hot-bed of Disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

Poems. By Dana Burnet. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Poems and 1914. By Rupert Brooke. New York: John Lane Company.

The Laughing Muse. By Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Collected Poems. By Conde Benoist Pallen. New York: P. J. Kennedy and Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a 'pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

EYE WITNESSES OF THE WAR*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THESE books were all written by people who have themselves looked War in the face, have stared into his very eyes, and, coming back, have tried to picture him as he is. And in making the portrait each one has unconsciously drawn something of the lineaments of his, or her, own mind and soul. But, notwithstanding the dominating force of temperament which has impelled each one to look from a different angle of vision, there are important points of agreement which seem to make clear some definite things in the midst of all the hellish uproar. In all the books one sees, blooming out of the blood and fire and iron, spiritual qualities more precious for the race than the lives that have been spilt. And one sees these beautiful blooms springing up by the side of the most horrible and debasing actions, perhaps in the same person. In all the books one sees how quickly and easily brotherly interest and love can take the place of murderous hate. And finally, among all these scribes there is recognition of the democracy of these battle lines, such democracy as war has never before known, indeed, as Europe has never known, such democracy as makes one hope that out of it will come a wonderful breaking down of caste and privilege.

"FIGHTING FRANCE"

Like sunlight outside a stained glass window, Mrs. Wharton's absorbing book illuminates for her countrymen the figure of France at war. It is a book to be thankful for, a book that no one

*Fighting France. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

My Year of the Great War. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Five Fronts: On the Firing-Lines with English, French, Austrian, German, and Russian Troops. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

With the Russian Army: Being the Experiences of a National Guardsman. By Robert R. McCormick. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Four Weeks in the Trenches: The War Story of a Violinist. By Fritz Kreisler. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

With the German Armies in the West. By Sven Hedin. Authorized Translation by H. G. de Walterstorff. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

Men, Women, and War. By Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Soul of the War. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

A Journal of Impressions in Belgium. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In a French Hospital: Notes of a Nurse. By M. Eydoux-Demains. Translated by Betty Yeomans. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Irish Nuns at Ypres: An Episode of the War. By D. M. C. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Introduction by John Redmond. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can afford to miss who wants to understand the full significance of the part that France is taking in the conflict. She remarks, near the end of a chapter containing the account of her visit along the firing-line in Northern France, that to leave the front was like coming down from the mountains. So one feels, upon closing her book, that it is like coming out of a great cathedral. And yet it is merely a simply told, realistic narrative of the things observed by a writer with the seeing eye in the daily life of the French people, both the civilians at home and the soldiers at the front.

The first chapter tells how Paris met the beginning of the war and the last one tells how all France is facing the present stage of the struggle. The intermediate sections describe the trips the author has taken to the battle front, into and through the first line trenches, from Ypres to Alsace. These chapters, except for their occasional graphic descriptions of the havoc wrought in French fields and villages and cities, pay slight attention to the horrors of the conflict. Everywhere Mrs. Wharton is more interested in the man behind the gun and the spirit that moves him than in the gun's achievement. Here is one of the things that her eyes, so well trained and so capable in the study of human beings, see in "fighting France"; "The French people no more think of a compromise than people would think of facing a flood or an earthquake with a white flag."

"MY YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR"

Something of that more potent appeal of the spoken over the written word Mr. Palmer has managed to infuse into these very graphic pages. For reading them is much like listening to the lively dramatic narrative of a man telling of his experiences and living them over again as he talks. It is the narrative of a man who has gone about with an eager eye constantly searching his surroundings, with mind and heart warmly responsive to every appeal to thought and feeling. Straining through that judicial weighing of motives, casting up of accounts, and comparing of national or personal endowments and temperaments which his sense of fairness is always imposing upon him, one feels constantly the quick recognition of high quality and the keen personal interest in the adventure for its own sake. Just as the talker by the fireside putting ardent life into his tale uses more words than may be necessary, so Mr. Palmer's eager interest sometimes leads him into indulgence in excessive verbiage. But his book, as a whole, is wonderfully vivid and informing. He was selected by Lord Kitchener as the only American war correspondent to go to the British Headquarters in France and for a long time he was the only American correspondent permitted to visit the British lines. His volume is not, however, an account of battles. It is rather a series of pictures of Europe embattled. He shows us now a glimpse of Germany at war, now of Lorraine smiling among her ruins, again of Belgium in her rags, sullen and smoldering, or of life in the trenches, or with the British battle fleet.

"FIVE FRONTS"

Mr. Dunn has a cheerful, and somewhat scornful, skepticism for the war correspondence that is obtained by getting into and remaining in the good graces of generals and messing with them at headquarters. He feels sure that the only way to "come close to the realities of war" and get information that is worth its postage is "to mingle afoot with peasantry and troopers." That is the way he took, and it makes his book one of unique value as an eye-witness report of how war looks to the men who are merely "cannon fodder." His method, and it is a method which gives a peculiar quality, at once personal and dramatic, to his narrative, is to embody the significance of a scene or an action in the individuality and the acts of some one person who stood out strongly before him at the time.

First he is with the English army in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France and his description of the retreat from Mons, the battle of the Marne, and other events of those September days is a simply told, practical narrative in which is mingled almost as much of comedy as of the more tragic features. Thence he goes into the Carpathians and interprets for American readers the spell of the war-god as it rested upon northern Austria. The retreat from Przemysl and Servia as a "glorious catacomb" next receives his attention. Afterward the battle lines of the Germans in Flanders and of the Russians in Bukowina complete the "five fronts" upon which he studied and pictured the great war with peculiar sensitiveness to its human aspects and a notable faculty for writing of them in concise English that sinks into one's mind and refuses to be forgotten.

"WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY"

Mr. McCormick went to the headquarters of the Russian army as, in a way, the guest of Grand Duke Nicholas, and not as war correspondent, although he had permission to send correspondence to America. In consequence, his book strikes a very different note from that of most of the eye-witness books of the war. It is strongly personal and has much to say of the various individuals, the Grand Duke and others, with whom he was associated. There are chapters describing Warsaw before its capture, a trip through Galicia, and a visit to the fortress of Ossowetz. One chapter, devoted to the military history of the war, draws especial attention to the strategic part the Russian army has played in the conflict by drawing off the German forces at critical moments in the West. A chapter on "Modern Fortifications," based on the information Mr. McCormick obtained from Russian forts and officers, makes an exposition of the principles of the science of building fortifications. An appendix summarises the history of the events leading up to the war and another derives some "lessons for America from Great Britain's shortcomings in this war." The volume is copiously illustrated from photographs and has several maps and diagrams.

"WITH THE GERMAN ARMIES IN THE WEST"

So transparently honest and naïve is Dr. Sven Hedin in his single-heartedness that he does not know when he damages his own case. For from first page to last his book is a special plea, ardently presented, for the German side. It tells, with the utmost amount of detail, the story of his two months' sojourn last fall with the German armies in the Western field of battle. He spent a good deal of time at headquarters, passed through Belgium, stayed for some days at Antwerp immediately after its fall, was at Ostend during the bombardment, and saw much at various places along the front, although he rarely penetrated to the actual fighting line. He was always the guest of German officers and consequently he saw nothing that they did not wish him to see. When he left Sweden in September to start upon the tour he was already an ardent pro-German sympathiser and his devotion to the Teutonic cause apparently grew more and more absorbing with each day that he spent with the German army. He applauds or justifies everything it has done, even to the burning of Louvain, he devoutly believes Kaiser Wilhelm to be the greatest man of modern times and one of the greatest of all history, the German cause to be entirely righteous, and the German race the coming rulers of the world. And he loses no opportunity throughout the volume to preach this gospel. The book is peculiarly interesting psychologically because of the author's complete obsession, so thorough-going that he can see nothing else. As a war-book it has a very considerable interest and value by reason of its million minute observations, incidents, and anecdotes dealing with the life of the troops, of the overrun regions, and the happenings in the rear of the army. It is fully illustrated from photographs and drawings by the author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES"

It is such books as this slender little volume of less than a hundred pages by the world-famous violinist, Fritz Kreisler, that show in the highest degree the monstrous, stupid waste of war, and, at the same time, the spiritual gifts it brings in its bloody hands. His account of how he rejoined the Austrian colours as a lieutenant, of the scenes and circumstances attending mobilisation and the march into Galicia, the first encounters with the Russians, the life of the two armies facing each other in trenches only a few yards apart, and the series of retreating engagements known as the battle of Lemburg is a most intimate, touching, human little story. The narrative is all the more interesting because it is that of a man of education and artistic gift and training who chronicles the reaction of such a temperament to conditions of war. He does much thinking about the effects these conditions have upon him and tells of it in a lucid, simple way. He makes the interesting little incidents of the march, the battle, and the trench throw light on the awful riddle of war. Curiously interesting also is the account of how he made his musically trained ear of service in war because it enabled him to locate the enemy's batteries by the sound of their shells.

"MEN, WOMEN, AND WAR"

In the preface of his little book of less than two hundred pages, Mr. Irwin endeavours to make the reader understand how difficult it is to write coherently about the war. "The thing," he says, "is vast beyond all human conception; and it is covered by mists of secrecy. We see merely a glimpse here and there, and with each glimpse comes such a rush of emotions and impressions that we fail through sheer despair of recording them all." The sentence indicates with what a poignant sense of failure any eye-witness must look upon his work after he has striven with all his strength and skill to make his readers see what he saw, feel what he felt. But Mr. Irwin need not feel unduly discouraged, for, while he does not record the scenes of much actual fighting, he does make one feel the spirit of the fighting nations. In the first chapter he tells with great good humour the somewhat famous adventure of himself and three other American newspaper correspondents, who tried to investigate a battle in a taxicab and were captured by the Germans. Several of his chapters mingle a very little of war observation with much discussion of war in the abstract and of the meaning of this war to the nations engaged and to America.

"THE SOUL OF THE WAR"

Comprehensive in its human scope, profoundly compassionate and pitilessly revealing, Philip Gibbs's brilliant and stirring book deserves high rank among the many volumes which have endeavoured to picture to the world at home the unveiled face of war. He is not at all concerned with strategy or tactics or with any but the purely human phases of battle. As the representative with a roving commission of the London *Daily Chronicle,* he went hither and yon in Belgium and France, observing, comparing, thinking, talking with men and women, officers and privates, rich and poor, peasants and city people, criminals and nuns, soldiers and children. And then, selecting, combining, fusing, he shows you a thousand views of the Thing called War, each one full of interest, each one different from all the rest, and each one weighty with its own special kind of heart break. Mr. Gibbs has always a capable pen, but in this book, so deeply moved has he been himself, he writes with a stirring and impressive eloquence. His vivid pages and his mood of grim, protesting horror can hardly fail to haunt the reader for many days.

"A JOURNAL OF IMPRESSIONS IN BELGIUM"

May Sinclair had a busy and thrilling seventeen days in Belgium, and the im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressionistic account of them which she gives in this book is surely one of the most curious records of war experience of all the many that have been written. For, in the first place, it is instinct with temperament and, in the second, it applies to the portraying of experiences with a Field Ambulance Corps the method of the analytical, psychological novelist. In consequence, the author manages, after the first pages, to keep the reader in a state of tense expectancy. For he never knows when he will stumble upon some horrific fact, left lying small and inconsequent in a field of waving sensations and impressions, fully analysed and described. She goes through it all, the fighting, the gathering up of the wounded from the battle field, the being driven from city to city by the oncoming German hosts, with a little wry smile at the corner of her mouth, usually at herself, but rarely failing to find some humour in a situation or in the temperaments of her associates. It is evident, finally, that she went, or was sent, home at the end of seventeen days because she was unable to endure the horrors that must be witnessed. British determination to appear unmoved no matter what happens has never had a more interesting illustration than this "Journal" by Miss Sinclair.

"IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL"

These "notes of a nurse" have the value that comes from the first-hand observations of scenes and persons set down simply, with no effort to do anything but make a truthful report of what happened. The effect of the little book is much as if one stood outside the hospital and looked in through its windows. It is the Hospital of St. Dominic, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and the time described is the first four months of the war. The nurse who writes the "notes" has five brothers at the front and the sister under whose direction she works is the daughter of a general and has three brothers on the fighting line. The nurse takes us with her on her rounds, describes her patients, and tells many a little tale of patience, devotion, and heroism, sometimes of the wounded, sometimes of their friends. And it is all written with that delightful simplicity, clarity, and sincerity which seem to be the birthright of every French pen.

"THE IRISH NUNS AT YPRES"

At Ypres was, until last year, a community of Irish nuns whose Royal Benedictine Abbey had been in existence for almost two hundred and fifty years. During that time Ypres had been subjected more than once to bombardment and attack and the sisters had known suffering and danger, but never until last fall had they been driven from their home. One of their number tells in this little book with simplicity and charming naïveté the story, from the point of view of the enclosed nuns, of the coming of the German army, of its retreat, and the recapture of the town by the Allies and then of the bitter and long continued bombardment in the midst of which the Irish nuns had finally to break their enclosure and flee for safety. A fortnight later several of them, braving the utmost of hardships, privations, and dangers, came back, like homing birds, through the rain of shells to take a last look at their beloved Abbey.

To the January BOOKMAN *Mr. Gamaliel Bradford will contribute the second of his papers on American Literary Portraits. This paper will deal with Walt Whitman.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"SECRET HISTORY"

PROBABLY the most comprehensive opinion in compressed form that has yet been made regarding the new volume by the Williamsons entitled *Secret History,* was a remark recently overheard in private conversation, "How wonderful it is that anybody could write such a long and interesting book about nothing at all!" For that is precisely the sum and substance of this volume. It ambles amiably along, it covers abundant space, from United States to Mexico, from Mexico to England, from England to the battlefields of Europe. It toys with diplomatic secrets and it sports with elusive submarines and aeroplanes. And yet, when a conscientious reviewer attempts to lay his finger upon any vital issue, he finds himself grasping empty space. But if something more explicit by way of analysis must be given it may as well take some such form as this:

If Lady Peggy O'Malley, at the mature age of seventeen, had not become tired of being treated as a small child, and in consequence decided to pawn some personal possessions and buy herself a really grown-up party dress, she probably would never have met Captain Eagleston March of the United States Army. In that case, neither would her older sister Diana, a born flirt with a keen outlook for matrimonial advantages, have met and amused herself with him. But, because of that party dress, the two sisters, the Captain, and his superior officer, Major Van Dyke, presently find themselves in a curious and unpleasant entanglement, the older sister, half frightened at her audacity in playing off against each other the suitor with money and the suitor she loves; the younger sister, breaking her heart because of her hero's unhappiness; and the two men, rapidly approaching a point where military discipline is forgotten and primordial instincts come to the surface. Just how a diabolical plot conceived during the most strained period of the Vera Cruz crisis, results in tricking the captain into giving orders to fire across the Mexican border; how the Major ingeniously clears himself and a court martial results in the Captain's compulsory resignation from the service; how Diana, in consequence, brings herself to marry for money instead of love; and how little Lady Peggy vows that she will dedicate her life to her hero's vindication, are matters much better handled by the authors than any mere reviewer can possibly handle them; they even take on, for the time being, a certain semblance of importance. Of course, the moment that the scene shifts to European battlefields, we foresee just what is going to happen. It is Ouida's *Under Two Flags* all over again, supplemented by the modern paraphernalia of airships, wireless, and antiseptic dressings. The deeply wronged Captain March reappears as a certain mysterious Monsieur Mars, a peerless aviator whose miraculous flights change the destiny of nations, and whose crippled body is nursed back to health by the valiant little heroine just when the greatest surgeons in the Allied Armies have given him up for dead. For the comfort of

*Secret History. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Ten Degrees Backward. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Beltane the Smith. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: The Houghton, Mifflin Company.

The Stirrup Latch. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Bachelors. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reader who likes this type of fiction, let him be assured that there is plenty more of it which limited space makes it impossible to epitomise in further detail.

"TEN DEGREES BACKWARD"

It is the fate of some men and women, perhaps because of education and environment, perhaps because of tardy awakening, to miss the best things of life in their youth and suddenly discover when two score years or more have passed, that they are just learning the possibilities of real happiness. In *Ten Degrees Backward,* Ellen Thornycroft Fowler takes up such a situation and considers what would happen if a middle-aged bachelor should attempt to reverse the hands of life's dial and make up for the lost opportunities of youth. Sir Reginald Kingsnorth has reached the mature age of forty-five without ever having given a serious thought to any woman, excepting his older sister Annabelle, who had "always made up his mind for him about everything." But suddenly an old college friend, dying in Australia, leaves alone in the world twin children, a boy and a girl, who presently arrive in Sir Reginald's native village as wards of the vicar; and between them they inject into his prosaic bachelor existence a new joy of living. These two, Frank and Fay, at the age of eighteen, are a pair of healthy young iconoclasts with scant respect for tradition and convention, but with a buoyancy of temperament that reacts healthily upon Sir Reginald, who through all these years has not really grown old, but has merely stood still. Perhaps the highest tribute to be paid to the author of this volume is to say that she has succeeded in painting convincingly one of those rare cases where youth and middle-age may mate with a fair prospect of happiness; for with all her blithe spirits Fay is wise beyond her years, while Sir Reginald still has the physical and mental elasticity of his boyhood. At least he has it in all things but one: he is mentally blind to the defects of his sister Annabelle. Here is a character so clearly, so insistently, one might almost say so cruelly delineated, that the reader at times actually suffers from his sense of impotence to interfere and tell her a few plain truths. She is not merely a literal minded person; she is literal-mindedness personified. When she is pouring tea and Fay sympathetically remarks that it is "too bad the tea trickled down the tea-pot's chin," she says, seriously, "My dear, you misunderstood me, we were speaking of tea-pots, and they don't have chins." And this sort of logic reduced to an absurdity is the burden of every remark she makes, recurring a dozen times on a page. It is a triumph of character painting, the sort of thing Jane Austen would have rejoiced in had she had a stronger vein of malice in her,—but the reader doesn't stop to think of the literary art; he thinks only, as the author meant he should, of the daily misery of having to live with such a person. And that is precisely the misery which the short-sighted Sir Reginald inflicts upon Fay. He thinks he is doing the kindest thing in the world in arranging to have his sister remain at home after his marriage; she has always managed him so completely that he doesn't see why she can't proceed to manage Fay with similar success, and he is quite sure that the two women are bound to love each other as tenderly as he loves them both. Naturally, there is only one way in which such a situation can result, and that is fiasco and a general break-up. And the only thing that the lover of good fiction is likely to regret is that the author should have caught the contagion of that general epidemic prevalent in the English novel of to-day and have found a solution of the whole entanglement in the battlefields of Europe.

"BELTANE THE SMITH"

In his latest volume, *Beltane the Smith,* Jeffery Farnol forsakes the semi-modern environment of his earlier novels and frankly proclaims himself a disciple of that school begotten by *The Forest Lovers* of Maurice Hewlett. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you happen to like the type you will probably concede that it is rather well done, certainly the author's best piece of work since *The Broad Highway*. There is a certain engaging audacity about it, a certain implied challenge to the reader, as much as to say, "I dare you to be incredulous, for my tax upon your credulity has only just begun." Beltane, when first we meet him, is a lonely blacksmith, living in the depths of the forest with only one near neighbour, the pious hermit Ambrose. Mere smith though he is, he has ventured to raise his eyes to Helen, Duchess of Mortain; and she, knowing no more of his lineage than he himself, is ready at a word to relinquish lands and title and follow him the world over. In point of fact, Beltane is only son of one who was once the overlord of all the dukes and nobles for miles around, but who, believing his wife false, slew his own brother and went into a forest exile where as the Hermit Ambrose he still does penance. A certain Duke Ivo, who has usurped his rule, has for years been laying waste the land, plundering towns, and inflicting nameless cruelties upon the peasantry. And at last, Beltane the Smith, having been told something of his ancestry, goes forth single-handed to recover his lost possessions and inflict due punishment on the usurper. How with no help but his father's sword he one by one turns enemies into friends and gathers a mighty following that eventually wins for him every coveted prize not excepting the Duchess Helen, makes a tale such as only a professed writer of the romantic school could rehearse either in full or abbreviated length. It demands that particular artistry of words, that deliberate affectation of semi-archaic phrasing, that inimitable stage setting of the mythical days of chivalry, in order to get just the right glamour and colour tone to make the thing seem convincing. One more requisite and perhaps the most important: the reader should be young, quite young,—and preferably in love. Under such happy combination of circumstances, this volume will no doubt be voted a really quite exceptional and wonderful tale. But, if the illusion is to last, don't read it again twenty years later.

"THE FORTUNES OF GARIN"

In a general way it may be presumed that the latest novel by Mary Johnston, *The Fortunes of Garin,* will appeal to the same public that enjoys the foregoing tale by Jeffery Farnol. But to readers of real discrimination there is a certain not easily defined and yet rather important distinction. Miss Johnston has always, by deliberate choice, laid her scenes in the distant past and in lands made dim by distance; yet she has, at the same time, enough of the realist in her to see and to make the reader see characters of real flesh and blood, closely akin in their desires, their joys and griefs, to ourselves. And so between the mysticism of a Jeffery Farnol, amid his forest outlaws of legendary Britain, and the clear-eyed actualities of a Mary Johnston, among the troubadours of twelfth century France, there is an intangible but none the less rather wide gulf. At the same time, it should be pointed out that with all her technical skill Miss Johnston is not quite at her ease in this new story. That she has saturated herself with the land and the period of her setting is obvious; but one feels that she wears the cloak of her new knowledge with a certain self-consciousness,—it is too lately assumed to set as naturally as that older habit which she donned when writing her earlier tales. None the less, to those who know and love their France, there is something contagious in the very background of the present tale, in the mellow lights on southern field and woodland, of ancient abbeys and crumbling castle walls. As for the specific story, one must grant that it is a brave enough tale for those who like the sort, albeit it suffers somewhat from trespassing rather closely on ground already pre-empted by Hewlett's *Richard Yea-and-Nay*. But at least none can gainsay the fact that its opening promises well. It happens that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Garin of the title, not yet a knight but only a simple squire, is journeying homeward to advise with his brother as to taking holy orders when, in a field, he sees a young girl, brown of face and limb, apparently a mere peasant, struggling in the ungentle grasp of a stranger clad in knightly armour. Garin interferes and after a spirited fight in which the stranger is rather roughly handled, leaves him ignominiously bound by his own bridle to a convenient tree. Now it happens that the young stranger whom Garin has so ungently used is the only son of his master's over-lord,—in consequence of which Garin's only hope for his life lies in temporary exile. But it also happens that the brown little shepherdess whom he befriended is of equally exalted rank; and the weakest aspect of the story lies in the fact that the final romantic outcome is a little too obvious from the start.

"THE STIRRUP LATCH"

The Stirrup Latch, by Sidney McCall, will probably appeal to a certain circle of readers in a number of different ways. It is pleasantly redolent of the semi-tropical fragrance and verdure of the Southern States; it still represents the lingering traditions of high breeding and openhearted hospitality of the days before the war; and it abounds in characters each and all of whom are unmistakable and enjoyable types while at the same time they are equally unmistakable individuals. What the author has attempted to do, however, is something more than merely to study types: she has wished to contrast opposite methods of education and training, the old time indolent Southern method and the modern ways of the outside world, and to compare the opposite results. At the opening of the story, Ciceley has been for many years a widow with the responsibility of two grown daughters on her hands. During his life her husband dominated her utterly; since his death, the two daughters have carried on the same dominating process until she is a faded, prematurely old, heart-broken little woman and the girls arrogant, self-willed, and thoroughly spoiled. The only outsider who has watched this process with understanding eyes and impotent anger is faithful old Jim Roy, who began loving Ciceley even before her unfortunate marriage and who would gladly marry her now excepting for a foolish quarrel during which she goaded him into vowing he would never ask her again till he saw her on her knees before him. Now in the midst of this deadlock Ciceley's cousin, Julia Preston, returns from England with her grown son, whom she has been wise enough to educate in a more modern atmosphere than that of a little backwater Confederate town. Older in actual years than Ciceley, Julia has kept herself, in appearance and in spirit, almost as young as her cousin's daughters; and being as observant as she is sane-minded, she sizes up the situation quite promptly, hunts up her good old friend Jim,—for whom she has secretly always entertained a certain tender affection,—and conspires with him to arouse her cousin from premature self-effacement and save the two girls from being hopelessly spoiled. The rest of the story is merely a chronicle of the ingenious methods she adopts, their gradual effectiveness and final crowning triumph. Altogether, it is a placid and wholesome little tale, rather well handled, with a good deal of humour as well as tenderness worked into its fabric.

"THE BACHELORS"

The Bachelors, by William Dana Orcutt, is on the surface a pleasant story of social life among men and women of culture and refinement whose position in the world is such that they have no need to take care for the morrow as to what they shall eat or wherewithal they shall be clothed. But in point of fact the volume goes a good deal deeper than this. It deals specifically with a group of bachelors, all Harvard men, who after a lapse of many years have once more come together on the occasion of their twentieth reunion. And the real sig-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nificance of the work, as a picture of what a Harvard education stands for, first in the eyes of undergraduates and secondly in the eyes of men who have rubbed elbows with the stern facts of life for a second score of years, is given by the author quite concisely in the course of the fourth chapter in a brief dialogue which is opened by one of the graduates who defends the fact of his having dropped out of sight on the ground that in his class he had been a nonentity: "Your class-mates courted your acquaintance, and the four years at Cambridge meant something to you. To me they meant nothing except what I learned in the classrooms. You as an alumnus owe all that you say to the Class and to the Alma Mater, for both gave you much; I owe them nothing, for they gave me nothing." Hereupon his classmate undertakes to set him right.

> The college world is a small one, and its citizens are young, untried boys. They are sometimes selfish and cruel and unreasonable without meaning it, while they are enjoying what is to most of them their first freedom, and they are trying to conduct themselves like full-grown men. There are heart-burns which at the time seem tragedies. Then the undeveloped citizens of this little world, the biggest of them, pass out into the great world, for which the college life is only a training school, and become infinitesimal parts of it. There the ratio becomes readjusted. What seemed essentials—like the clubs, for instance, or athletics—become non-essentials as the men look back upon them; become simply pleasant memories of delightful companionship. The next few years represent the real trying-out period, and each member of the Class measures up his fellow members by what they have done since college. The mere fact of being members of the same Class is the bond.

There are a good many vivid portraits, drawn with an assured touch, of men as well as of women, in the course of this narrative, which is unfolded with an assured ease that marks an advance on Mr. Orcutt's previous work; and here and there are fine little touches of irony which betray the fact that he is enjoying his task quite as much as his readers enjoy the result. But outside of an inner university circle the more subtle message of the book is likely to be missed,—and that is why it seemed here worth while to lay especial emphasis upon just one aspect.

"THE EXTRA DAY"

The Extra Day, by Algernon Blackwood, is not a novel, scarcely a sustained narrative. Its general scope can be most conveniently conveyed by the following opening line:

> Judy, Tim, and Maria were just little children. It was impossible to say exactly what their ages were, except that they were just the usual age, that Judy was the eldest, Maria the youngest, and that Tim, accordingly, came in between the two.

Yet to a reader unversed in the special gifts of Mr. Blackwood this opening paragraph would convey practically nothing of the richness, the variety, the sympathetic discernment of its contents. Far beyond the ordinary run of men and women, he has been privileged to retain in maturity much of the child spirit,—a comprehension of childhood's dreams and aspirations, of all sorts of delightfully impossible visions, living day dreams whose chief charm, to children, is the vivid reality of them combined at the same time with a certain unwilling consciousness of self-deception. Mr. Blackwood extracts fairy lore from the most prosaic everyday material; none the less, they are just as elusive and intangible as those spun from gossamer and moonbeams. No critic has the right to do him so poor a service as to attempt to unravel and reweave these phantasies of his, yet none should be so remiss in his duty to the reading public as to fail to point out that however well we may think we understand the working of the childhood mind there is perhaps something vital still to be learned from the pages of Mr. Blackwood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A. J. Balfour's "Theism and Humanism"*

Since the Gifford Lectures at the University of Glasgow are limited to the subject of "natural religion," Mr. Balfour, whose profoundly interesting volume contains the substance of the series delivered by him last year, has been obliged to omit from his argument some obvious doctrinal considerations. He aims to take, not the theological or the metaphysical or the scientific, but the "plain man's" point of view, to expound "the creed of common sense." He emphasises the "inevitable" beliefs accepted by all men in practice, even if criticised in theory. The essential question to be answered is what these beliefs imply. You may call them "facts" or "phenomena" or what you like, they may vary from age to age, but science and history alike have to assume them. No one, from Hume to Spencer, has really succeeded in ignoring them. They may be in a sense incapable of explanation, but their existence is indubitable. The point is, as Mr. Balfour says, "whether the course of development, whose last known stages these beliefs represent, can be regarded as a merely naturalistic process without doing damage to their credit." His contention is that they cannot be so regarded, that "if the only alternative to Naturalism be Theism, as from the common-sense standpoint it certainly is, then the effect of my argument, for those who accept it, will be to link up a belief in God with all that is, or seems, most assured in knowledge, all that is, or seems, most beautiful in art or nature, and all that is, or seems, most noble in morality." In other words, the answer of nature, of æsthetics, of ethics, is the same.

Science, scoffing at religion, has always asked for its own hypotheses an implicitness of faith which it denies to religious creeds. Much the scientist calls truth is only assumption. The way in which he has at one time and another been compelled to discard hypotheses once somewhat arrogantly stated should teach him humility. The modern idea of seeking religion through psychology is not in itself more plausible than the archæological or historical method. The argument from design in the hands of the Paleyites may seem crude and clumsy enough. But is the argument from selection essentially more logical? There is an obvious gap between the physical world and the mind and soul of man which mechanical materialism cannot bridge. "Grant," says Mr. Balfour, "that the inorganic world, considered in and for itself, does not suggest contrivance; grant that the contrivance which the organic world does undoubtedly suggest may in great part be counterfeit—there still remains a vast residue of fact quite recalcitrant to merely physical explanation. . . . The choice, therefore, is not between two accounts of the universe, each of which may conceivably be sufficient. The mechanical account is not sufficient. It doubly fails to provide a satisfactory substitute for design." It asks us to believe in mere hazard as an explanation, and then has to admit that it is insufficient. "We must assume . . . an infinitely improbable accident, and, when we have assumed it, we are still unprovided with an explanation."

It would be impossible in a brief notice to follow in detail an argument so closely woven as Mr. Balfour's. Both æsthetics and ethics confirm the existence of God. Our æsthetic emotions, which are intrinsically contemplative, do not

*Theism and Humanism: The Gifford Lectures for 1914. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lead to action which has survival value. "They form no part of the *quasi* design which we attribute to selection; they are unexplained accidents of the evolutionary process." Yet, whether they relate to artistic or to natural beauty, they imply a creative mind, although, on the naturalistic hypothesis, no such mind is to be found in the latter case. As for ethics, only the primitive instincts can be reasonably accounted for by selection; when we come to developed morality we are in a different world. Both æsthetics and ethics, from the naturalistic point of view, "must be treated as by-products of the evolutionary process"—a resort which leaves them unexplained. In the case of science—or, better, knowledge—we are on different ground. Yet even here the materialistic theory of the world carries us to a reductio ad absurdum. Reason must be traced back to causes wholly irrational. Mr. Balfour riddles with subtle sarcasm the weakness of the arguments of Locke, Mill, and Leslie Stephen. What is the "assurance" which the "sincere lover of truth" will seek? The philosophers are not agreed upon it; the scientists deal with presuppositions.

The thoughtful reader who approaches Mr. Balfour's thesis with an open mind can hardly dissent from his conclusion that, "if we would maintain the value of our highest beliefs and emotions, we must find for them a congruous origin. Beauty must be more than accident. The source of morality must be moral. The source of knowledge must be rational." Mechanism does not meet this condition; neither does naturalism or agnosticism. The universe is inexplicable without God. Those who deny His existence, yet wish to believe in it, search for proofs "as men search for evidence about ghosts or witches." They would accept Him if they could, as a hypothetical cause. The answer to such is found in Mr. Balfour's concluding words, and these also sum up so completely the bearing of his whole argument that they may well be quoted in lieu of further comment.

> But God must not thus be treated as an entity which we may add to, or subtract from, the sum of things scientifically known as the canons of induction may suggest. He is Himself the condition of scientific knowledge. If He be excluded from the causal series which produces beliefs, the cognitive series which justifies them is corrupted at the root. And as it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest lustre, so these great truths of æsthetics and ethics are but half-truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the works of reason have their source in God: that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency.

Edward Fuller.

II-III

John Muir's "Travels in Alaska" S. Hall Young's "Alaska Days"*

To lovers of nature and of the mountains these volumes of Alaskan travel and adventure should appeal. Dr. Young first went as a missionary to the Indians of southeastern Alaska in 1878. There he was visited in the summer of 1879 by Dr. Sheldon Jackson and other leaders of the Presbyterian denomination. With them went John Muir, already famous for his articles on the mountains of California. Establishing their headquarters at Fort Wrangel, the party chartered a steamer to visit the Indian villages and to explore the canyons of the Stickeen. Late one afternoon, John Muir, always an indefatigable walker and mountain climber, started with Dr. Young for a distant peak. After crossing a glacier and climbing the cliff to a point near the summit, they realised that they must proceed more rapidly if they were to complete the ascent. Pressing forward, Muir fairly slid up the mountain, while Young followed as fast as he was able.

*Travels in Alaska. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Alaska Days with John Muir. By S. Hall Young. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In crossing a gully Young's footing gave way and he found himself sliding downward with both shoulders dislocated. He was unable to check himself until he actually overhung a thousand foot precipice. Whistling in order to encourage his friend, Muir was finally able to reach his side. Hanging to the cliff with one hand, with the other he swung Young out over its face, and, pulling him in, grasped his collar with his teeth. Then, with both hands free to climb, he ascended for ten or twelve feet to comparative safety. All that night Muir carried and assisted the helpless man down through ten long miles of unknown glacier and canyon, reaching the steamer in the morning. With this introduction it is little wonder that these two became fast friends.

On another excursion they visited Glacier Bay, naming many of the wonderful, tumbling rivers of ice which flow into the sea. Muir's description of the voyage among the islands, of the ever present glacier-crowned mountains, and of the marvellous colours of the floating ice reveals a high appreciation of beauty. In 1880 Muir and Young chartered a canoe and sailed northward, studying the Indian tribes. Those were the early days of Alaska, and rivers of salmon were found in which there were apparently more fish than water. The quest for gold held no allurements for Muir. His treasure was of flower, and bird, and tree. An interesting exploration was made of the fiords of Sum Dum Bay, and far in the heart of one of these was found a wonderful valley with flower-hung walls rising thousands of feet above the water, while a great tumbling glacier hurls its bergs into the peaceful waters. That was appropriately named Yosemite Bay.

No one in search of adventure should fail to read Muir's account of his trip over the vast Taylor Bay Glacier. Unlike most men, he could not remain indoors during a storm; but regardless of darkness or danger, would match his powers against all of nature's forces. In the worst weather, alone, except for Mr. Young's little dog Stickeen, Muir crossed this widely crevassed glacier. Returning at night, they lost their way on its surface, and, after jumping an eight foot chasm, found themselves on an island from which they escaped only by traversing a frail sliver of ice seventy-five feet in length. On his trip in 1890 Muir made an extended journey upon the glacier which bears his name. While on the bay in his canoe, he entered a channel two hundred feet in length between high walls of ice. After getting well within their grasp he realised that they were closing upon him, and had barely time to escape before they crashed. Muir often seemed protected where other men would have met their fate.

Le Roy Jeffers.

IV

John W. Burgess's "The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty"*

As the title implies Professor Burgess's new volume is an inquiry into the great, ceaseless conflict of human history. Government holds within itself the inevitable tendency toward despotism while Liberty, on the other hand, reaches toward anarchy. To a consideration of the effort of history throughout the ages to adjust these two tendencies, Professor Burgess brings a rich erudition and it must be confessed some prejudices. For one senses, in spite of his studied moderation, an aristocratic point of view, especially when he turns to a consideration of the recent radical legislation in the United States. But, aside from this—which is, after all, a personal equation—this volume is written with the same clarity and compactness which one would expect from the author of *The Middle Period*—the best short account of our own adolescent days.

In his rapid survey of the part which Asia and Africa have contributed toward

*The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty. By John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the solution of this problem, Professor Burgess finds little to encourage the seeker. The genius of Asia has been religious rather than political, and in this alone he finds the restraining influence which has checked the Oriental tendency toward despotism in Government. Confucius, for example, when he touched on politics, aimed not at revolt against the powers that were, but rather sought to soften, through benevolence, the power of the prince over his subjects. Mohammedanism was revolutionary in so much as it tended to break down tribal lines as political divisions and substituted the ideal of unity for all believers. The priesthood of this great religion were consequently the official interpreters of a system of ethics which was almost universally accepted. In this manner, they acted as restraints. Professor Burgess feels that had it not been for the wild fanaticism which drove the Mohammedans to inflict their religion by the sword, as well their contamination by outside influence, some of these nations might have found a steadfast solution of this problem under consideration.

The attempt to graft a European governmental system upon a Mohammedan or Confucian population seems to have for its results the establishment of a secular despotism and the destruction of the national religion or the national morals, and this is nothing more nor less than the substitution in greater or less degree of the police powers of the Government for the religious or ethical conscience of the subjects.

One or two salient points in the effort of Europe may only be recapitulated. Here, as in the Asiatic countries, we find religion playing the restraining part on behalf of Individual Liberty—in this instance Christianity. Most of the Individual Liberty which had been gained in the Republic of Rome had been lost under the Empire. The growing strength of the Catholic Church, with its moral system, soon forced its conflict against the despotism and barbarism of the Imperial system. And as the centuries passed, with the growing ascendency of the Holy Roman Empire, it was again the Church, as Professor Burgess makes clear, which, under its hierarchic organisation, checked the despotism of the secular government, and championed the individual against arbitrariness. This was maintained through its right of intervention, its power of according protection for those seeking asylum in the churches, and its increasing control over the domestic side of life. But, as was natural, the Church could not stop here: through its vast estates which the bishops administered, it encroached more and more upon secular power. This, through the years, led to the inevitable domination of the Feudal system and the Roman Church over the monarchy and the people. Professor Burgess believes that the Papacy of Rome, which supplanted the Empire as representing the unity of Christian Europe was an historical necessity, since the secular power had singularly failed.

It is easy to understand that when the Church lost thus in the Middle Ages its fundamental character as an institution whose power rested upon conviction, influence, and the response of the religious sense and the moral sense and adopted the methods of secular Government, i.e., physical force, to realize its purposes, it became even more despotic than the secular power itself, because it undertook to control by physical force not only the outward act, but the internal thought and belief.

The obvious deduction is that when a defender of Individual Liberty becomes part of the executive government it loses its consideration for the former. The mediæval system had played its part in taming barbarism and sensuality. It fitted man for freer thought and life so that we find the revival of classic learning a natural sequence. It was but a step from this to the Reformation, which demanded a complete purification of the morals of the clergy and "the separation of the functions of the Ecclesiastical and Feudal Lords." Through the power of successive kings, who helped the people

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mainly to hurt the Nobles, we find, in Louis XI, the culmination of kingly power. He was absolute and with him all the old mediæval means of limiting government had disappeared.

The revival of the Monarchy had unquestionably many beneficial results to general civilization. It restrained to a considerable degree the privileged classes from oppressing the common subjects. It improved the conditions of the common man. It developed the feeling and idea of national unity and of the nation. It substituted one law for a variety of feudal customs. It introduced the distinction between private property and public office. But, from the point of view of our problem, it did nothing directly. It sacrificed Liberty completely to Government in that it made Government sovereign.

With the growing freedom of thought, however, it was not long before the Monarchy itself began to be questioned and its transformation sought. This in time led to the great revolutions in Europe. In England, when this eventuated, Professor Burgess shows that its net result was that Individual Liberty was sacrificed not before the Monarch, but before the supremacy of Parliament. All the individual had to rely on for the protection of his rights was the benevolence of Parliament. And the author feels that this is almost a greater tyranny than the other, as instanced in the unlimited Legislature and unrestrained democracy of the Jacobins in Paris in 1793. The result of the revolutionary movement, nevertheless, constituted many steps in the reconciliation of Government with Liberty. But there was no protection found against the tyranny of the Legislature. It failed to protect the individual against oppression and only can where the suffrage is limited to men of "intelligence, character, and means." This is a recurrent note in Professor Burgess's volume and points to his unmistakable aversion to universal suffrage.

It [the Legislature] has rarely any sense of justice and is almost never influenced by considerations of mercy. It readily becomes the instrument through which brute force tyrannises over intelligence and thrift, and seeks to bring society to an artificial dead level. Until a political system shall have provided the means for protecting the individual in his constitutional immunities against this most ruthless organ of Government, it will not have solved our great problem.

And this thought leads us quite naturally to Professor Burgess's comments on recent legislation in the United States. Here he enters a field which is still subject to controversy and it must be admitted that many of his criticisms will arouse antagonism. It is perhaps difficult for the average layman to follow the subtle deductions of the constitutional lawyer. It is even presumptuous to criticise him on his own ground. Sufficient is it then to record some of his opinions which somehow do not seem entirely free from a temperamental bias. After tracing the early development of this country he feels that up to 1898 we had fairly well succeeded in solving the problem under consideration; but then came a change. The first thing was the attitude of Congress, supported by the Supreme Court, toward the island territory which we inherited as a result of the Spanish war. The author feels it is a dangerous principle indeed that Congress, the creature of the Constitution, should be held to be master of its creator as to determine when and where it shall be in force. Here we have embarked on dangerous shoals fraught with peril to our system of government. His answer is that we should get out of the islands. What he fears is the reflex effect at home upon a government when it exercises despotic or unlimited power in its dependencies. And already he sees this at work in our legislation. Two things particularly rouse his pen almost to bitterness: the matter of corporation legislation and the income tax. He believes that both are arbitrary, confiscatory, discriminatory, and supports his contentions with a wealth of subtle argument. He has no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use for the initiative, referendum, and recall. Somehow he leaves out of account the rottenness in our system which brought these measures into life; for there is a cause back of every movement.

> What will generally, if not always, happen is that it will not be the sovereign people, that is, the whole people in sovereign organisation, which will control the activities of Government, but that it will be a certain part of the people, not that part which is occupied with private business, with making a living and something more with which to pay taxes, but that part which is loafing about public buildings, liquor saloons, and gambling houses, waiting for something to turn up whereby a job, a rake-off, a concession, or a divide of some kind may be had; in other words, it will be "the mob of the Forum," that part which one day plunges society into anarchy and the next day is shouting "hurrahs" for Cæsar. . . . These men are generally without any public sense. They are bound together by class interest and seek to use public power for private ends or to prevent the use of public power to the general good. They control by lending their aid to the party which will go furthest in securing the enactment of legislation friendly to their peculiar interests or in preventing the enforcement of legislation not partial to those interests.

Words such as these inevitably bring to the minds of the reader the condition of "Invisible Government" which the legislation of the last two decades has tried to drag into the open—decades when the United States Senate was a rich man's club, days when candidates were nominated by a few in secret conclave. Perhaps, as Professor Burgess states so forcefully, we may have degenerated, we may have lost sight of the aims of our Government; but one cannot help but wonder what the framers of the Constitution would have thought were they to come back to-day and see judicial legislation and the perversion of our elective system. But here as everywhere the personal prejudice must enter and these final words of the eminent jurist are a splendid expression of a point of view. These pages are stimulating by the opposition they will arouse and nothing is lost through sober questioning. But one finishes the volume with a query as to whether the reconciliation of Government with Individual Liberty is ever possible. It all depends upon the definition of each.

George Middleton.

V

David Grayson's "Hempfield"*

We are sure that this first novel by the genial author of *Adventures in Friendship* will be as popular as has that series of gentle essays, if one may be pardoned for calling them such. Here are all the old familiar handmarks of one who sees life through the kindly eyes of a philosopher. Every writer, more or less, is a philosopher, but there is something about Mr. Grayson which suggests our more colloquial and easy use of the word. To him life is important—every bit of it; and he senses the high lights of human souls in the small daily tasks of the world. His story is not one of crisis in a broadly coloured dramatic way: it is none the less an intimate picture of a soul coming into its own under stress of its environment. Nort might be called the hero; not because he happens to have a bit of the spectacular about him, but because it is he who undergoes the most complete transformation in Hempfield. We see him first staggering down the streets recovering from an excess of blues and general hopelessness—touched with a breath. And then, by one of the caprices of the novelist's art, we soon find him in the printing office of the *Hempfield Star*. Mr. Grayson, who is one of the characters, narrates the early adventures of this paper in such a way that one gets a vivid sense of the part which small town papers play in the life of the community.

The *Star* is the real hero—as we are sure Mr. Grayson will admit—for we also witness its transformation. Once

*Hempfield. By David Grayson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it was popular under the guidance of Anthy's father; but with his death it had fallen into a rut of poverty and inertia which, when the story opens, seem to foretell its early demise. Anthy is subtly drawn by Mr. Grayson—one always feels like calling him only David—and there are few pages in recent fiction which are so delicately handled as those which reveal the intimacies of her spirit as it first reaches out to the spirit of Lincoln, who is her father-confessor. Even though one may occasionally feel that the author approaches too near the rim of sentiment, the very healthy reactions with which he leads her into a full consciousness of her love for Nort have the persuasion of truth. But this love story is far from being the main interest; Mr. Grayson has too much proportion to neglect the satellites which contribute to the general gravitation of life. The old Captain, for example, is a vigourous transcription: he fulminates against the Democratic party and cannot forgive the apostasy of Roosevelt, he refuses to believe that there are such things as flying machines and dismisses them and woman suffrage with an emphatic "fudge." He and Fergus, who loves his Burns and refuses to let Nort marry Anthy, at first, till the younger man has tried himself in circumstances which will test and prove his stability, are sharp contrasts to the mercenary but practical Ed. Smith who only sees life in terms of money.

These five are personalised attitudes toward life, illustrating the above mentioned fact that all life is vitally interesting and that feelings are its real facts whether lived in the great world or the small printing office. For Mr. Grayson seems, in these pages, to be calling us back to fundamental realities which seem so unimportant before the external and showy strife of the noisy world of the newspapers. Here lies the real secret of the success of the author's other volumes and the reason *Hempfield* will find a large circle of readers. It is a quiet life he draws, with the simmer of feeling over the hills and the warmth of human kindliness and understanding hovering above the thought and feeling of his characters.

Griffin Mace.

VI

Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Lost Prince"*

Here is a book ostensibly written for children, moreover, a book in which every imaginative child will find passionate delight. But it is by no means a child's book, nor should it be confined to young, romantic people, who might be supposed particularly interested in a tale of lost princes and secret signs and odd wanderings in shabby clothes. This is a book that belongs to everybody. For in everyone there is some hint, some longing, some dim perception at least, of a cause to be served that is utterly unselfish, of a mystery no common explanation will answer, of an enthusiasm carried through the ages and handed on from father to son. For each there is a Princesse Lointaine, a Lost Prince. The old fairy tales, the old legends all understood this fact, and now, in smoky London of to-day, or at least the London of the day before the Zeppelins, we once more find the old story, fresh as a flower in an ancient ruin. Mrs. Burnett is a true and real artist. The way she has told this story, told it in the grave, whole-hearted way in which a child makes believe or an old man at a fireplace relates a legend would prove it, if it were not proved long since. But it is proved here more perfectly, for the extreme simplicity of the tale and the necessity to maintain its peculiar atmosphere, a mingling of the light that never was with the matter-of-fact sunshine of everyday, require at each moment the firm, delicate touch of the master. The story could so easily have been spoiled.

The child part of the book, the actual story, relates the somewhat strange adventures of a man and his son, with an old servant of military bearing who

*The Lost Prince. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will not leave his master even when there is no money, and very little food or shelter to be had. We are given a picture of the wanderings of this little group, a path that takes them all over Europe and the East, swings them suddenly from one city to another, and surrounds them with mysterious people who come and go at midnight hours with certain precautions. The son is brought up according to a careful plan, dedicated to a great ideal. The ideal of a suffering country awaiting a lost prince, a prince lost for five hundred years, but whose blood runs in some descendant, hidden somewhere in the great world, yet always ready and trained for the moment when Samavia shall call him to strike at its tyrants and oppressors. And in Samavia, and wherever there is a Samavian, there is this ideal being worked for, waited for. Ready to obey, ready to suffer, ready to do, ready to die, that is what the young Samavian is trained to be.

The lad's fiery and generous spirit has drunk deep of this cup of consecration. It mingles with all the thoughts of his life, and inspires even his play. This play brings him into contact with a group of London street waifs, led by a cripple who is known as The Rat. Samavia has of late been in a particularly disturbed state, and the history of the little country, with its warring factions and the strange legend of the lost prince, has been given some notice in the papers. These stories have fired The Rat's imagination and he has made up a splendid game in which he and his squad are a Secret Party in the service of Samavia, with signs and duties and perilous errands. To them comes Marco, who has always lived this game, but who, trained to silence, enters into the squad simply as another boy who wishes to be led by The Rat. Nevertheless, The Rat's playing is so wonderful and his ideas so good that the boy tells his father, and then much begins to happen.

It is all a Game, a game played by boys; yet, like all true games, it is based on what is most real and vital to us all. When the boys are sent out together to bear the Sign to all the waiting party, what is it but a continuance of the wonderful business of make-believe? But it saves a kingdom and sets a rightful king on his throne, as make-believe translated into action has done so often in the world's long history.

It is said that Mrs. Burnett had Serbia in mind when she wrote this story, partly inspired by some old legend told her. But it is a universal story, this tale of a Lost Prince and a Great Cause, and she has told it for us all.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

VII

Jean Webster's "Dear Enemy"*

The reviewer confesses that it was with some reluctance that she began this book. She had seen the play, *Daddy Long-Legs,* greeted as it was by a roar of approval, and did not like it—not at all. So that when she opened *Dear Enemy,* especially when she saw the word orphan at practically the first glance, her heart sank. Left to herself, without the business of being a critic egging her on, she would have closed the book then and there, and opened it never again. And what a lot of fun would have been missed! And by no means only fun. There is solid stuff of life in the story, with the young society woman suddenly placed at the head of an orphan asylum, a drear grey place full of pasty faced small persons in blue gingham oppressed with dull rules and bad food. She doesn't want to be there, and she's sure she won't be there but a few days. But in the meanwhile she must take hold, for she's that sort.

It is all told in her letters, going to prove that whatever statements have been made on that way of telling a story must be revised. One wouldn't want it told any other way. Sally McBride has a way with her, and a way, too, of putting things, even grave, even sad things, that have a little quirk, whether

*Dear Enemy. By Jean Webster. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of humour or insight or tenderness, that makes you laugh. You are constantly laughing while you read, sometimes with a sudden guffaw, sometimes with a suppressed chuckle, indeed, with all the varieties of laugh you are possessed of. What Sally does in that asylum is what should be done in every asylum, and she goes about it just as you would like to go about it yourself if only you had her gifts. It is such a satisfaction to find Sally getting things done as they should be done, and keeping you giggling with joy at all that happens while she does it. At the children, too, and the trustees, and the Scotch doctor, and the staff of assistants, and of course at herself, most of all at herself.

The book bubbles over with Sally's wit and spirit. What is more, it is decorated with numerous drawings of passing events. Drawings made by Sally, unhampered by any knowledge of "art," but quite as effective as the rest of what she does. When you don't rejoice in what she says, you can rejoice in her picturing of what she looks at, and do it just as completely. There are some exciting incidents for the John Grier Home, and there is a love story wound into the rest of it. But it is the delicious, whimsical, warm-hearted portrayal of the way Sally gives herself up to the asylum, and makes a home out of an institution, her comments, her absurdities, herself, that make the book an utterly enjoyable thing, and in addition, a piece of straightforward horse-sense on the whole subject of orphans in asylums.

Josephine Larned.

VIII

Hugh Walpole's "The Golden Scarecrow"*

Is there any more fascinating mystery than that which looks up at us in the eyes of a little baby? Looks up at us with that strangely old look that fades as the child grows older? No one who has ever studied a baby's eyes has failed to see this, but it is pathetic sometimes to hear the groping words trying to express thoughts that gather awkwardly, thoughts that gather as we glimpse the world back of the old, old eyes that do not grow young until several years of life have passed. So few of us can express what we feel there.

To glimpse the truth about this unseen world in a baby's eyes, and to put it into words that will remain in the memory might well be a task of love. Nor can it be done without much love for many things, but mostly for the little child. *The Golden Scarecrow* is one writer's attempt to do it, an attempt which is appealingly successful. The book is just that and nothing more, a daring and valiant attempt to put into words the prosaic world of men and women might understand the inchoate but very real visions that flit through the mind of the tiny child so freshly come from a region of which we know nothing. For as we grow older the door closes behind us.

> There's always someone there, I tell you, and you can have your choice, whether you'll believe more than you see all your life, or less than you see. Every baby knows about it; then as they grow older it fades, and with many people, goes altogether.

And so, for every baby in this book (there are eight of them living around a quiet London Square and ranging in social rank from the child of a duke to the child of a caretaker), there are the months or years of knowledge that the Friend was there, the link that had come with them from the other world to this new and strange place in which there was so much to learn and so many funny people who didn't understand one. And little by little, the Friend faded away, sometimes with loving words of farewell, sometimes with a regretful sigh as mother or father found their happy way into the baby soul. Sometimes indeed, the Friend came as mysterious aid in time of trouble and sometimes unasked, as a menace, to that

*The Golden Scarecrow. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unusual being, a child born without a heart. At the beginning a lonely boy of nine first hears this Friend spoken of and understands his own vague memories. Then, when the others have flitted across the canvas this boy, grown to manhood, returns to the scene of his childhood experiences and his loving comprehension helps a sorrowing mother to realise that she is not quite alone, that little shapes are lingering near to comfort her. It is not a book to talk about wittily or learnedly. It is a book to read and linger over. No one who really loves children—not because he ought to but because he can't help it—can fail to grasp its charm.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

IX

Inez Haynes Gillmore's "The Olliphant Orphans"*

From the beginning of their serialised adventures in *The Metropolitan,* the Olliphant orphans have engaged their more thoughtful readers as a sextet of the most advanced, on-their-way young orphans extant. Intentionally or not, they present so stimulating a study in development unhampered by parental fears and authority as to raise the question as to whether most children would not be, on the whole, better equipped for life by an early course in orphanage than by the inelastic environment of a home run by a brace of any parents. At all events, the young Olliphants, in spite of their entirely conventional devotion to their parents' memory and their home, distinctly do not suffer in character and development as a result of becoming their own masters early.

Ann promptly left High School in the middle of her Junior year because some one had to run the house—not that she loved home more, but because she hated Cæsar so. And Professor Osbourne. "If you think," said Ann, "that a man with red eyelids and an Adam's apple and a moustache like a walrus could ever teach me anything, you are mistaken. I hate that school; I hate the studies, and I hate the teachers. I don't care *what* you say, I've quit!" Now no wise, loving parent would admit it, but any psychoanalyst would have told Ann what she told herself, that she was at odds with her needs. So Ann introduced grapefruit for breakfast, "living room" for "parlour," and became a really executive creature. Whereupon Beckie, relieved of her responsibilities by Ann's revolt, developed bravely in her first "artistic" gown, and achieved a career and personality that years of self-sacrifice and filial dutifulness had failed to give her. Lainey proceeded along the ways of men and love, guided by her brothers' advice instead of the counsel of a generation that made love in the Victorian era. But even her brothers told her that she must be a lady. "Oh, damn being a lady!" said Lainey Olliphant after her first defeated brush with the eternal masculine. Ann walked into a "fast" set—and walked out of her own accord, disillusioned somewhat, but oh, so much wiser.

As for the boys, Roland brings home "a friend" to the Olliphants' Sunday dinner, Bird Barton, whose skin was white, very, and whose lips were red, more than. The elder and sophisticated Matt, questioning her closely, discovered she had been a manicure girl, a telephone girl, an actress, and a reporter. As she re-reddened her lips and lighted a cigarette, Ed, the eldest of the orphans, strolled in, and later called her "a questionable girl" because Roland had met her by informal conversing on a boat. "All right," said Lainey, "I'm a questionable girl, too. Last Saturday I asked the young man next me where Echo Bridge was. We talked all the time I was in the car. I always ask men questions if I want information. If that's picking up, I must have picked up a hundred men." After an hour of this family talk, Lainey put on her hat. "I'm going into Boston to join the Socialist party," she said. "I don't know anything about Socialism, but I want

*The Olliphant Orphans. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to insure myself one place where I shall be certain I shall never have to listen to such talk as I have just heard." So the Olliphants had a Socialist in the family, entertain the elite of Boston and the I. W. W., and were assured that Bird Barton was an absolutely nice girl. Indeed, if there is a sequel to *The Olliphant Orphans,* whose six romances have not been even hinted at, it would be only the justice of the gods that the conventional Ed shall fall painfully in love with Bird. All children should advise their parents to read these stories of Beckie and Ann and Lainey and Ed and Matt and Roland.

Edna Kenton.

X

Zona Gale's "Hearts Kindred"*

One who seeks the social consciousness in his fiction may always find it in the writings of Zona Gale. But her deft artistry unfolds her message through the natural evolution of her characters so skilfully that the reader is carried along by the human appeal and may often be wholly unconscious that the author has commented on life as well as interpreted it. In her new novel, *Hearts Kindred,* there is the same skill and human charm; it is only toward the end of the book that one awakens to the fact that the author has written it with a burning purpose—out of a deep need to infuse a peace message into the mind and heart of this hour seething with hate and war.

The title *Hearts Kindred* suggests the little town by the quiet old river which Miss Gale has brought all her readers to love. But the scene of this new novel is laid in a Western mining camp far from *Friendship Village.* However, the author handles the rugged people and strong colours of this more primitive environment with the same deeply human quality she has always revealed in the delicate pastel portraits of provincial life. This romantic story thrills with the adventure and intensity possible in the country where a man's best friend is his gun. Yet it is told with a simplicity and delicate beauty that constantly gives the reader the happy illusion of reality no matter how strange the events.

The two principal characters, "The Inger" and Lory Moor, are vividly drawn, and the reader will desert them with difficulty after the first page is turned. "The Inger" is a dynamic figure who could come only out of a Western mining camp; ready with unfaltering courage to give his own life or take another's as the occasion demands, he embodies the fighting spirit of the ages. Lory Moor, who has grown to young womanhood in the rough town of Inch, has a power and courage equal to that of "The Inger," but her instinctive fighting ethics are different: she represents the courage of the conserving forces of life; he the power of the aggressive conqueror. Neither of these two has any theories about life. When suddenly transplanted to the city from a land where the stars are the only judges, and brought in contact with the conflicting forces of our present troubled civilisation, these two react, not on the basis of preconceived ideas of governmental right and wrong, but according to the deepest elemental impulses of their respective natures. Though drawn together by the impulsion of love and their mutual strangeness to the new environment, when they unexpectedly touch the currents of peace and war they find their individual reactions in such violent opposition that an abyss seems to separate them. They, too, who could understand at a glance, now seem to speak in foreign tongue to uncomprehending ears. Yet through a series of experiences they both reach down to unsuspected potentialities dormant in their subconscious individualities which finally bring them into mutual harmony and the understanding that they and all the world are "Hearts Kindred."

In these two characters Miss Gale seems to have symbolised the struggling

*Hearts Kindred. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forces of the world, possessed of potentialities for harmony and understanding, but speaking in foreign tongue to uncomprehending ears. One feels that perhaps in these seemingly irreconcilable forces that bring upon us everlasting war the author discerns, as in these two characters of hers, unsuspected potentialities of union. Somewhere out of the ages we may discover the lost key of harmony and find that our racial differences are not conflicting, but complementary as are the two halves of the human race. Mysticism? Perhaps. But Zona Gale has the power of making the mystic real, and the so-called real mystic.

Fola La Follette.

XI

Eden Phillpotts's "Old Delabole"*

It is not the wide reaches of Dartmoor, with serried ranks of young trees on the hillside growing green in the spring and flushing redly in the autumn, to which Eden Phillpotts now leads us in this latest book. It is instead the bleak Cornish coast, the home of the west wind, "bared for his welcome, preserved in primal simplicity by the impact of his landing," which furnishes the background for a quiet, subdued story of simple people in whose character there is a quaint mingling of pietistic severity and Celtic passion. It is also, we may remark in passing, a background which gives Mr. Phillpotts an opportunity for as superb pictorial writing as any of his Dartmoor stories can show, also for glimpses of philosophic speculation not so familiar. But necessary here, for on a philosophic understanding of the character of the people in Delabole the interest of the story must hinge.

Delabole is a town perched on a height of the Cornish coast dependent entirely on its great slate quarries. This industry is Delabole's sole reason for existence, the heart and centre of the town's life. The slate, shining and hard to the surface yet brittle and slicing apart to the proper touch, is typical of the nature of the people. They have lived with it and on it and from it for so long that they think in terms of slate. Conditions in the quarry are very patriarchal and echoes of the industrial conflict of the world beyond penetrate only faintly. More important than any labour and capital conflict is the conflict of man with nature. This alone can disrupt the quarries and bring anxiety and trouble into the lives of those who live therefrom. Of actual plot or action there is very little in this story; the sliding of the cliff side is the most sensational thing that happens. It is a story of intimate glimpses into the characters of men and women, of fine understanding of such qualities in them as are universal and such as belong particularly to the soil and the place. Edith Retallack and her sister Julitta; their father, a foreman at the quarry; the young manager, Thomas Hawkey; and the miller, Wesley Bake, might be termed the chief protagonists, as it is around their relations to one another that the plot hinges. But there are a dozen minor characters who are really far more interesting than these chief actors and in whose destinies we have fully as much concern. Again, as in other Phillpotts novels, the author's line of greatest power stands out. In fact we might say it stands out more clearly in this book than in some others, for he has not succeeded in interesting us to any very great extent in his chief characters. But again, with the delight with which one always greets really artistic work, we read the marvellous descriptions of nature's varying aspects and we read the delightful philosophy of idle old men gathered together in the tavern or by the garden gate.

J. Marchand.

*Old Delabole. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME BOOKMAN CONTRIBUTORS OF 1915

BEGINNING with our January issue we shall print, in the advertising pages of the magazine, certain information about the contributors whose names will be found on the title page of that number. Meanwhile, as a summing up of the year we are publishing these brief notes about the men and women who have written for THE BOOKMAN during the past twelve months. There are many cases in which any kind of an introduction will appear entirely superfluous. This list is not quite a complete list. Some names have been intentionally left out, and there are a few contributors whom we have not been able to reach since this little feature was first suggested.

James Lane Allen, who contributed the article on "War and Literature" to our issue of February last, is probably known to as many Americans as have heard of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Before he laid definite claim to that section of our land with such books as *The Choir Invisible, The Kentucky Cardinal, Aftermath, Flute and Violin,* and *The Mettle of the Pasture,* Mr. Allen studied at Transylvania University, which has bestowed upon him the LL.D. degree, and taught Latin and higher English in public and private schools, in Kentucky University, and in Bethany College, West Virginia.

Charlton Andrews, who contributed "A Ballade of Blythe Romance" to the March issue, is an Indiana writer, newspaper man, and teacher. He is the author of *A Parfit Gentil Knight,* an historical romance, *The Drama of To-day, The Technique of Play Writing, His Majesty the Fool,* a four-act dramatisation of a book by Dumas, and *The Interrupted Revels,* a Christmas Masque. Mr. Andrews is now an instructor in New York University and Stuyvesant High School, and a lecturer in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

Ralph Armstrong, author of "Bayard Taylor's Romance" in the November issue, has worked on several newspapers in the East, and has contributed from time to time to New York publications. At present he is taking fourth year work in the Columbia School of Journalism. In his home town, Kokomo, Indiana, he had early experience on the *Tribune* and *Despatch,* papers, which, by the way, discovered James Whitcomb Riley and printed many of his first poems.

Albion Fellows Bacon, who contributed to the October number the first of the series of papers on "What the Day's Work Means to Me," was born in Evansville, Indiana. Her work in the cause of social reform is too well known to need exposition. She is the author of a book of poems (in collaboration) and of *What Bad Housekeeping Means to the Community,* and *The Awakening of a State.* She is also the author of *Beauty for Ashes* in which she relates her struggle and final success in obtaining model housing laws for Indiana.

Louis Baury, who contributed the arcles "Wanted—an American Salon of Humourists" and "Grub Street Organised" to the issues for January and July respectively, has been writing for this magazine for several years. In 1911 Mr. Baury wrote "The Message of Manhattan," "The Message of Bohemia," and "The Message of Proletaire," and in 1912 "The Story of the Tile Club." At present he is in Europe trying to get as near as possible to the front.

Jules Bois, who contributed the article "French Literature and the War" in the September BOOKMAN, is a former Vice-President of the Society of Men of Letters, and of the Association of Literary Critics, the President of the Félibres Idealistic Society of Paris, and of the French Society of Psychical Research. He is Chevalier of the Legion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Honour and is in this country as representative of certain leading French journals.

Arthur E. Bostwick, who contributed the papers on club women's reading to the numbers for January, February, and March last, is the librarian of the St. Louis Public Library. He is a Yale man of the class of 1881. From 1884 to 1886 he was on the staff of Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography, and afterwards did editorial work on *The Forum* and the *Standard Dictionary*. Between 1895 and 1909 he did library work in New York and Brooklyn. Since 1909 he has been at the head of the St. Louis Public Library. Mr. Bostwick has written widely on a variety of subjects.

Gamaliel Bradford, the first of whose "Portraits of American Authors" appeared in the November issue, has won a wide audience by the psychographic studies of American historical figures that he has contributed to the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Born in Boston in 1863, he studied at Harvard, and, since 1886, has confined his attention mainly to literature. He is the author of *Types of American Character, A Pageant of Life, The Private Tutor, Between Two Masters, Matthew Porter, Studies of Robert E. Lee,* and *Confederate Portraits.*

William Aspenwall Bradley, who contributed "The Belgian Literary Revival" to the Febuary issue, and "James Stephens—An Appreciation" to the March issue, and who, during 1915 as in the past, has written conspicuous reviews for the magazine, is a Columbia man of the Class of 1899. As an undergraduate he earned a reputation by his cleverness with the pen, and since leaving the university he has been connected with many literary and artistic enterprises in Boston and New York. He is the editor of the *Contemporary Men of Letters* series, the author of *William Cullen Bryant,* of the introduction to the *Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet,* of *Meryon and Baudelaire,* in *Prints and Their Makers,* and has contributed extensively to magazines in prose and verse.

Milton Bronner, author of "John Drinkwater—An Appreciation" in the June issue and of "Rupert Brooke—A Postscript" in the September issue, is a native of Louisville, Kentucky, and a graduate of the University of Virginia. After being dramatic and literary critic on the old Louisville *Commercial* he moved to Covington, Kentucky, where he was editor of the *Kentucky Post.* He is now New York representative of the Scripps-McRae League of Newspapers. He is the author of *Letters from the Raven,* a volume about Lafcadio Hearn, and one about Maurice Hewlitt.

H. Addington Bruce, who has contributed reviews to THE BOOKMAN during the past year, studied at Trinity University, Canada, Toronto University, and Harvard. He has written a number of books, among them *The Riddle of Personality, Historic Ghosts and Ghosthunters, The Romance of American Expansion, Scientific Mental Healing, Woman in the Making of America,* and *Psychology and Parenthood.* He has been a frequent contributor to leading American magazines and reviews.

Richard Burton, whose verse "The Coming of the Word" appeared in our last January issue, is a Trinity College man of the Class of 1883 and received his Ph.D. degree from Johns Hopkins in 1888. He has had wide editorial experience and has written almost twenty books of verse, biography, and literary criticism. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and Vice-President of the Drama League of America.

Witter Bynner, who contributed the poem "The Shropshire Lad" to our April issue, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1902. He has had considerable experience in editorial work in American publishing houses, has contributed frequently to magazines, and is the author of *An Ode to Harvard, The Immigrant,* and *Tiger.*

Madison Cawein, for years a frequent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contributor of verse to this magazine, wrote "At the Day's Close" for our issue of last April. He died a short time before the verses appeared in print. Mr. Cawein was a native of Louisville, Kentucky, and is remembered by some twenty odd volumes of very unusual verse, the first volume of which appeared in 1887.

Grace Isabel Colbron has been long a frequent and esteemed contributor to this magazine. For the issue of last February she wrote "Algernon Blackwood—An Appreciation" and for June "The Story of Hugo's Daughter." She has also contributed to the review columns during the year. Miss Colbron, who was born in New York, lived for many years in Germany as a journalist, critic, and translater. She is an ardent advocate of Single Tax, and has lectured widely on that subject. She is the author of a play, in collaboration, and the translator of half a dozen books.

A. Elwood Corning, contributor of "Joseph Rodman Drake" to the July number, is a native of New York State. After completing his education he toured Europe and parts of Africa. He has been associated with various magazines and was a candidate for the New York State Senate in 1912. He is a member of the New York Board of Education Lecture Staff, a contributor on historical and biographical subjects to various magazines, and the author of a biographical study of former President McKinley.

Frederic Taber Cooper, whose monthly survey of novels has been a feature of THE BOOKMAN for a number of years, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1886. From Columbia he received his LL.B. degree in 1887. From 1895 to 1902 he was associate professor of Latin and Sanscrit in New York University. For a time he was editor of *The Forum.* He is the author of *The Nineteenth Century in Caricature,* in collaboration, *The Craftsmanship of Writing, Some American Story Tellers,* and *Some English Story Tellers.* Most of this work appeared originally in serial form in THE BOOKMAN.

Harris Dickson, who in our January number last wrote of the Southern poet W. H. Kernan, is a native of Yazoo City, Mississippi. He studied at the University of Virginia and George Washington University. Among his books the best known are probably *The Black Wolf's Breed, The Siege of Lady Resolute, The Ravanels,* and *Coffin Club Stories.*

Arlita Dodge, author of "The Cabaret Dancer" in the August BOOKMAN, is a native of Maine, and a graduate of the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. After leaving college she became interested in secretarial work. She was secretary with Mr. Henry Russell, the impresario, during the existence of the Boston Opera Company, and has since held other similar positions in Boston.

Edward Rice Doyle, author of "Will Colour Music Become an Art" in the June number, is a native of Buffalo, New York. He has had extensive newspaper experience, having been connected at various times with the Buffalo *Courier,* the Buffalo *Express,* the Schenectady *Gazette,* the Schenectady *Union Star,* and the *Wall Street Journal.*

Geraldine Farrar, whose analysis of "The Psychology of Carmen" (as recorded by Frederic Dean) appears in this issue, has for some years been known throughout the musical world by her interpretations of many of the most conspicuous rôles of Grand Opera.

James Montgomery Flagg, whose drawings of George Barr McCutcheon, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Rupert Hughes appeared in the January, March, and July issues, is a native of Westchester County, New York. He studied in the Art Students' League of New York, in Herkomer's Art School in England, and under Victor Marec in Paris. Few American illustrators of the present day are so well known, and in addition Mr. Flagg has won appreciated recognition as an author by such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books as *Why They Married* and *The Adventures of Kitty Cobb.*

Edward Fuller, who has been a contributor to the review columns during the year, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1882. He was for a time an editorial writer on the Boston *Advertiser,* and then was for years connected with the Boston *Post* as dramatic critic and literary editor. From 1906 until a year ago he was in charge of the editorial page of the Providence *Journal.* He is the author of *Fellow Travellers, The Dramatic Year, The Complaining Millions of Men,* and *John Malcolm;* and the plays, *Fetters, The Invaders,* and *The Price of Silence.*

Zona Gale, author of the second paper in the "What the Day's Work Means to Me" series which appeared in the November issue, is a native of Portage, Wisconsin. She was in the Class of 1895 in the University of Wisconsin. After the university she did newspaper work in Milwaukee and New York. She is the author of *Romance Island, The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre, Friendship Village, Friendship Village Love Stories, Mothers to Men, Christmas,* and *When I Was a Little Girl.*

Isaac Goldberg, who contributed the series "What South Americans Read" to the June, July, and August numbers, was born in Boston, and educated in the public schools of that city and at Harvard. He is the author of *Sir W. S. Gilbert: A Study in Modern Satire and The Gilbert Sullivan Operas.* He has composed songs and pianoforte pieces, and lectured on music, drama, and literature. Dr. Goldberg is at present working on two small books relating to war philosophers, and a larger volume containing plays from the Jewish, with an extended introduction on the history of the Jewish stage, to appear early in 1916.

Louise Closser Hale (Mrs. Walter Hale), who contributes to this issue the paper in the "What the Day's Work Means to Me" series, has had an interesting career both on the stage and as a writer. She made, in this country, the part of Prossie in George Bernard Shaw's *Candida.* She is the author of *A Motor Car Divorce, The Actress, The Married Mrs. Worth, Her Soul and Her Body,* and *We Discover New England.* The last named book is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Walter Hale, whose admirable etchings have appeared in THE BOOKMAN in 1915 as in past years, has, like his talented wife, Louise Closser Hale, been successful in two professions, despite the judgment of James Montgomery Flagg, who in his book, *The Well Knowns,* spoke of him as "a darn fine etcher and a kind of an actor." Last summer Mr. Hale spent some time at the French war front as a correspondent for the *Century,* in which magazine his series of papers, *Notes of an Artist at the Front,* is now appearing. Incidentally Mr. Hale is probably more of an authority on motoring in Europe than any other American.

Clayton Hamilton, who, for several years, has contributed the articles on the drama to this magazine, is a native of Brooklyn, New York, and a Columbia man, Class of 1901. He has lectured extensively at Columbia and elsewhere. His books include *Materials and Methods of Fiction, The Theory of the Theatre,* and *The Trail of Stevenson,* the last named of which ran serially in THE BOOKMAN last autumn and winter. He edited Stevenson's *Treasure Island* for Longman's English Classics.

Hildegarde Hawthorne, who has contributed to the review columns of the magazine, inherits a distinguished literary tradition, being a granddaughter of the author of *The Scarlet Letter,* and a daughter of Julian Hawthorne. She herself has written *A Country Interlude, Poems, Essays, The Lure of the Garden,* and *A Peep at New York.*

Brooks Henderson, who wrote the article on "Winston Churchill's Country" appearing in the August issue, is of English parentage, and was born in the Island of Jamaica. He came to the United States some years ago, took his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bachelor degree at Brown in 1910, taught at that institution for two years, and then began graduate work at Princeton, where he received a Ph.D. degree in June, 1915. He is at present a member of the editorial department of a publishing house in New York.

George Bronson-Howard, who contributed the paper "Arnold Bennett as a Melodramatist" to the October issue, is a native of Maryland and was educated in Baltimore and in London, England. He was for a time in United States Government employ and as a correspondent saw the earlier part of the Russo-Japanese War. He has had a wide experience on the staffs of American newspapers and magazines, has written eight novels and six or seven plays, and contributed more than one hundred short stories to American, English, French, and German publications.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr., who wrote on "Some Light Fiction" for the number for January last, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and educated in schools in Boston and at the College Chaptal of Paris. He was musical critic of the New York *Evening Post* from 1877 to 1880, and on the New York *Herald* from 1890 to 1894. He is the author of *Liberty and a Living, Nursery Lesson Book, Inventors,* and *The Stage as a Career.*

Florence Finch Kelly, who contributed "American Style in American Fiction" to the May number, and "The Square Deal in Criticism" to the July number, besides reviews at various times, is a native of Girard, Illinois, and a University of Kansas woman of the Class of 1881. She has been engaged in work on various newspapers in Chicago, Boston, New York, San Francisco, and smaller American cities. In 1905 she visited Australia and New Zealand to study social and economic legislation and its results. Mrs. Kelly is the author of *With Hoops of Steel, The Delafield Affair, Rhoda of the Underground, Emerson's Wife and Other Western Stories,* and *The Fate of Felix Brand,* besides having contributed many articles upon literary, artistic, and economic subjects to magazines.

Joyce Kilmer, who wrote the verses "In Memory of Lieutenant Rupert Brooke" for the September issue and whose survey of recent verse appears elsewhere in this number, is a native of New Brunswick, New Jersey, and a Columbia man of the Class of 1908. He has worked on the staffs of the *Standard Dictionary* and the New York *Times Sunday Magazine,* contributed to various American and English magazines, and published two volumes of verse and a play.

Fola La Follette (Mrs. George Middleton), who has been a frequent contributor of reviews to the magazine throughout the year, is a daughter of Senator La Follette and a native of Madison, Wisconsin. She is a University of Wisconsin woman of the Class of 1904. She has appeared on the stage and contributed to magazines on dramatic and social questions.

William Trowbridge Larned, who contributed "The Mantle of Eugene Field" to the March issue, served St. Louis newspapers ten years as reporter, editor, and dramatic critic. He spent four years on cattle ranches in Colorado, South Dakota, New Mexico, and Arkansas. Since 1906, in New York, he has worked independently for magazines and publishing houses. He made the English version of Molnar's play *The Devil* with George Arliss and for three years contributed to *Life* a department of persiflage and criticism entitled "The Literary Zoo."

Agnes Lee, contributor of "Moving Pictures" to the June BOOKMAN, was born in Chicago, but her childhood was passed in Switzerland. For many years her home has been in Boston. While there she has written poems for many magazines and has translated into English verse Gautier's *Émaux et Camées* and Gregh's *La Maison de l'Enfance.* She has published two books of verse, *The Border of the Lake* and *The Sharing.*

Joseph H. McMahon, who wrote

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Robert Hugh Benson—A Personal Memory" for the April number, is a native of New York City and a Manhattan College man of the Class of 1880. Ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood in 1886, he was an assistant at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, for five years. He was the founder and is now the pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes parish in New York. He was one of the organisers of the Catholic Summer School of America and has contributed to various magazines.

Edwin L. Mattern, who contributed the paper on "Yann Nibor; Laureate of the Fleet" to the November BOOKMAN, was graduated from Alleghany College in 1890. After a year of reporting on the staff of the Brooklyn *Eagle,* he turned to the study of law and received his diploma from the New York University Law Department. Since then he has practiced in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Brander Matthews (Columbia 1871) contributed "The Method of Modern Magic" to the January issue, the second part of "A Thackeray Portfolio" to the August issue, and "Is Dramatic Criticism Necessary" to the September issue. He is a native of New Orleans. Since his graduation, he has received higher degrees from Columbia, the University of the South, Miami University, and Yale. He was one of the founders of the Authors' Club of New York and of the Players' Club of New York. For two years Professor Matthews was President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He was the first Chairman of the Simplified Spelling Board and is a member of the French Legion of Honour. Besides having been the editor of various works there are between forty and fifty volumes that bear his name.

George Middleton, who has contributed to our review department throughout the year, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, and is a Columbia man of the Class of 1902. He has had a share in the production of such plays as *The Cavalier, The Wife's Strategy, The Sinner, The House of a Thousand Candles, Rosalind at Red Gate, The Enemy, The Prodigal Judge,* and *Hit the Trail Holiday.* His published plays include *Embers, Tradition,* and *Nowadays;* and he has been a frequent contributor to the magazines on dramatic and literary subjects.

Bailey Millard contributed "Personal Memories of Ambrose Bierce," "Edwin Markham and His Golden Shower," and "Genius and Precocity" to the February, June, and November issues respectively. Mr. Millard is a native of Wisconsin. After an extended newspaper career in California, he went to New York and was for a time the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* He is the author of eight books and many magazine articles.

Alfred Noyes, who contributed "The Crags" to the October issue, was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. For years he has held a distinguished place among the younger English poets, his *Drake, An English Epic,* in particular, striking a responsive chord wherever the British flag is found throughout the Seven Seas. Also of particular quality are his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern.* During the past year or two Mr. Noyes has spent much of his time in this country, as he is a lecturer on poetry at Princeton University.

Stephen Phillips, who wrote "The Diabolic in Poetry" for the June number, is, like Alfred Noyes, a conspicuous figure in English verse. He studied for the Civil Service, then went on the stage for a time, and finally adopted literature as a profession. Perhaps his best known book of verse is *Paolo and Francesca,* which was published in 1899.

Edmond Rostand, whose poem "The Gesture" is presented in this issue through the medium of the free translation by Elizabeth Redfield Kendall, is a member of the French Academy and perhaps the most conspicuous playright in France. Most widely known of his many plays are *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aiglon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Basanta Koomar Roy, who contributed "Tagore: An Oriental Estimate" to the March issue, is a member of a high caste Hindu family. He was graduated from Calcutta University and taught for two years thereafter in Allahabad, India. He came to the United States about seven years ago and studied at the University of Wisconsin. His biography of Tagore, of whom he is a personal friend, was published last winter.

Algernon Tassin, whose series of papers on "The Magazine in America" has been running in the columns of THE BOOKMAN since the April issue, ending in the current number, is a Harvard man of the Class of 1892. After the university he was for a number of years on the stage. He has written several plays and a number of short stories, and contributed to earlier volumes of this magazine such series as "American Authors and Their Publishers" and "The Story of Modern Book Advertising." Mr. Tassin is at present connected with the English Department of Columbia University.

Joseph F. Taylor, who wrote "Washington Irving's Mexico—A Lost Fragment" for the August BOOKMAN, has been connected with the book business since leaving Cornell University; first as junior partner of Croscup and Company, and later as head of J. F. Taylor and Company. He is an authority on modern editions of the standard authors, compilations and reprints, and has written a number of short articles on literary subjects.

W. G. Tinckhom-Fernandez, author of "War Silhouettes" in the September issue, was born in northern India, and received his early education in India, England, and in this country. While at Harvard, where he was a member of the Class of 1910, he was managing editor of the *Harvard Advocate*. He has written extensively, particularly on topics relating to the Far East.

Charles Hanson Towne, author of the verses "Art" in the September number, is the editor of *McClure's Magazine*. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Towne has had a wide editorial experience, and is the author of several volumes of verse, one of which, *Manhattan,* was widely quoted throughout the country.

Stewart Edward White, who reviewed James Barnes's *Through Central Africa* for the July issue, is a University of Michigan man of the Class of 1895. His earlier novels, *The Westerners, The Claim Jumpers,* and particularly *The Blazed Trail,* won him at once a nation-wide reputation, although in none of these books did he reach such heights of narrative as he later achieved in *The Silent Places*. As the author of *African Camp Fires* Mr. White was particularly fitted to judge the work of a fellow explorer of the Dark Continent.

Richard Whiteing, whose "Certain Reminiscences" ran from the July to the October number inclusive, is probably best known to Americans as the author of *No. 5 John Street*. He was born in London and educated privately. For years he was the Paris correspondent of English and American newspapers, and travelled extensively about Europe in connection with his journalistic enterprises.

Ruth Kedzie Wood, the author of "The Creator of the First Yankee of Literature" in the April number, and "The Leatherstocking Trail" in the July issue, has written widely on topics of travel. Her first book was *A Honeymoon in Russia.* Later works have been *The Tourist's Russia, The Tourist's California, The Tourist's Spain and Portugal,* and *The Tourist's Maritime Provinces.*

Abraham Yarmolinsky, who contributed "The Serbian Epic" to the November issue, is a native of southern Russia. He began his studies in the University of Petrograd. But after a short stay in the northern capital he journeyed to Switzerland and took a course at the University of Neuchâtel. He came to the United States two years ago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Character and Temperament. By Joseph Jastrow. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.50 net.

A survey of the origins of human traits and a discussion of man's varied reactions to environment.

Philosophy

Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and of the Destiny of the Adamic Race. By Fabre d'Olivet. Done into English by Nayán Louise Redfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Written about a century ago, this work of a French philosopher is an analysis of the individual and racial development along both moral and physical lines.

The Practical Mystic; or, How to Make Perfection Appear. By Katharine Francis Pedrick. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25 net.

The conflict between the material and the spiritual worlds.

Theism and Humanism. By Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.75 net.

A philosophical and religious exposition of the reality of the Deity, with special treatment of the conclusions of naturalism.

Religion

Notes on Religion. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents net.

A plea for a greater "depth of piety and quietude."

Sociology, Economics

Aristocracy and Justice. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Essays on the social problems of the day.

The Church and the People's Play. By Henry A. Atkinson. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The relation of the organized church to organized recreation.

Democracy in the Making. Ford Hall and the Open Forum Movement. A Symposium. Edited by George W. Coleman. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.50 net.

An account of what has been accomplished in the Sunday evening meetings held at Ford Hall, Boston. The book is made up of contributions upon the Ford Hall movement, with a review of the addresses made before the Ford Hall gatherings.

Government Finance in the United States. By Carl C. Plehn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.

What the Federal, State, county, town, and city governments in the United States are doing that requires money, how they spend the money, where it comes from, and what the people get for it.

The Social Principle. By Horace Holley. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 75 cents net.

The gospel of a higher individualism, individual freedom, and increased social control.

The Taxation of Land Values. By Louis F. Post. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.

A complete answer to "What Is the Single Tax?"

Political Economy

Democracy and the Nations. By J. A. MacDonald. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

The editor of the Toronto *Globe* expresses his opinions on democracy and international good-will, with special emphasis on the relations between Canada and the United States.

The People's Government. By J. M. Rice. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. $1.00 net.

A new method of democratic government along the lines of successful business.

The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty. By John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

A study of the historical development of the State with the object of explaining the effort after equilibrium between a government that does not tend to despotism and a liberty that does not degenerate to anarchy.

European War

The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War. By Arthur Machen. With an Introduction by the Author. New York: Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.

A description of a supposedly supernatural incident that occurred in the British retreat from Mons.

The Drama of Three Hundred and Sixty-five days. Scenes in the Great War. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00 net.

The author's impressions of the year of the war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fall of Tsing-Tau. With a Study of Japan's Ambitions in China. By Jefferson Jones. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

The account of an eye-witness of the fall of the German stronghold in the Far East. The author maintains that Japan's action is a move in the making over of China into a dependency.

A Hilltop on the Marne. Being Letters Written June 3-September 8, 1914. By Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Letters written from day to day by an American woman whose home is in the Marne Valley, and who witnessed the final British artillery stand that stemmed the advance of the Uhlans just beyond her house.

The Inevitable War. By Francis Delaisi. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.00 net.

The reasons underlying France's participation in the European War. Both the French original and the English translation are given.

The *Lusitania's* Last Voyage. By Charles E. Lauriat, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

The story of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* told by a survivor, with technical details regarding the ship. There are also extracts from the German newspapers and the report of the formal investigation conducted by the British Government.

The Neutrality of Belgium. By Alexander Fuehr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.50.

A study of the Belgian case from the standpoint of history and international law. A presentation from the German viewpoint.

Paris Reborn. A Study in Civic Psychology. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

A diary written in Paris during the first five months of the war, reflecting the popular frame of mind during the rapidly changing events of that period.

Education

College Sons and College Fathers. By Samuel Seidel Candy. New York: Harper & Brothers, $1.20 net.

Essays on college life, on the relation of the college man to the community, and on American college problems.

Teaching in the Home: A Handbook for Intensive Fertilisation of the Child Mind for Instructors of Young Children. By Adolf A. Berle. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.

Showing in chapters under such headings as English, History, Botany, Biology, etc., how these subjects may be taught at a much earlier age than is generally supposed to be the case.

The School in the Home: Talks with Parents and Teachers on Intensive Child Training. By A. A. Berle. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.

A new and enlarged edition of a book originally published in 1912.

The Story of Wellesley. By Florence Converse. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The foundation and history of Wellesley College, with chapters on the life among the undergraduates.

Vassar. By James Monroe Taylor and Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. New York: Oxford University Press. Illustrated. $1.50.

A history of the inception and development of Vassar.

What Shall We Read to Children? By Clara Whitehill Hunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

Papers upon the kinds of stories and poetry that should be read to children, and how best to read them.

The Young and Field Literary Readers. Book Six. By Ella Flagg Young and Walter Taylor Field. Boston: Ginn & Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

This series is designed as a guide to a progressive excursion into the best English literature.

Philology

A Bibliography of Medieval French Literature for College Libraries. By Lucien Foulet. Edited by Albert Schinz and George A. Underwood, New Haven: Yale University Press.

Issued under the auspices of the French Department of Smith College.

The Greatest of Literary Problems: The Authorship of the Shakespeare Works. An Exposition of All Points at Issue, from Their Inception to the Present Moment. By James Phinney Baxter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

A History of American Literature Since 1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company. $2.00 net.

A history of American literature after the consolidation of national sentiment occasioned by the Civil War.

Is There a Shakespeare Problem? With a Reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang. By G. G. Greenwood. New York: John Lane Company. $4.50 net.

The author, a Shakespeare critic and student, has issued this work as part of a controversy and a reply to his critics. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contention is that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays and poems.

Interpretations of Literature. By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by John Erskine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Two volumes. $6.00 net.

Lectures by Lafcadio Hearn to his Japanese pupils. Hearn became almost a Japanese in his later life, and his interpretations of the English classics are from the Oriental point of view.

The Spirit of the American Revolution as Revealed in the Poetry of the Period. A Study of American Patriotic Verse from 1760 to 1783. By Samuel White Patterson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A study of the emotional side of this epoch with many quotations from contemporary poetry. There are a bibliography and an index.

Science

The Hunting Wasps. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.

A further translation from the author's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*. The first of three volumes of translations about wasps.

Medicine, Hygiene

The Health-Care of the Growing Child. His Diet, Hygiene, Training, Development, and Prevention of Disease. By Louis Fischer. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.25 net.

A handbook for mothers and nurses.

How to Live: Rules for Healthful Living Based on Modern Science. Authorised by and Prepared in Collaboration with the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute, Inc. By Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Business

The Future of South America. By Roger W. Babson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

An interpretation of the business opportunities and the economic conditions to be found in South America.

Fine Arts

The Barbizon Painters. Being a Story of the Men of Thirty. By Arthur Hoeber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

Barbizon was the home and inspiration of the development of landscape painting in the early part of the nineteenth century, and is associated with the names of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and others. The book is written from the painter's own point of view, describing struggles and accomplishments.

The Heart of Europe. By Ralph Adams Cram. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A discussion of the art and architecture of modern Europe in relation to its social background.

Masterpieces of Painting: Their Qualities and Meanings. An Introductory Study. By Louise Rogers Jewett. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A discussion and appreciation of a few selected masterpieces.

Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A history of modern painting from Delacroix, Turner, Courbet, and Daumier to the present time, with emphasis upon the general tendencies in painting during the last hundred years.

Palace of Fine Arts and Lagoon. Panama-Pacific International Exposition, 1915. By Bernard R. Maybeck, with an Introduction by Frank Morton Todd. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A description and appreciation of one of the buildings at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Architecture

The Architecture and Landscape Gardening of the Exposition. A Pictorial Survey of the Most Beautiful of the Architectural Compositions of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. With an Introduction by Louis Christian Mullgardt. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Pictures, with short descriptions, of the various compositions at the Exposition.

The Architecture of Colonial America. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A discussion and appreciation of America's architectural past.

Interior Decoration: Its Principles and Practice. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

A practical guide for correct and artistic decorating of homes, public rooms, and hotels.

Remodeled Farmhouses. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

A selection of some twenty characteristic examples of remodeled farmhouses with descriptions of the changes, decorations, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stately Homes of California. By Porter Garnett. With an Introduction by Bruce Porter. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
Descriptions and pictures of some of the most beautiful private homes of California.

Music

Some Musicians of Former Days. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Mary Blaiklock. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.
Papers upon the beginnings of music and of the opera, and on some of the early figures in the music world.

Sports, Games and Amusements

Auction Tactics. By Bryant McCampbell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.
The finesse of more advanced auction playing.

Out of Doors. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.25 net.
A practical handbook for fishermen, campers, and hunters. A chapter is devoted to "The Woman in Camp."

General Literature, Essays

Carlyle: How to Know Him: By Bliss Perry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.
An explanation and appreciation of Carlyle and his work.

Dante and Other Waning Classics. By Albert Mordell. Philadelphia: Acropolis Publishing Company.
Essays of appreciation on some of the classics of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance.

Why I Believe in Poverty. By Edward Bok. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.
In *The Riverside Uplift Series* which aims to cultivate the mind and add to its capacity for fuller and higher living.

Poetry and Drama

Ashes and Sparks. By Richard Wightman. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of the author's verses that have appeared in current periodicals on subjects of modern living and on nature.

Babble o' Green Fields. By Mark Wayne Williams. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
Verses on a variety of subjects written from a wide experience of life.

Birds of a Feather. By Thomas J. Gaffney. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
The tragedy of a young girl lured to the city by a clever swindler.

The Cup of Comus. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Cameo Press. $1.00.
The final verses of the Kentucky poet.

Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama: A Study in Stage Tradition. By Victor Oscar Freeburg. New York: Columbia University Press.
The purpose is to help the reader to understand more completely the practise of Elizabethan playwrights, the nature of their medium, and the tastes of their audience.

The Faithful: A Tragedy in Three Acts. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
An old and famous legend of Japan was the inspiration for this drama of Japanese life.

The House That Was and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of the author's poems, some of which have previously appeared in contemporary periodicals.

If Love Were King. By Edward Willard Watson. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Company. $1.25.
A collection of verse arranged under such headings as "Sonnets of a Lover," "Lyrics," "Dream Verse," Blank Verse and Free Verse," etc.

Interflow. By Geoffery C. Faber. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 75 cents net.
Poems, chiefly lyrical, in *The New Poetry Series.*

The New Hudson Shakespeare. Introduction and Notes by Henry Norman Hudson. Edited and Revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black, with the Co-operation of Andrew Jackson George: The Merchant of Venice, The Tragedy of King Lear, Julius Cæsar, The Tragedy of Hamlet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Comedy of the Tempest, As You Like It, The Tragedy of Macbeth, Twelfth Night. Boston: Ginn & Company. 30 cents each.
A school edition, with introductions giving the sources, editions, dramatic structure, form, general characteristics, etc.

Old Boston Museum Days. By Kate Ryan. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The author's recollections of her days with the Boston Museum Stock Company. She describes her associations with the old playhouse and with its distinguished actors and actresses.

The Pilgrim Kings, Greco and Goya, and Other Poems of Spain. By Thomas Walsh, New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Poems celebrating mythological and historical figures of Spanish life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Quiet Courage, and Other Songs of the Unafraid. By Everard Jack Appleton. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.00 net.
A new edition of a volume of poems published in 1912.

The Quiet Hour. Selected and Arranged by Fitzroy Carrington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.
Selections from some of the best poetry on night, sleep, infancy, childhood, etc.

Rivers to the Sea. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Lyrics and miscellaneous verses.

Shakespeare Love Book. By Agnes C. Way. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A collection of extracts from Shakespeare upon the general theme of love, arranged for each day of the year.

Searchlights: A Play in Three Acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
A portrayal of types in England during the war.

Sonnets of Spinsterhood. The Spinster's Book of Dreams. Delicate Traceries of Dim Designs. By Snow Longley. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. 75 cents net.
Expressions of the sentiment of love that does not outwardly find an object.

Stray Gold. A Rambler's Clean-Up. By Ralph Graham Taber. St. Paul Book & Stationery Company.
Poems, some in dialect, gathered from many stray corners of the earth.

Vagrant Memories: Being Further Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
The author's recollections of the golden age of the theatre with which he was long connected as a dramatic critic.

Wild Posies. By John Troland. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of the author's short poems.

The World's Best Plays by Celebrated European Authors. Edited by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Samuel French. 25 cents net each.
Translations of a series of plays for amateur production. The plays received are: The Art of Being Bored, a comedy in three acts, by Edouard Pailleron, translated by Barrett H. Clark and Hilmar Baukhage; The Affected Young Ladies, a comedy in one act, by Molière, translated by Barrett H Clark; The Beneficent Bear, a comedy in three acts, by Goldoni, translated by Barrett H. Clark; Panurge's Sheep, a comedy in one act, by Meilhac and Halévy, translated by Barrett H. Clark.

Writing and Selling a Play. Practical Suggestions for the Beginner. By Fanny Cannon. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.
The author, who has been an actress, gives practical suggestions for the beginner.

Fiction

The Anvil of Chance. By Gerald Chittenden. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.35 net.
A story of character development. The scenes are in a boys' boarding school, country life in New England, and in Central America.

Around Old Chester. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
More tales of Dr. Lavender's community.

The Ashiel Mystery. A Detective Story. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
A detective story involving the mystery of the heroine's birth and of a strange murder.

The Bachelors. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of varying types of American college men and their reactions to the modern world.

Barnavoux. By Pierre Mille. Being the Authorized Translation by Bérengère Drillien of *Sur La Vaste Terre*. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
Adventures in the French Colonial Infantry at its various stations.

The Bent Twig. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.
A psychological study of a young Western girl, her early life and her love affair.

Beyond the Frontier. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Early days in the Middle West with La Salle and the French explorers.

The Boomerang. By William Hamilton Osborne. New York: Robert T. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.
A mystery story of business and social life in New York.

A Christmas Carol. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
A holiday edition, illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

The Corner Stone. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A story of Western farm life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet, and Other Profitable Tales by Anatole France. A Translation by Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company. $1.75 net.

Short stories in the translated works of Anatole France.

Dear Enemy. By Jean Webster. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

The heroine was also one of the characters in *Daddy-Long-Legs*. The other characters are one hundred and thirteen orphans and a crusty Scotch surgeon.

Dick Devereux. By David Tod Gilliam. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. $1.35 net.

A romance of the Civil War. Central Ohio and the mountains of Virginia form the background.

The Dual Alliance. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A short story of the love of an Irish actress and how she turned politician.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

A story of the child world with its varied trials and vivid imaginings.

The Fortunes of Garin. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.40 net.

An historical romance of southern France in the time of the Crusades—the time of the troubadours and the fullest flowering of the ideals of chivalry.

The Girl of the Guard Line. By Charles Carey Waddell. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.

A West Point story of romance and mystery.

The Glorious Rascal. (Pretty Maids All in a Row.) By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

Mediæval Paris, with its scholars, poets, and rogues, is the setting for this story of the youth of Francois Villon.

The Goddess Girl. By Louise Dutton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25 net.

A country girl finds her real living in New York.

The Green Half-Moon. By James Francis Dwyer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.25 net.

Adventures centering about a strange jewel, and having to do with European diplomacy.

Heart's Content. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A summer love story at a New England summer resort.

Heart's Kindred. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.

An attractive young heroine brings out the good in a rough, unpolished, but sincere Westerner, and incidentally her own character is rounded out.

Hempfield: A Novel. By David Grayson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The first novel by the author of *Adventures in Friendship*, etc. Many of the scenes are the same as those described in his earlier books.

His German Wife. The Romance of a British Officer. By Douglas Sladen. New York: Brentano's. $1.35 net.

A type of one of the minor tragedies of the war. German rural life, life in a British garrison town, and in the military set in a German capital are described.

His Harvest. By Pearl Doles Bell. New York: John Lane Company. $1.30 net.

The life of the girl protegé of a New York bachelor.

Homo Sapiens: A Novel in Three Parts. By Stanislaw Przybyszewski. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

The love story of a very modern hero, written by a Polish novelist of reputation.

Inside the Lines. By Earl Derr Biggers and Robert Welles Ritchie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Novelised from the play of the same name. A story of love and modern life.

The Island of Surprise. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

The triangle plot among castaways on a South Sea island.

Jan: A Dog and a Romance. By A. J. Dawson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25 net.

A novel of a dog's life in the Canadian wilds, together with a human love story.

The Judgment of Jane. By Robert Rudd Whiting. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00 net.

A story of mystery and tragedy in New York society.

The Later Life. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

The second volume in the tetrology of realistic stories of Dutch life. The same characters that appeared in *Small Souls* reappear in this volume.

The Law-Breakers. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A tale of suspense and mystery, with scenes laid in western Canada.

The Lost Prince. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boy hero travels through Europe (in pre-war days) spreading his ideals and the influence of his character. A mythical kingdom of central Europe, with its pastoral customs and traditions, forms the background of the story.

Lot & Co. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
Adventure and life on the last of the sailing ships in the tropics.

The Man from the Bitter Roots. By Carolyn Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Adventures in the Western mountains in the midst of the wild Western life.

A Man's Hearth. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Love and adventure in New York life.

Midsummer Magic. By Walter Bamfylde. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
A story of the elemental emotions, passion, jealousy, fear, etc. The scene is laid in the Cotswold Hills.

Modern Women. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00 net.
A series of sketches of the feminism of to-day.

Molly and I; or, The Silver Ring. By Frank R. Adams. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Tangled marriages and loves form the theme of this novel.

Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.
Humourous sketches of modern incidents.

Nobody. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
New York and the Maine coast form the settings for a society story of love and mystery.

Old Delabole. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
A story of a slate-mining town.

Old Wine in New Bottles. By Samuel Tilden Larkin. Cincinnati: Monfort & Company Press. $1.00 net.
A novel of Southern life in the days of the planters.

The Ollivant Orphans. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Two years in the life of a "down and out" family of six orphans. The characters are very modern in their attitude towards life and in their expressions.

The Passionate Crime. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.30 net.
A picture of old Ireland with its superstition, its romance, and its tragedy.

The Path of Life. By Stijn Streuvels. Translated from the West-Flemish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.
The author, whose work for the first time appears in English, is accepted in Belgium and Holland as the most distinguished contemporary Low-Dutch writer. This book of short stories describes life in Flanders.

The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck. A Comedy of Limitations. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.35 net.
A romance of Virginia and the old South that is rapidly disappearing.

Rocher Fendu. By John Lovell Rice. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.35 net.
An historical novel of the Revolutionary War period, with scenes laid about Lake Champlain.

A Rogue by Compulsion. An Affair of the Secret Service. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
Stirring action in the Secret Service.

The Rose of Youth. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.35 net.
The efforts of an inspired youth toward the realisation of his dreams.

Russian Silhouettes: More Stories of Russian Life. By Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.
Short stories of contemporary Russian life, a number of which are devoted especially to child life.

Secret History, Revealed by Lady Peggy O'Malley. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.35 net.
A story of international diplomacy and intrigue, and with many adventures. A love story with an Irish heroine.

Spragge's Canyon. A Character Study. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
Love and adventure on a California ranch.

The Star Rover. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
The attempt of the hero to free his spirit from his body, and his adventures covering long lapses of years in strange lands among strange people. Incidentally the author's ability to describe suffering and cruelty is enlisted in behalf of prison reform.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Steve Yeager. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
Romance and adventure among cowpunchers and the members of a film company near the Mexican border.

The Stirrup Latch. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.35 net.
An old Southern home is the setting for this story of a conflict between early Victorian and ultra-modern ideals.

Ten Degrees Backward. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
The love story of a man of forty-five and a girl of eighteen in rustic England.

The Three Things. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 50 cents net.
Illustrating the spiritual effect of the war upon individuals, and also gives the author an opportunity to voice her indignation against the German idea.

The Thirty-nine Steps. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
The adventures of an explorer in matching wits against a band of spies.

Unrest. A Story of the Struggle for Bread. By W. R. Parr. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.
The problem of human worry among the labouring classes in their struggle for a living, with a discussion of the underlying causes of poverty. The characters are taken from the different classes in whom have been aroused a social conscience.

Why, Theodora! By Sarah Warder MacConnell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
An intimate study of the soul of the heroine.

Wings of Danger. By Arthur A. Nelson. New York: Robert T. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
An adventure story of treasure and a lost city.

The Yellow Dove. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of the activities of the Secret Service in war.

Young Hilda At the Wars. By Arthur H. Gleason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.
A Red Cross Ambulance Corps at the farthest outposts of danger in Belgium.

Juvenile

The Apple Tree Sprite. By Margaret Warner Morley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.10 net.
The good times of some children on an apple-orchard farm.

Beth Anne Herself. By Pemberton Ginther. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The story of an artist's daughter who likes to paint and write plays.

The Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge. By Rupert Sargent Holland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of life and adventure in a boys' winter camp in the Adirondack Mountains.

The Boy with the U. S. Life-Savers. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
Rescue work by the Coast Guards.

Bunny Rabbit's Diary. By Mary Frances Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A story of the adventures of the rabbit family for very little children.

Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25 net.
An attempt to gather into one volume some of the best stories of Thanksgiving Day for children.

Clearing the Seas. By Donal Hamilton Haines. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of a supposed naval war between the United States and a foreign power. There are submarine fights, an attempt to destroy the Panama Canal, and a great battle between the two fleets.

Deal Woods. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
Adventures at school and in exploring the woods.

Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A selection of the best known of the standard fairy tales. Illustrated in colour and in silhouette by Mary Hamilton Frye.

The Fur Trail Adventurers. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
Outdoor life in the Thunder Bay District in the far North.

Helen and the Fifth Cousins. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Philadelphia. The Penn Publishing Company. $1.25 net.
The adventures of the members of a girls' club in finding some relations for an orphan girl.

The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Selected and Arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.00 net.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A selection of verses of past and present masters of English.

The Hosts of the Air: The Story of a Quest in the Great War. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
A story of the second phase of the European war. The hero is an American boy.

In the Great Wild North. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A story of adventures with Indians and wild life.

Jack Straw, Lighthouse Builder. By Irving Crump. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
Lighthouse building, adventures on the seas with lobster pirates, and shipwrecks.

Jane Stuart at Rivercroft. By Grace M. Remick. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A jolly country house party during the summer, with plenty of out-door activities.

Joe Manning. By Irving Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story for boys dealing with high school life in the Middle West.

The Junior Parish. By Herbert W. Lathe. New York: American Tract Society. $1.00 net.
Talks by a pastor to the children of his congregation. The subjects are religious and moral lessons.

The Kingdom of the Winding Road. By Cornelia Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
Fairy stories with an atmosphere of the Middle Ages.

A Maid of '76. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Adventures during the Revolutionary War, both in America and in London.

Mount Minsi Fairies. By Charles K. Meschter. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A description, in verse, of a tour in fairy chariots through the Delaware Water Gap and among some of the scenic beauties of Pennsylvania.

The Pig Brother Play Book. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 50 cents net.
The author's stories for children arranged for acting by the children themselves.

Pogány Nursery Book Series. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. 50 cents net each.
The first four books of the series: *The Gingerbread Man, Little Mother Goose, Cinderella* and *The Children of Japan.* Stories and familiar rhymes for little children. Illustrated in colour by Willy Pogány.

Prisoners of War. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of the Civil War continuing the adventures of the heroes of *The Young Sharpshooter* and *The Young Sharpshooter of Antietam.*

Really Truly Fairy Stories. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
Stories of the fairies in woods, stream and field.

The Red Arrow: An Indian Tale. By Elmar Russell Gregor. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The exploits of two Indian boys in the West in the days of the buffalo and the red-man.

Sandsy's Pal. By Gardner Hunting. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of a boy's trials and his friendships.

Shoe and Stocking Stories. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Short fairy stories for little children.

The Scissors Book. By William Ludlum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A book of pictures to be cut out, with appropriate descriptive verses.

The Sleepy-Song Book. Music by H. A. Campbell. Words by Eugene Field, May Byron and Florence Campbell. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A book of lullabies—verses, music and delightful pictures.

Smuggler's Island and the Devil Fires of San Moros. By Clarissa A. Kneeland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The story of a modern Swiss Family Robinson.

Surprise Island. By James H. Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
The strange experiences of a little girl during a vacation spent on a small island near her grandfather's home.

Suzanna Stirs the Fire. By Emily Calvin Blake. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The child heroine radiates sunshine and happiness.

Tell-Me-Why Stories About Colour and Sound. By C. H. Claudy. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
Questions answered for children regarding the origins of art and music.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Three Gays. By Ethel C. Brown. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. 80 cents net.
Three city children learn the delights of a winter spent in the country.

The Trail of Black Hawk. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.
Indian adventures in the early days of our history.

Two American Boys in the War Zone. By L. Worthington Green. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
The boys were caught in Russia at the outbreak of the present war and had to get out over the Caucasus. They encountered the dangers of war, of bandits, and of mountaineering.

The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A gift book edition with illustrations in colour and black and white by W. Heath Robinson.

History

The Fighting Cheyennes. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.
A history of one of the most important of Indian tribes whose relations have involved most of the other Western Indians.

French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America. By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A discussion, derived from contemporary memories, of the French idea of early American life.

High Lights of the French Revolution. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
Essays upon the most outstanding moments of this period of history.

Modern Austria: Her Racial and Social Problems. With a Study of Italia Irredenta. By Virginio Gayda. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $3.00 net.
A study of Austria just before the outbreak of the war, with emphasis upon the struggle between the feudal aristocracy of German extraction and the popular movements towards racial autonomy and democracy.

The Normans in European History. By Charles H. Haskins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.
An attempt to give a connected story of Norman achievement in the various parts of Europe.

Readings in American History. By David Saville Muzzey. Boston: Ginn & Company. $1.50.
A source book covering the different phases and aspects of the development of America as a nation.

Source Problems in English History. By Albert Beebe White and Wallace Notestein. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.30.
Emphasis is placed upon the development of the English government and upon the connection between English institutions and those of New England.

Travel and Description

Australian Byways. The Narrative of a Sentimental Traveler. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.75 net.
A leisurely account of the author's trip along the outskirts of Australian civilisation. The journey was principally by stage-coach, on camel-back, or on small coastal steamers from western Australia to New Guinea.

Fountains of Papal Rome. By Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
Their history and art.

In Vacation America. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Winter and summer, spring, mountain, seashore, and country resorts described.

The Log of the *Snark*. By Charmian Kittredge London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.50.
Mrs. Jack London describes her experiences on the recent *Snark* trip.

The Lion Hunter. By Ronaleyn Gordon-Cumming. In the Days When All South Africa Was Virgin Hunting Field. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. $1.00 net.
The impressions of an Englishman hunting in South Africa in the early half of the last century. During his wanderings he encountered Livingstone.

Old Concord. By Allen French. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
Concord's historic and literary associations combined with anecdotes of its characters and events.

Old Roads from the Heart of New York: Journeys To-day by Ways of Yesterday. Within Thirty Miles Around the Battery. By Sarah Comstock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The author follows, one by one, by ferries and roads most nearly corresponding to the routes of earlier days, the trails of historic and literary interest in the vicinity of New York City.

Sailor and Beachcomber. Confessions of a Life at Sea, in Australia and Amid the Islands of the Pacific. By A. Safroni-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Middleton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.
The experiences of the author during the first four or five years of his life abroad.

Storied Italy. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.
The author relates further reminiscences, traditions, and historical events of Italy.

We Discover New England. By Louise Closser Hale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
Mr. and Mrs. Hale toured New England and now describe the interesting and picturesque places and their experiences en route.

Biography

Court Life from Within. By H. R. H., the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.
The aunt of the King of Spain describes her life and her circle at the Spanish Court. A convert to democratic ideals, her book is interspersed with observations and comments.

In the Footprints of Napoleon: His Life and Its Famous Scenes. By James Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.50.
The career of Napoleon described chronologically with especial emphasis upon his personal actions and surroundings.

The Life and Letters of John Hay. By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.
A personal biography drawn from Hay's letters, documents in the Department of State, and from the files of his official colleagues and friends. The work also includes personal recollections of friends who knew him in middle and later life.

Memories of a Publisher. 1865-1915. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00 net.
The author continues his personal reminiscences from 1865, the date to which had been brought the narrative in his earlier book, *Memories of My Youth*. It contains also some record of the undertakings of the Putnam firm from 1872.

My Childhood. By Maxim Gorky. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
An exposition of the life and intimate feelings of the author during his childhood and early boyhood amidst the sordid surroundings of Russian peasant life.

Pleasures and Palaces. The Memoirs of Princess Lazarovich - Hrebelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun). New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $3.00 net.
The author, the wife of a Serbian statesman, recalls her earlier life on the stage, and among European society.

George Washington, Farmer. By Paul Leland Haworth. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.
An account of Washington's home life and agricultural activities.

Feminism

Woman and Home. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.25 net.
A discussion of woman's relation to the modern world and of her future opportunities.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Canadian Commonwealth. By Agnes C. Laut. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.
An interpretation of the people of Canada, their problems, and their international relations.

Dog Stars: Three Luminaries in the Dog World. By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The author tells of her personal experiences with her companions of the dog world.

Drink and Be Sober. By Vance Thompson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00 net.
Common sense advice on the question of alcohol for the individual.

Early American Craftsmen. By Walter A. Dyer. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.40 net.
The personalities and work of American craftsmen—in architecture, carving, cabinet making, glassware, etc.

Gridiron Nights. Humourous and Satirical views of Politics and Statesmen as Presented by The Famous Dining Club. By Arthur Wallace Dunn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.
The entertainments and events during thirty years of the Gridiron Club, a political organization at Washington.

Little Verses and Big Names. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00 net.
From the foreword: "The proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to providing pure milk for sick babies and the maintenance of a Visiting Nurse." A miscellaneous collection of rhymes, anecdotes, aphorisms, etc., by many prominent Americans in all walks of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October.

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York	"K"	The Money Master
Albany, N. Y.	Hempfield	Dear Enemy
Atlanta, Ga.	Felix O'Day	Shadows of Flames
Baltimore, Md.	Felix O'Day	"K"
Birmingham, Ala.	Michael O'Halloran	Mr. Bingle
Boston, Mass.	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page
Boston, Mass.	Felix O'Day	Eltham House
Chicago, Ill.	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up
Chicago, Ill.	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Crimson Gondola	The Money Master
Cleveland, O.	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Dallas, Tex.	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Denver, Colo.	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country.
Detroit, Mich.	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Houston, Tex.	Felix O'Day	Jaffery
Indianapolis, Ind.	Michael O'Halloran	The Story of Julia Page
Kansas City, Mo.	"K"	Felix O'Day
Los Angeles, Cal.	Jerusalem	Making Money
Louisville, Ky.	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Memphis, Tenn.	Felix O'Day	The Lovable Meddler
Milwaukee, Wis.	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Minneapolis, Minn.	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
New Haven, Conn.	Felix O'Day	The Story of Julia Page
New Orleans, La.	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset
Philadelphia, Pa.	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Money Master	Michael O'Halloran
Portland, Me.	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day
Portland, Ore.	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master
Providence, R. I.	Felix O'Day	The Lost Prince
Richmond, Va.	The Lovable Meddler	"Me"
Rochester, N. Y.	Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran
St. Louis, Mo.	"K"	Felix O'Day
St. Louis, Mo.	Michael O'Halloran	Pollyanna Grows Up
St. Paul, Minn.	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset
San Francisco, Cal.	The Freelands	Felix O'Day
San Francisco, Cal.	The Story of Julia Page	Michael O'Halloran
Seattle, Wash.	The Story of Julia Page	The Rim of the Desert
Spokane, Wash.	Michael O'Halloran	"K"
Tacoma, Wash.	"K"	The Heart of the Sunset
Toledo, Ohio.	The Money Master	The Lost Prince
Toronto, Ont.	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country
Utica, N. Y.	"K"	The Story of Julia Page
Waco, Tex.	The Heart of the Sunset	Michael O'Halloran
Washington, D. C.	"K"	Michael O'Halloran
Washington, D. C.	The Story of Julia Page	"K"
Worcester, Mass.	Michael O'Halloran	Felix O'Day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
God's Man	The Heart of the Sunset	Why Not?	The Foolish Virgin
The Heart of the Sunset	Prudence of the Parsonage	Nobody	Michael O'Halloran
"K"	"Me"	The Money Master	The Heart of the Sunset
My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard	A Far Country	Eltham House	Michael O'Halloran
The Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master	The Rainbow Trail	Making Money
The Money Master	The Lost Prince	Around Old Chester	The High Priestess
The High Priestess	Michael O'Halloran	The Money Master	"K"
Little Shepherd of Bargain Row	"K"	A Far Country	Mr. Bingle
"K"	Mr. Bingle	Felix O'Day	The Money Master
Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran	When My Ship Comes In	Dick Devereux
The Story of Julia Page	The Money Master	"Me"	Crevice
The Money Master	A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	Eltham House
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Money Master	Felix O'Day	The Heart of the Sunset
A Far Country	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page	Pollyanna Grows Up
Mr. Bingle	On Trial	Why Not?	Shadows of Flames
The Money Master	Research Magnificent	The Freelands	Felix O'Day
Research Magnificent	Michael O'Halloran	A Far Country	Jaffery
God's Man	The Money Master	Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent
The Money Master	Mr. Bingle	The Heart of the Sunset	The Rainbow Trail
"K"	The Money Master	The Heart of the Sunset	Thirty
Mr. Bingle	The Heart of the Sunset	Making Money	The Lost Prince
Research Magnificent	"Me"	The Story of Julia Page	Felix O'Day
"K"	Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset	The Money Master
Michael O'Halloran	The Foolish Virgin	Eltham House	Felix O'Day
Felix O'Day	The Foolish Virgin	Way of These Women	The Money Master
Felix O'Day	Research Magnificent	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Heart of the Sunset
"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Money Master	Hempfield
A Far Country	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Heart of the Sunset	The Foolish Virgin
The Freelands	The Rainbow Trail	Hempfield	Eltham House
Shadows of Flames	"K"	The Story of Julia Page	A Far Country
The Heart of Sunset	A Far Country	The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page
Prudence of the Parsonage	The Heart of the Sunset	The Rainbow Trail	The Lost Prince
Research Magnificent	The Genius	The Lovable Meddler	Shadows of Flames
Felix O'Day	"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Freelands
Michael O'Halloran	"K"	The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset
Felix O'Day	The Money Master	The Freelands	"K"
Michael O'Halloran	The Heart of the Sunset	Felix O'Day	Emma McChesney & Co.
A Far Country	The Heart of the Sunset	"Me"	The Rim of the Desert
The Rainbow Trail	Thirty	The Money Master	A Far Country
Dear Enemy	Eltham House	Making Money	"K"
The Money Master	The Story of Julia Page	"K"	Ames of the Island
Felix O'Day	Michael O'Halloran	Thankful's Inheritance	Making Money
The Inner Law	The Foolish Virgin	The Landloper	Thirty
The Story of Julia Page	Research Magnificent	Felix O'Day	Shadows of Flames
Research Magnificent	The Money Master	The Rainbow Trail	The Heart of the Sunset
The Rainbow Trail	Straight Down the Crooked Lane	Eltham House	"K"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending October 6th:

1. Defenseless America. Maxim.
2. Village Life in America. Clarke.
3. Socialised Germany. Howe.
4. The South Americans. Koebel.
5. Tennis as I Play It. McLoughlin.

For the week ending October 13th:

1. With the German Armies in the West. Hedin.
2. Escape and Other Essays. Benson.
3. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
4. Belgium's Agony. Verhaeren.
5. Socialised Germany. Howe.
6. The Peace of the World. Wells.

For the week ending October 20th:

1. Defenseless America. Maxim.
2. Ivory Apes and Peacocks. Huneker.
3. Socialised Germany. Howe.
4. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
5. What Is Back of the War. Beveridge.
6. When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.

For the week ending October 27th:

1. The World in the Crucible. Parker.
2. Current Economic Problems. Hamilton.
3. My Childhood. Gorky.
4. Contemporary Portraits. Harris.
5. Development of the Drama. Matthews.
6. Within Prison Walls. Osborne.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
I Accuse! (J'Accuse!) Anon.
When a Man Comes to Himself. Wilson.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
The Life of John Hay. Thayer.
The Note-Book of an Attaché. Wood.
Spoon River Anthology. Masters.
North of Boston. Frost.
The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. Graves.
Peg Along. Walton.
Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Dickinson.
Alaska Days with John Muir. Young.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 502 and 503) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

SEE GUIDE FOR BUYERS
Page 55, Advertising Section

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Michael O'Halloran. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	285
2. Felix O'Day. Smith (Scribner.) $1.35	225
3. "K." Rinehart. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35	210
4. The Money Master. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	164
5. The Heart of the Sunset. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35	133
6. The Story of Julia Page. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	101

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED